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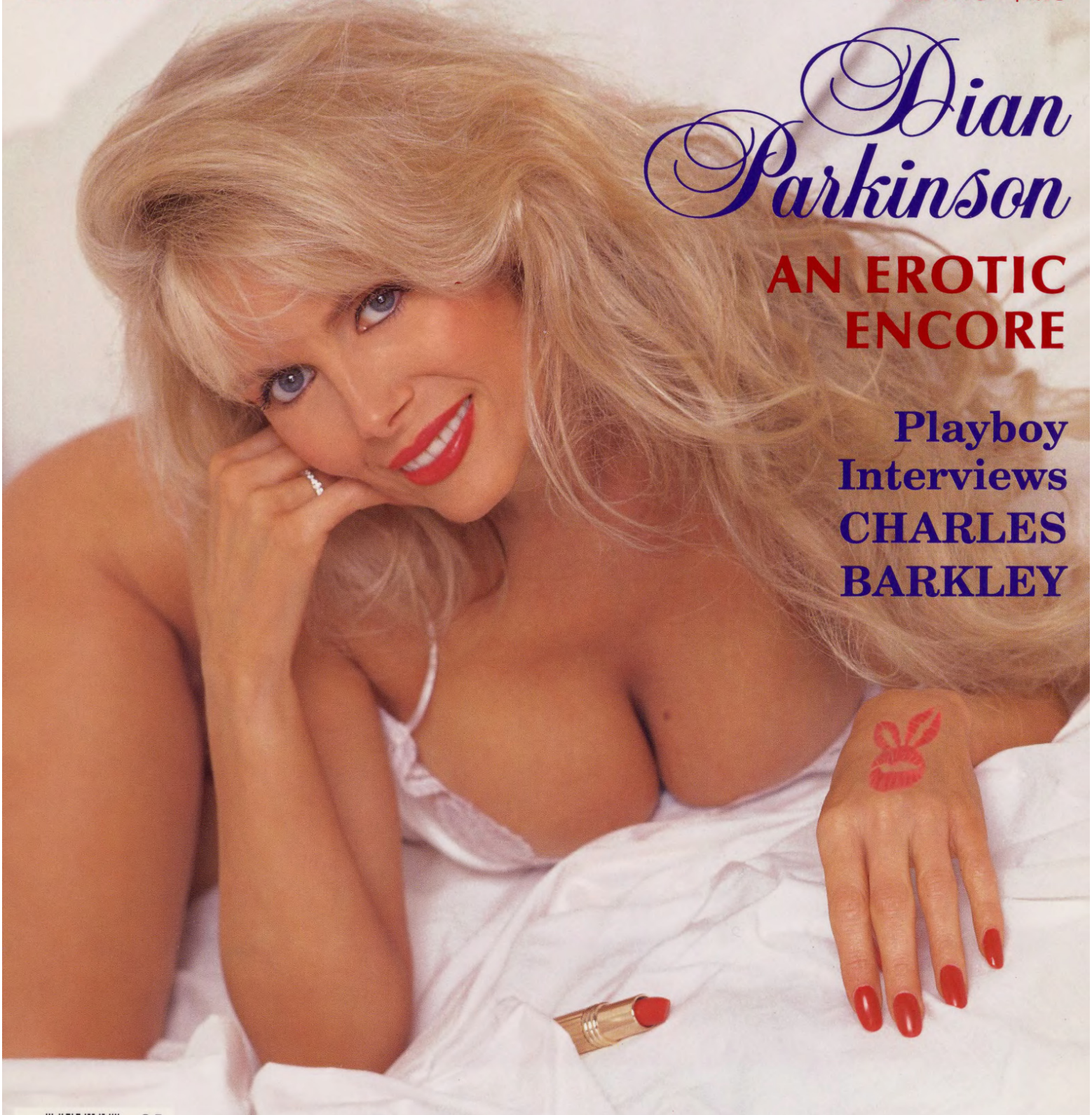

Dian Parkinson

AN EROTIC ENCORE

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SUSIE OWENS: FROM PLAYMATE TO SUPERHERO

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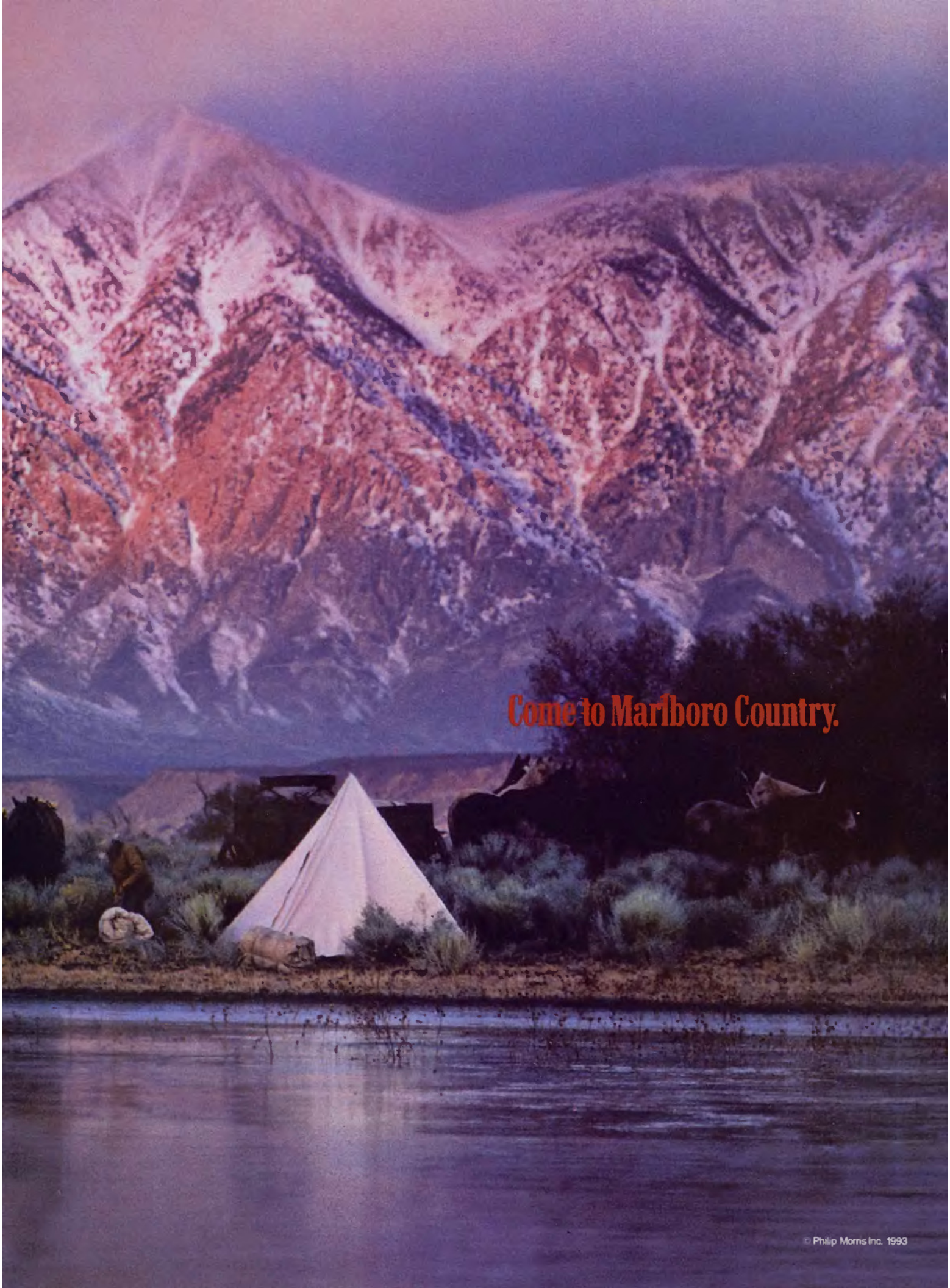

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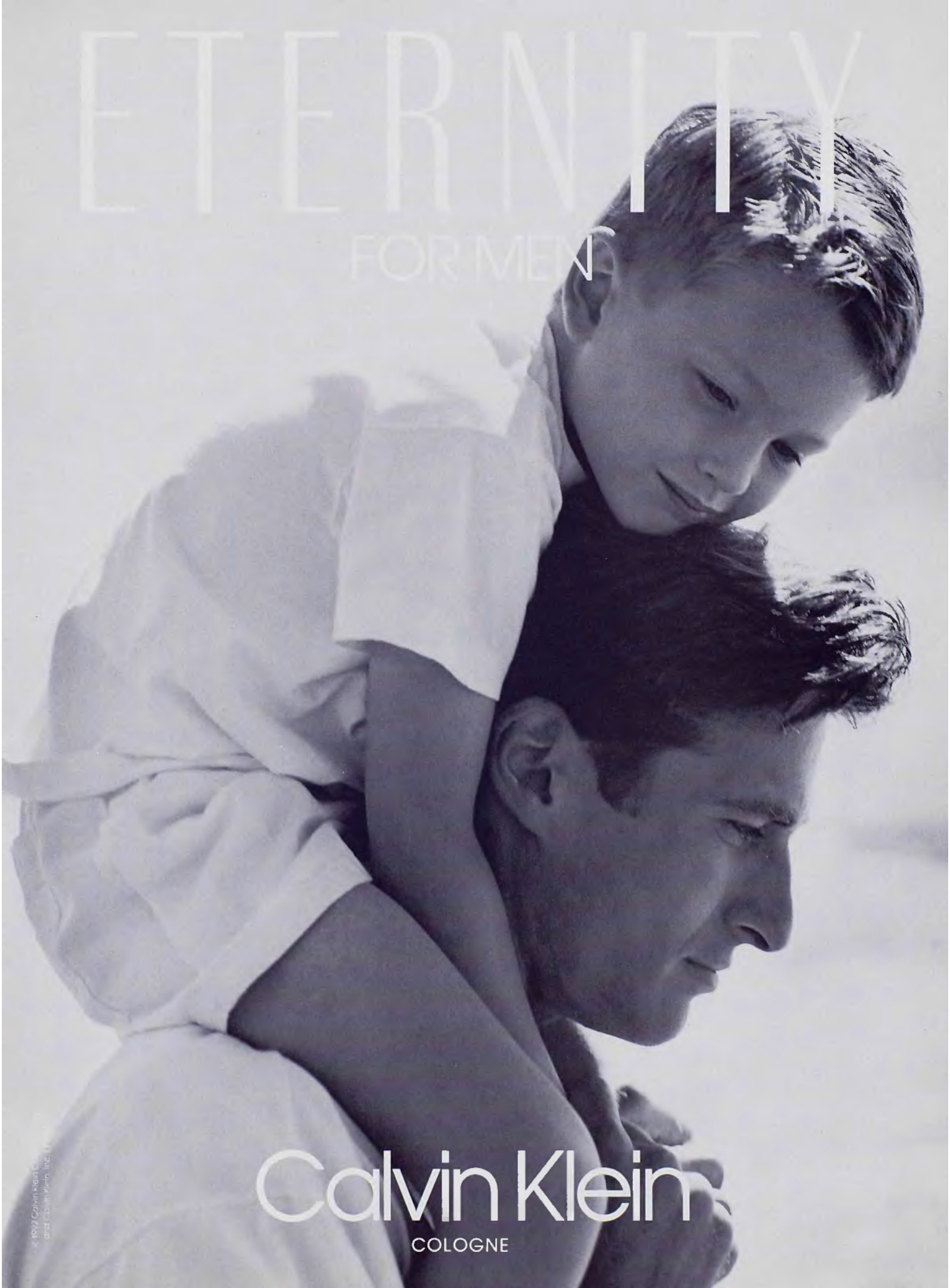
ETERNITY
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
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PLAYBILL

TO MAINTAIN the momentum of the year of the woman, we thought we'd get our May issue rolling by revisiting a trio of gorgeous females who have made their marks in the world. The first, March 1988 Playmate **Susie Owens,** is the superhero of her own comic book, *Flaxen*. The photos accompanying Susie's story are by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley. Dian Parkinson,** who graced our December 1991 cover, is a stunning hostess of TV's *The Price Is Right*. The pictorial by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** shows us why *Dian's Back*. Lastly, there's international model **Elke Jeinsen,** a familiar face to fans of *Playboy Germany* and anyone in her hometown of Hanover, Germany. She's our Playmate of the Month.

That's the good news. The bad news is that more than 9 million Americans are currently out of work. Our biggest corporations, from General Motors to IBM to Sears, are eliminating jobs by the thousands. No one's immune. And what's worse, according to political analyst **Charles A. Cerami,** is that this is not a cyclical problem. Read *No Help Wanted* for the details as well as Cerami's dramatic solutions.

News isn't a lot better on the baseball diamond. Game attendance is down, the sport's lucrative TV contract will soon be history and—egad—foreigners are the champions. Fortunately, there is hope, says Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook,** who picks the top teams in *Playboy's 1993 Baseball Preview*. (Hint: An American ball club will win the Series, but it won't be the Rockies.)

Charles Barkley, the NBA superstar referees love to hate, has given fans of the Phoenix Suns reason to rise this season. In our *Playboy Interview*, Sir Charles talks candidly with *The Washington Post* sports columnist **Tom Boswell** about life after the 76ers, the impact of AIDS and how he really feels about women, refs and obnoxious fans.

Director **Adrian Lyne** has the most carnal mind in Hollywood. Just about every one of his films, from *Flashdance* to *9½ Weeks* to *Fatal Attraction*, gets our hormones pumping. In this month's profile, *Director Strangelove*, **Michael Angeli** provides the scoop on cinema's sexiest auteur and on his new flick, *Indecent Proposal*, starring Robert Redford and Demi Moore.

We admire guys who ride mountain bikes down extreme ski trails or who trek through the remote recesses of Bhutan. We also like men who prefer to experience hair-raising sports from their living rooms. For those, *Manly Pursuits* by Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles** and Associate Editor **Matthew Childs** (illustrated by **Steve Brodner**) is a guide to help navigate any cocktail party with your macho buddies.

We've covered a slew of manly pleasures, too: Italian designer **Giorgio Armani,** the man who put us all at ease with the sports jacket, talks about fashion, sensuality and his infatuation with Forties films with Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker** in *20 Questions*. **David Elrich** evaluates the latest pen-based computers in *The Write Stuff*. And **Lawrence Block** supplies a fascinating piece of fiction, *Keller's Therapy* (illustrated by **Kent Williams**), which pits a hit man against his shrink.

Can gays and straights be friends? **Paul Monette,** the acclaimed author of *Becoming a Man*, considers the timely topic in this month's *Mantrack* guest opinion.

"Deep Thoughts," by *Saturday Night Live*'s postmodern Pascal, **Jack Handey,** cracks us up—or leaves us totally confused. His new book, *Deeper Thoughts* (Hyperion), carries on this tradition and we've excerpted it here. We've also given **Daniel Nussbaum** (a guy who spends far too much time on the Los Angeles freeways) *Literary License* to string together a series of California vanity plates. Ah, the tales they tell.

FEGLEY

WAYDA

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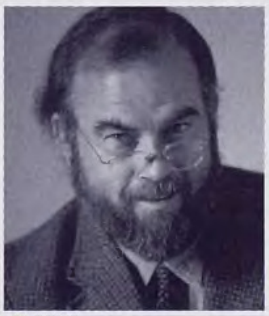
BOSWELL

ANGELI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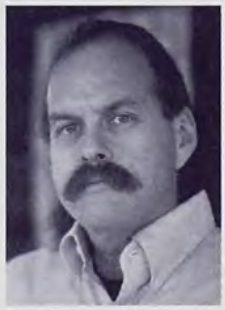
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MONETTE

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 40, no. 5—may 1993

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COVER STORY

Dian Parkinson, the pride of *The Price Is Right* game show, returns to PLAYBOY for a jackpot encore, and we're tickled pink. So, come on down and get a second look. West Coast Photo Editor Morilyn Grobowski produced this month's cover featuring TV's sexy hostess, styled by Jennifer Smith-Ashley and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Woyda. Dian's hair ond makeup were done by Clint Wheat. We think you would ogree that our Rabbit is a handful.

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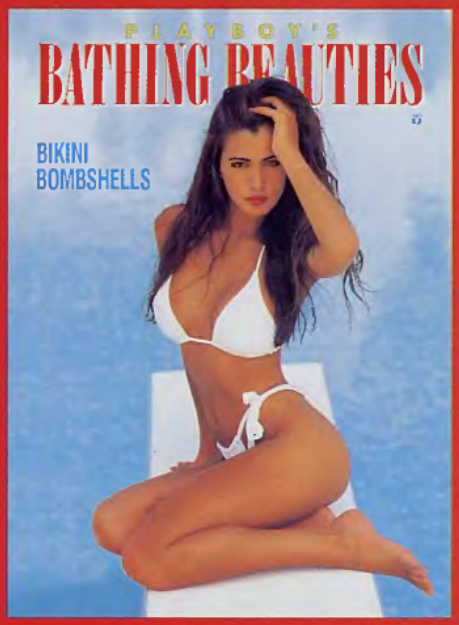

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The Search for the 40th ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE Continues . . .

We're on the road traveling the country in search of a special Playmate for our January 1994, 40th Anniversary Issue. She must be bright and beautiful and at least 18 years of age. If selected, she'll earn a modeling fee of $40,000 and you can earn $2500 for being the lucky reader who brings her to Playboy's attention.

Check the box below for the city nearest you then call 800-551-4293 and punch the number for information on the exact location of the interviews.

Submissions can also be sent directly to Playboy. Simply submit two recent color snapshots (one face and one full-figure) and a short letter detailing vital statistics: name, address, phone number, height, weight, measurements, occupation, date of birth and any interesting information about the candidate. Send the letter and photos (not returnable) to: 40th Anniversary Playmate Search, Playboy Magazine, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611.

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3.	Las Vegas, NV	March 22-24
4.	San Francisco, CA	March 24-26
5.	Miami, FL	March 29-31
6.	Houston, TX	March 31-April 2
7.	Orlando, FL	April 2-4
8.	Dallas, TX	April 5-7
9.	New Orleans, LA	April 12-14
10.	Seattle, WA	April 12-14
11.	Vancouver, BC	April 16-18
12.	Memphis, TN	April 19-21
13.	Nashville, TN	April 23-25
14.	Atlanta, GA	April 28-30
15.	New York, NY	May 3-5
16.	St. Louis, MO	May 3-5
17.	Kansas City, KS	May 7-9
18.	Dayton, OH	May 10-12
19.	Des Moines, IA	May 12-14
20.	Cleveland, OH	May 14-16
21.	Chicago, IL	May 17-19
22.	Washington, DC	May 24-26
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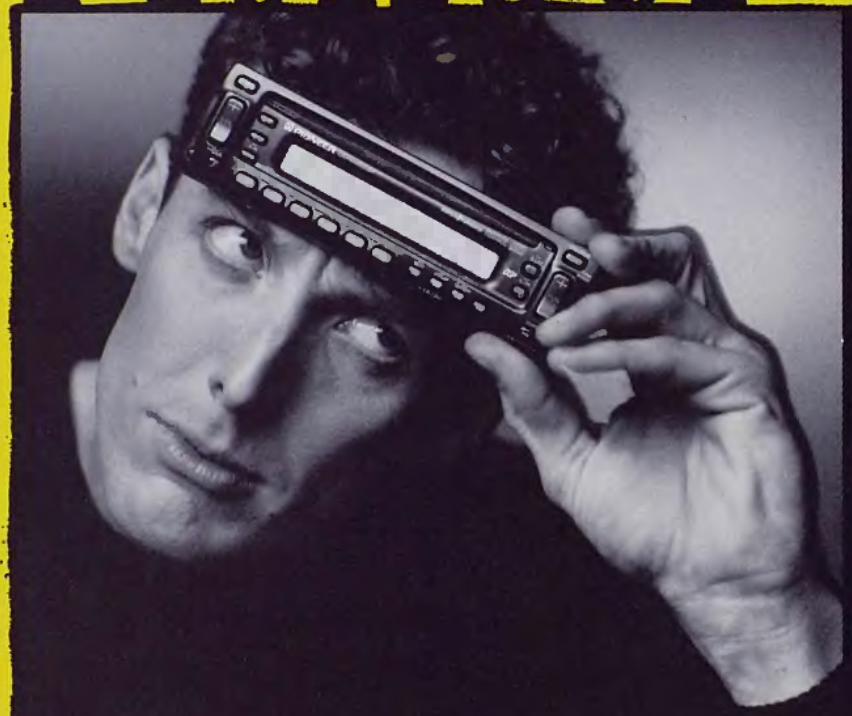

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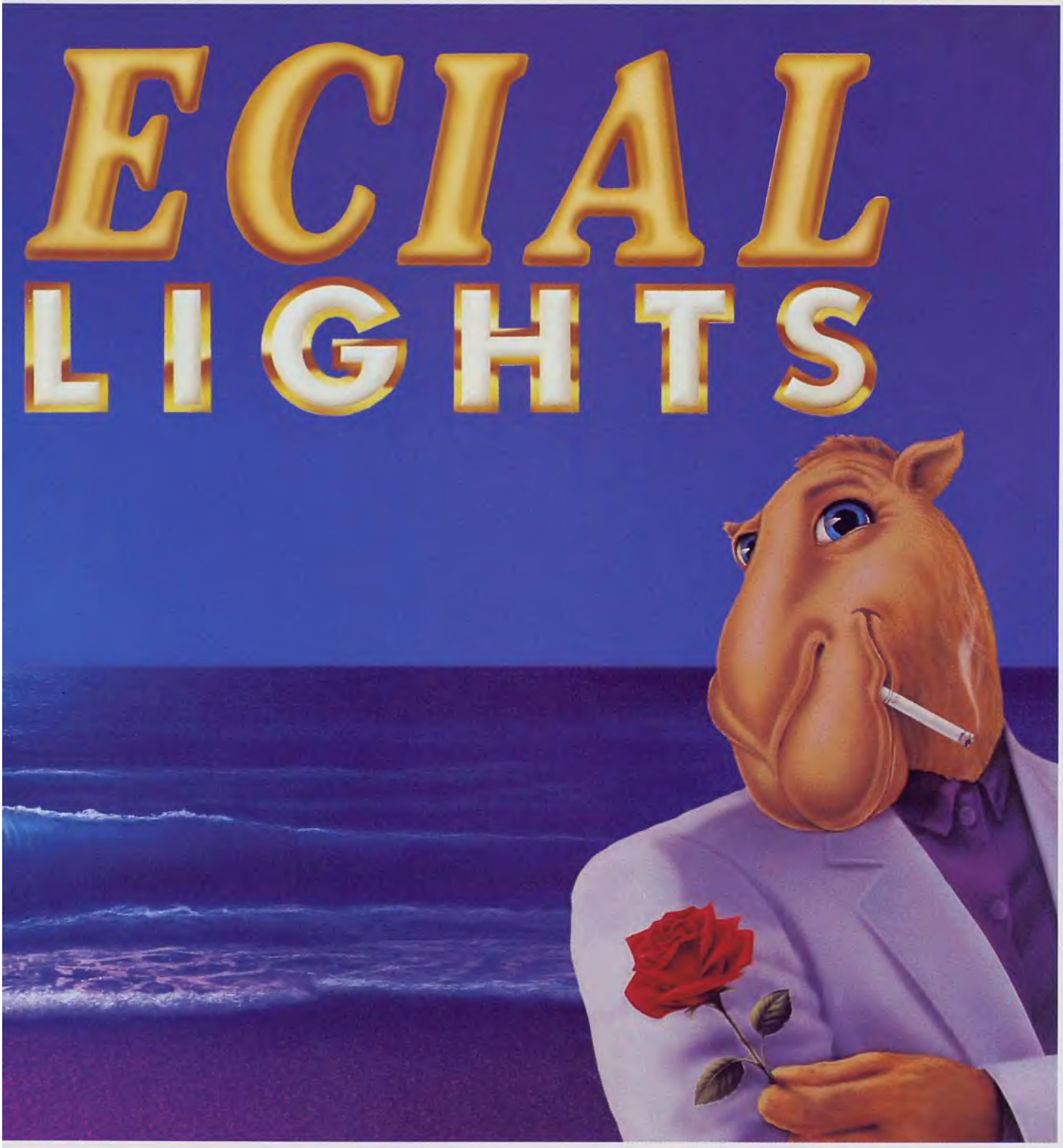

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DANNY DEVITO

Thank you PLAYBOY and Lawrence Linderman for a fascinating *Playboy Interview* with Danny DeVito (February). DeVito may be physically small, but he is one of the largest talents in movies. I would never have thought that the guy who played Louie on *Taxi* had the directing genius to give us *War of the Roses* and the incredible *Hoffa*. When it comes to comparing actor-directors, I'll take DeVito over Woody Allen any day.

Neil Franklin
Camden, New Jersey

I've always admired Danny DeVito as an actor and director, but after reading his statement in the *Playboy Interview* that he thought Jimmy Hoffa would have made a good president, my estimation of him has sunk. Could you have imagined James Hoffa in the Oval Office? His secretary of state would have been John Gotti, and somebody like Lucky Luciano would have headed the FBI.

Fred Tubin
West Palm Beach, Florida

Maybe I'm cynical, but I felt there was something contrived about Danny DeVito's sudden lapse into depression over the situation in Bosnia. It seemed like an effort to look like a caring, compassionate person rather than an egomaniac. On the other hand, if he uses his money and his clout to help ease the suffering over there, I'll gladly change my mind.

Vernon Maddux
Little Rock, Arkansas

I really like Danny DeVito. He's so full of shit.

Carl L. Haeberle
Surfside, Florida

NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

Vincent Bugliosi's article *No Justice, No Peace* (PLAYBOY, February) should be read by every citizen and every mayor of our big cities. Bugliosi is absolutely correct: If the district attorneys' offices were willing to prosecute policemen who use excessive force on private citizens, there would be more respect for the law in minority communities. Bugliosi's argument is rational and fair (I appreciate his pointing out up front that 95 percent of police officers have respect for people and the law), but I'll bet it will generate a lot of negative reaction from police officials and D.A.s who are so accustomed to scratching one another's backs that they have lost sight of justice.

Paul Nordstrom
Buffalo, New York

Contrary to Vincent Bugliosi's argument, the problem is not that the cops in the Los Angeles beating of Rodney King did not face the same justice as everyone else. The problem is that they did.

For decades, police and citizens have watched as felons are released back onto the streets. We have seen crime lords, drug dealers, armed robbers, thieves, rapists, murderers and every variety of criminal go free for one perfectly legal reason or another.

Why, then, is everyone upset when the same thing happens to hoods who are cops? They were just another bunch of thugs who beat the system, just as other thugs beat the system every day in every city in the United States.

Richard Walter
Columbia, Maryland

WOMEN IN THE MILITARY

As a retired federal law-enforcement agent with 23 years' experience and as a retired Marine with 31 years' service, I hope I am qualified to comment on former LAPD police chief Daryl Gates' guest opinion, "Let's Give Women Soldiers a Chance," in the February *Mantrack* section. I have enormous respect for Chief Gates, but his analogies between women in law enforcement and women in military combat are flawed. First of all, police organizations are

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PHOTO BY STEPHEN WAYDA / ©1993 BY PLAYBOY

quasimilitary organizations. To suggest that police work is just like being in military ground combat is totally wrong.

On its worst days (the Los Angeles riots of 1965 and 1992), the Los Angeles Police Department never encountered the rigors of the battlefield. There were no rockets and artillery rounds coming down on the LAPD, no concentrations of machine-gun fire, no tanks bearing down, nor many of the other horrors of modern warfare.

After an average of 12 to 14 hours on the job, most police officers in the riots had an opportunity to go to their homes for a few hours of rest before returning to the fray. The battlefield, on the other hand, is a 24-hour-a-day, noisy, stressful environment, with body parts often flying in all directions. The Yom Kippur War of 1973 and, more recently, Operation Desert Storm are prime examples of the chaos and violence of the modern battlefield.

To suggest that a woman police officer operating successfully in even the worst of police situations equates to participating in ground combat units on a battlefield shows a lack of understanding of what warfare today is all about.

Bob McDaniels
La Conner, Washington

I fail to understand how Chief Gates can compare the LAPD with the Armed Services, especially the combat arms. The organizations are quite different in their respective missions.

Police officers maintain peace and defend the lives and properties of their communities. Combat units seek and kill the enemy. There is a great difference in purpose here.

The American public, not the generals, has excluded women from combat units, realizing the biological and cultural differences. As a retired infantry and medical first sergeant, I see these differences. The ability to perform these missions (to intentionally seek and kill), not gender, should be the deciding factor in filling our combat ranks.

Feliciano T. Alacar, Jr.
Lancaster, California

What a surprise it was to see Daryl Gates siding with feminists in regard to the issue of women serving in the military. Nonetheless, I'm concerned about a deeper issue. Of what value is it to have an even larger portion of our population trained and ready to kill people? Apart from the logistical problems of having women and men fighting side by side on the battlefield, maybe we should ask ourselves: Even if women can be just as deadly as men, is it admirable?

Lee Cohen
Denver, Colorado

A guest column by Daryl Gates? Isn't he the asshole who advocated executing 16-year-olds who smoke pot? With opinions like that, who cares what he thinks about anything?

Dana A. Netz
Jemez Springs, New Mexico

JENNIFER LEROY

It seems that every month in *Dear Playboy* there's a letter praising a Playmate as the most beautiful woman in the world, and I say to myself, "Well, she's very attractive," because I'm frugal when

it comes to such superlatives. Now it's my turn. February Playmate Jennifer LeRoy (*Peak Performer*) is unbelievable, absolutely gorgeous—clearly the most beautiful Playmate since Brandi Brandt.

David McDermitt
Ithaca, New York

Jennifer LeRoy is definitely the best-looking woman you have ever featured. She's from Colorado to boot. I have just four words for you: Playmate of the Year.

Tom Petersen
Highlands Ranch, Colorado

CLINTON AT THE BARRICADES

Robert Scheer's analysis of our country's impending job-creation crisis (*Reporter's Notebook:* "Clinton at the Barricades") in the February issue was insightful. As a human-services professional, I've seen the folly of the retraining approach to welfare and the rehabilitation of workmen's compensation clients as well. Clearly, the answer isn't sending people to college so they can then obtain high-wage jobs. If all we do is saturate the high-wage job market with highly educated people, the results will be predictable. Those lower on the totem pole will be turned away, and those more gifted or fortunate will, by virtue of supply and demand, receive low wages.

Too much education and training is not necessarily good or humane. I voted for Clinton, but unless he brings in a grass-roots economic plan—raising the minimum wage substantially, for starters—I won't do so again. After all, minimum-wage laws were created precisely for people who want work but are either unable or disinclined to go to college or to seek professional careers.

Robert DePaolo
Hooksett, New Hampshire

BOP TILL YOU DROP

What a timely delight to see Contributing Editor David Standish's fifth installment of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock: Bop Till You Drop* in the February issue, which featured John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie and Miles Davis.

On January 12, 1993, 8000 people—myself included—attended a service in celebration of Dizzy Gillespie at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. More than 30 jazz legends played a tribute and told stories about Dizzy. It was a great five hours of jazz, finishing with an ensemble *Night in Tunisia*.

Dizzy would have been proud of Standish's article and his portrait by Kinuko Y. Craft.

Philip I. Heuisler III
Baltimore, Maryland

THE LAST GOOD MAN

As a regular PLAYBOY reader for the past 20 years, I am aware that you guys have some sort of sixth sense about the impending deaths of great American heroes. The coincidences escaped me for a while, but eventually I caught on, though I can't say when. It may have been your *Playboy Interview* with John Lennon just before he was assassinated. Maybe it was your *20 Questions* with Chicago mayor Harold Washington before he died of a sudden heart attack. At any rate, I don't question it anymore. PLAYBOY has an uncanny skill of doing interviews and profiles of significant men and women shortly before those people depart this world. And now I read my February issue with the marvelous profile of former Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall (*The Last Good Man*) by Carl Rowan on the same day that my newspaper tells me that Justice Marshall has died.

I never paid much attention to Marshall while he was alive. But now, reading Rowan's account of his life, his opinions and his salty wisdom, I find that I respect him all too late. He stood for everything I believe in, but like most Americans my age, I suspect, I didn't really begin paying attention to the character of Supreme Court justices until the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings.

Randy Thorogood
Atlanta, Georgia

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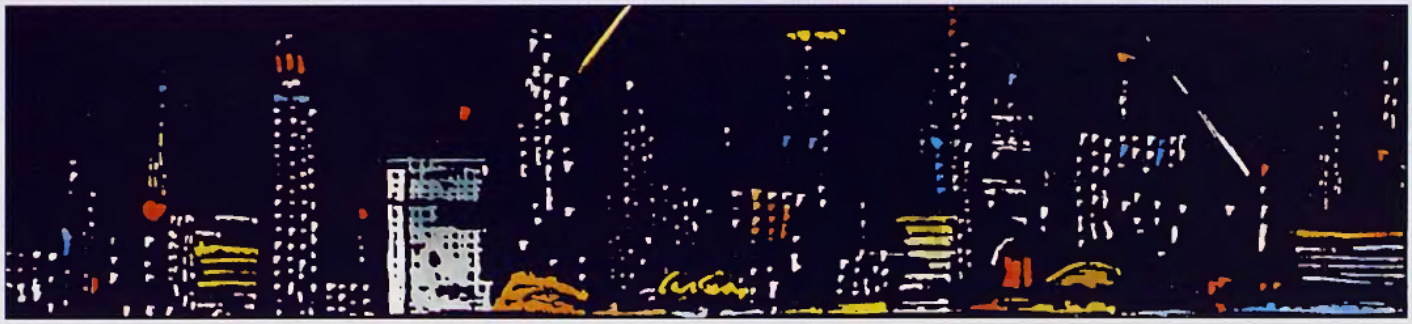
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MR. GREEN JEANS

Sure, denim's comfortable to wear, but did you know you can write on it? Stefan Watson—owner of a specialty paper company and neighbor to the Levi Strauss factory in Albuquerque, New Mexico—found the plant was discarding a million pounds of cotton scrap a year. He bought the remnants and last year produced 100,000 pounds of quality Denim Paper. Now Levi Strauss uses paper made from the seat of its pants for letterhead stationery and memos. The jean giant no longer discards any denim and its wasteline has been trimmed by a third.

MALCOLM X'ED

Claiming that the civil rights leader was treated too glibly in the script, the all-African-American cast of an adult film walked off the set, demanding a rewrite. The feature was tentatively titled—what else?—*Malcolm XXX*.

WONK IF YOU VOTED FOR BILL

With the arrival of the Clinton-Gore administration, wonk—particularly the policy wonk—is the Nineties' new term to describe a humorless politician. We soon expect to see the phrase applied to those outside the Beltway, as in:

Wink wonk: expert flirter.
Wank wonk: serious masturbator.
Monk wonk: student of monasticism.
Honk wonk: traffic engineer.
Bonk wonk: sexologist.
Blanc wonk: oenophile.
Thonk wonk: sound-effects guru.
Bronc wonk: rodeo star.
Franc wonk: arbitrage whiz.
Zonk wonk: Doonesbury addict.

PUFF PIECE OF THE MONTH

Two Florida men have announced that they're setting up an airline specifically for smokers. Once they get off the ground, Smokers Express flight attendants will offer free cigarettes along with free burgers and free movies. The pair hopes to circumvent federal antismoking laws by structuring the company as a club, with a $25 annual fee, rather than as a commercial airline. Their strategy also includes a plan to sell advertising space on the planes' exteriors. While tobacco companies still can't advertise on the air, they may soon be able to advertise in it.

HOOVER VAN

Nature abhors a vacuum. A Colorado inventor has created a machine that sucks up pesky prairie dogs from their burrows and transfers them to a truck for release elsewhere. The animals are apparently unharmed by the process but are described as "somewhat confused." The business, called Dog-Gone, is going full blast.

OVERNIGHT POLES

Poland's current best-selling book, *Erotic Immunity: The Memoirs of Anastazja P.*, was written by a woman who claims to have taken several Polish lawmakers as lovers while posing as a foreign correspondent for a French newspaper. The scandalous diary details her undercover liaisons with various members of parliament, including a politician who espouses Catholic values. When 200,000 copies were sold in two days, embarrassed pols asked for an investigation into the writer's identity and veracity. Anastazja P. allegedly joined the press corps wearing black stilettos, sheer black stockings and a smartly cut suit. Her alias may have been aristocratic, but one journalist claimed he knew she wasn't a countess when she applied her makeup in public.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

A REAL MONKEY SUIT

The last nail in French imperialism: A large orangutan in a Borneo park grabbed a French tourist, pulled off his pants, shirt and underwear and ran into the woods with the clothes.

BEDTIME READING

Wearing rubber gloves, we recently thumbed through the *Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices*, by Brenda Love. Among the more spirited entries: pecattiphilia—sexual arousal one gets from sinning, harpaxophilia—arousal from being robbed, and nasophilia—arousal from the sight, touch or act of licking your partner's nose. The book also details various forms of mutilation, dysfunctions and awesome sex devices. The encyclopedia was reviewed by an editorial board of 15 internationally known sexologists—so everyone can confidently identify secret passions with words that sound great in the dark.

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD ART WORLD

Cleaning house became a profitable gesture at *Mad* magazine recently. More than 300 pieces of art, including favorites such as *Fantastecch Voyage*, *The Oddfather* and *Star Blecch*, were sold at a Christie's auction and attracted more than $600,000. *Mad* editor Nick Meglin said that the sale not only raised money so that *Mad* could remain advertisement-free but also improved the level of acceptance of Christie's in the art world. "They have an auction for Van Gogh one

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Hot fun in the summertime: Almost 30 percent of American teenagers lose their virginity soon after the end of the school year in June or July.

PETER PALOMBI

QUOTE

"We finally have a president our own age we can imagine having sex with."—CHERYL RUSSELL, EDITOR OF THE *Boomer Report*, ON THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

HOME SWEET CAR

According to a Gallup Poll, percentage of Americans who give their cars pet names: 15.

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Percentage of people who have sung in their cars: 81; who have made obscene gestures at or remarks to other drivers: 67; eaten a meal while driving: 42; slept overnight in their cars: 36; read while driving: 8; fallen asleep at the wheel: 7; have a television in their cars: 3.

AT THE TROUGH

Number of federal employees who earn more than $100,000 annually: 11,000; who earn more than $75,000: 65,000. Percentage of those earning more than $100,000 who don't work in Congress or the White House: 92.

TAXING TRIVIA

According to a study by the General Accounting Office, percentage of callers to IRS assistance lines last year who heard a busy signal or were put on hold and hung up: 70.

•

Percentage of tax forms requested last year that took longer than two weeks to arrive: 67; in 1991: 26.

Percentage increase last year in number of taxpayers who filed returns electronically: 45.

NICE HOBBY

Percentage of his annual income that Arnold Palmer earns playing golf: 1; that Michael Jordan earns playing basketball: 11; that Andre Agassi earns playing tennis: 18; that Evander Holyfield earns boxing: 96.

CHINA SYNDROME

According to a recent study of sexual habits in China, percentage of couples who have made love only while wearing clothes: 87; who consider masturbation immoral: 80; who have had premarital sex: 23.

THAT'S FINE

Size of fine levied by the FCC on Howard Stern's employer for Stern's discussion of erections, masturbation and homosexual sex during his morning radio show: $600,000; by the NBA on Charles Barkley for accidentally spitting on an eight-year-old girl: $10,000; by French Open officials on John McEnroe for swearing during his loss in the tournament's first round, $7500; by the state of Texas on a man arrested for possession of four automatic weapons and five silencers: $1000.

•

Amount the federal government fined Michael Milken: $600 million; Exxon, for environmental crimes: $125 million; Rockwell International, for safety violations at a plutonium plant in Colorado: $18.5 million.

•

Amount of Exxon's fine that was described as tax-deductible in a plea agreement: $100 million.—CHIP ROWE

week, then Degas, then Giorgione, and we felt these people were not at the level of *Mad* art. Now Christie's is considered legitimate."

FINGERING THE MOB

Japanese mobsters are sometimes identifiable by missing pinkies—digits chopped off as punishment or in rituals to exhibit loyalty. *The Washington Post* now reports that there is an orthopedic surgeon who, for $6000, will take a toe from an ex-gangster's foot and graft it onto his hand. Again, Japan leads the way in digital research.

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In an unrelated story, rumor has it that a godfather of the Colombo crime family was infected with HIV after receiving a blood transfusion from a member of his own gang. This has caused great concern among the membership, since during the initiation rites of the family, gang members ritually mingle their blood. Warns a medical consultant to Interpol, "Unless the Mafia immediately begins to practice safe *omertà*, the crime movement will be as extinct as the dinosaur inside of 20 years."

THE NEXT BABERAHAM LINCOLN?

A Yorba Linda, California city council candidate thought he was running an excellent campaign last November. However, he hadn't counted on the popularity of the *Wayne's World* movie, whose admirers apparently were responsible for swiping more than 300 cardboard campaign signs. It should have come as no surprise to the candidate, since his name is Mark Schwing.

CYBERSEX KITTEN

If not for a loving ex-boyfriend, writer Lisa Palac could be another Gloria Steinem. It seems that one minute former antiporn activist Palac was giving her college boyfriend an ultimatum to get rid of his stash of adult videos and the next minute he'd persuaded her to watch one with him. "When I could finally watch a movie and get so turned on that I could masturbate and have an orgasm, it was like a revelation," says Palac. She then decided that rather than revile erotica, she'd try to improve it. Palac switched to film school and wrote, directed and starred in a sex film for her senior thesis. "My parents just flipped out when they came up for the graduation ceremony," she says. Today, she's 29 and editor of the new San Francisco–based erotica-meets-technology magazine *Future Sex*. Some of the best stuff is in the editorials written by Palac, who recently professed in print, "The last sexual frontier isn't some intergalactic tactile data fuck: It's your ass."

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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

IF YOU LIKE techno, you probably know more about it than I do, because if you like it, you dance to it, which I haven't enjoyed enough lately to stay up past my bedtime. More than house, disco or mashed potato, techno is dance-specific. Designed for the humongous sound systems of clubs permanent and floating, it isn't live music, album music or even singles music. It's DJ music, intended to be segued, cut up and otherwise fucked with by someone whose job and art involves exciting a roomful of dancers by any means necessary. And since techno tends to consist of beats rendered in timbres and registers associated with mechanical or electronic agents rather than human ones, it's not exactly engaging for the uninitiated. But I never let that sort of thing stop the fan in me.

Dance music's exemplary recorded long form has always been the compilation, but most early techno comps left me cold. The icebreaker was *Only for the Headstrong: The Ultimate Rave Compilation* (Ffrreedom), followed by *Rave 'til Dawn* (SBK). The distinction between rave and techno seems mostly semantic, but the collections' grand climaxes, soul samples, organlike textures and choralestyle chants and cheers ("So what do you say to the DJ?" "Fuck you") provide a rush in my living room.

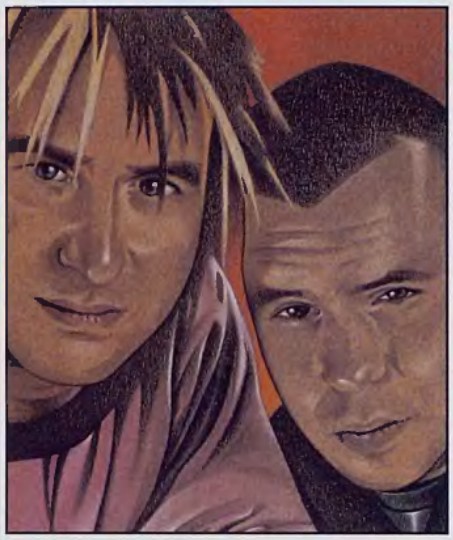
The same rocklike surges make ***Utah Saints*** (London) the first single-artist techno album an outsider can take home to his or her stereo. Typically enough, the band is composed of two weedy-looking British lads who sometimes sound weedy as well (as on their slightly earlier *Something Good* EP). But from their Kate Bush and Annie Lennox samples to their Philip Glass–like gift for high-energy trance, their techno projects something nearly full-blooded. These songs are aural machines meant to get your adrenaline pumping. If you still request *Free Bird*, forget 'em. But if you learned to love Boy George and *Pump Up the Jam*, take the next step.

FAST CUTS: ***MTV Party to Go, Volume 2*** (Tommy Boy): For the old-fashioned dancers in the crowd—you know, rap fans and such.

Pete Johnson: King of Boogie (Milan): These mostly solo piano performances are for dancers so old-fashioned they're lucky they can still walk.

CHARLES YOUNG

Following up last year's debut, *Play with Toys*, Basehead shows no evidence of sophomore slump on ***Not in Kansas Anymore*** (Imago). Leader Michael Ivey shuns the shouting and table thumping of today's predominant rappers, choosing to lie back and let the listener relax. The music slouches toward mellowdom, until you tune in on the lyrics, which add considerable flavor: sour, bittersweet, sardonic, hilarious. In a relaxed, nonadrenalized state, the listener eases into Ivey's sharp commentary on race, sex, drugs, politics and showbiz. The between-song skits remind me of Firesign Theater in their precise timing, hitting a balance between self- and other-deprecation. You'll probably have to buy it to hear it, since Ivey doesn't shirk on words censored by the FCC: *Do You Wanna Fuck (or What)?* takes a cynical look at male libido on the prowl, then dissolves into an argument as the desired female demands respect for her favors and the male is forced to retreat in sullen humiliation. Compared with the relentless put-downs of traditional rap, it achieves a new understanding of the misunderstanding between the sexes.



PAUL MOOR

The Utah Saints: full-blooded techno.

Music from the Utah Saints, the Butthole Surfers and a king of boogie.

FAST CUTS: Butthole Surfers, ***Independent Worm Saloon*** (Capitol): The legendary Buttholes hereby release their first album on a major label, and if that ain't a landmark in musical history, I'll eat the entire print run of this magazine. Produced by John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin, the music has tremendous, groin-bending power that is reminiscent of Hendrix at his most psychedelic. Despite their forays into whimsy, these guys aren't a joke.

The Fire/Fury Records Story (Capricorn): These CDs tell the story of an independent, black-owned record company that thrived in the Fifties and Sixties with a product line of blues and R&B that ranged from Lightnin' Hopkins to Gladys Knight and the Pips. Fifty-one cuts on two CDs should inspire and invigorate anyone who hasn't grown too far from the roots of rock and roll. Vocals and guitar lines make a beautiful lesson in soul technique, even if the recording technology is a bit primitive.

Ciro Hurtado, ***Tales from Home*** (ROM): Nylon-string acoustic guitar in which the most obvious influence is contemporary Latin. Less obvious influences include jazz, classical and blues. Playing in a small ensemble with a lot of percussion and occasional Peruvian flute, Hurtado prides himself on his storytelling, and he's entitled. The melody lines transport you to a different world. Easy to listen to but beyond easy listening.

VIC GARBARINI

Now that alternative music has become mainstream, many pop tastemakers don't know whether to celebrate or panic. Does a movement automatically lose its integrity with mass acceptance? Of course not. The post-Nirvana world is full of good, bad and ugly bands that have to be judged on their own merits. Many that previously would have come up through the indie farm system are being signed early by major labels. Are they ready for prime time? New York's Cell is one of the more promising bands of the post–postpunk generation. On ***Slo-Blo*** (Geffen), their modal guitar excursions and chordal crunch conjure up images of Tom Verlaine and Television reincarnated as grungemeisters, or Nirvana's exhilarating melodicism crossed with Pearl Jam's percussive riffs. Ian James and Jerry DiRienzo both have the requisite adenoidal-yowl delivery down. They plow through their pain and angst with insight and irony rather than bang their heads against walls of denial. This Cell is not one of a gloomy sense of confinement or isolation but one that signifies new beginnings and growth.

FAST CUTS: Jeff Beck, ***Frankie's House*** (Epic): If you've written off post-Yardbirds Beck as a lot of sonic sound and fury signifying not a hell of a lot, you're in for a treat. This soundtrack has a vitality and emotional resonance that takes Beck's aural pyrotechnics to new dimensions. Imagine *Freeway Jam* by way of Pink Floyd making the leap

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Young
Basehead *Not in Kansas Anymore*	7	6	5	8
Cell *Slo-Blo*	3	8	6	7
Utah Saints	9	6	7	6
Caron Wheeler *Beach of the War Goddess*	6	6	7	7

THE LORD AND THE LEWD DEPARTMENT: **Jodeci** hope they don't have a sophomore slump. First, they will release the follow-up album to *Forever My Lady*, described as more hip-hop, more underground. After that, they'll put out a gospel LP. But expect a delay between the two, because the fellows say they don't want "one album out there talking about sex while there is a gospel album out there." Amazed by their success, they say their original purpose was to make "songs that would help us get girls."

REELING AND ROCKING: **Phil Collins** is working on two comedies, *A Proper Education* and *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* (with **Danny DeVito** and **Bob Hoskins**). . . . **Niki Harris,** former backup singer to **Madonna**, has landed the starring role in *Billie's Song*, based on the life of **Billie Holiday.** . . . **Billy Ray Cyrus** has a TV movie on his schedule and he's recording his *Achy Breaky* follow-up LP. . . . There will be a **Tina Turner** movie bio and Tina has signed a new record contract.

NEWSBREAKS: LPs due any time: **Pere Ubu, Boy George,** a **Muddy Waters** tribute, **Karen Russell** (lately of *Grapevine*) and **Depeche Mode.** . . . **Sting** will be on tour in the U.S. this month and next. . . . A New York vintage clothing store, the Antique Boutique, is selling authentic unsold tickets and posters from the Woodstock Festival. Buyers will receive a notarized letter of authenticity with the limited-edition purchase. Call 212-460-8830 for more info. . . . We're excited about the collaboration between VH-1 and WTTW, a public-television station in Chicago, called *Center Stage*. Performers including **Keith Richards, k.d. lang, Neil Young, Lindsey Buckingham** and **Sade** went to the WTTW studios to do hour-long concerts that will be broadcast nationally this summer. While there, the artists were interviewed by VH-1, which in February began airing a shorter show interspersing music from the concerts through interviews. Watch VH-1 to whet your appetite for PBS. . . . **Van Morrison** has recut his classic *Gloria* as a duet with **John Lee Hooker** for a blues LP Van is planning. . . . **Elvis'** old band—**Scotty Moore, D. J. Fontana** and **Jerry Lee Smith**—calling themselves the **Sun Rhythm Section,** have reunited to cut a record with an array of musicians that may include **Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Keith Richards, Marshall Crenshaw** and **Carl Perkins** (Mr. *Blue Suede Shoes*). . . . In June a booklet of stamps will feature **Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, Ritchie Valens, Otis Redding, Dinah Washington** and **Clyde McPhatter.** Then in September, the Postal Service honors **Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, Bob Wills** and the **Carter Family**. . . . The **Beatles'** *Long and Winding Road* documentary, a ten-part anthology for TV, is now in active development. This fuels stories that **Paul, George** and **Ringo** may work together again. In another Beatles note, discussions are underway to release the complete American versions of their albums on CD. . . . After a slow start to the concert season, tours to look for include: **Paul McCartney, Aerosmith,** the **Dead, Bon Jovi, Lollapalooza III** and **Jimmy Buffett,** of course. The list of maybes is pretty exciting, too: **Madonna, Prince,** the **Stones, Pink Floyd** and even **Mariah Carey.** . . . The National Music Foundation has chosen Lennox, Massachusetts as its site for a National Music Center, which will include a retirement home for music biz professionals, a library, a performance center and the only interactive, hands-on museum devoted to American music. . . . Finally, **Dave Marsh** will return to these pages next month.

—BARBARA NELLIS

into hyperspace. And check out the rockabilly-from-Pluto take on *Hi-Heel Sneakers* to hear a great guitarist who is simultaneously reconnecting with and transcending his roots.

NELSON GEORGE

Caron Wheeler was the voice on *Keep on Movin'*, one of the late Eighties' most influential dance records. As Soul II Soul's lead diva, Wheeler's sultry, in-the-pocket delivery had many touting this black Brit as an emerging star. But it hasn't quite worked out that way. After splitting with Soul II Soul and releasing a so-so debut solo album, Wheeler tries to fulfill her promise on her second album, ***Beach of the War Goddess*** (EMI), an eclectic 14-song collection that essays a number of styles in an ambitious, though not always coherent, manner.

I Adore You successfully captures a New York new-jack funk groove in a manner even Mary J. Blige would admire. There's a cleverly arranged version of *Wind Cries Mary* that includes several well-selected Jimi Hendrix samples. *Father*, which attempts to depict the long-term effects of the slave trade on black families, is a noble effort to discuss a complex subject within the framework of a pop song.

As the title song and *Father* suggest, Wheeler and her many collaborators toiled mightily to make the album more diverse and lyrically challenging than your average female R&B effort. For the most part, they succeeded. The problem is that the music isn't always as arresting as the sentiments it explores. Moreover, the record sometimes seems scattershot precisely because Wheeler is stretching so hard to be unpredictable. There's real intelligence behind *Beach of the War Goddess*. Unfortunately, it seems to miss as often as it hits the mark.

FAST CUTS: Dr. Dre's ***The Chronic*** (Death Row/Interscope) doesn't suffer from a lack of focus. The record is marked by hard gangsta rhymes, memorable hooks and state-of-the-art hip-hop production. As the musical architect behind NWA, Dre revolutionized rap records by injecting powerful funk-based grooves back into the music. Since Dre is a musician as well as a rapper, his productions make extensive use of live, as opposed to sampled, instruments. This gives his work a clarity that is matched in hip-hop history only by Rick Rubin's productions of the mid-Eighties.

Although Dr. Dre's lyrics are in the well-established traditions of L.A. gangsta rap, the musical invention behind *A Nigga Witta Gun, Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat* and *Deeez Nuuuts* is just about as good as this genre gets.

First house. First party.

Smirnoff. Two glasses. An old fridge that makes great ice. **Perfect.**

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JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

IN THE EARLY Eighties, pianist Oscar Peterson played on an LP titled *Ain't But a Few of Us Left*—a phrase that resonates more clearly in the Nineties. In fact, after the recent death of bebop's cofounder Dizzy Gillespie, there are only two left: Oscar and Ella Fitzgerald. All the other jazz stars who enjoyed first-name-only recognition from even casual jazz fans are gone, from Louis to Sarah, Dexter to the Count, Duke to Miles. For a variety of reasons, it will take at least another decade before their successors, the whiz kids of the Eighties, attain that stature.

For nearly six decades, Ella has essentially defined the art of jazz singing. Ella turns diamond in April, an event commemorated by the double CD ***Ella Fitzgerald: A 75th Birthday Salute*** (GRP). Drawn from the mountain of recordings Ella did for the Decca label between 1935 and 1955, this collection paints an accurate picture of those years. As such, it includes several of the treacly vehicles she was asked to ride in the name of pop stardom. But much of Ella's magic lies in her ability to transcend her material: Even the few clinkers boast her trademark mix of girlish simplicity and sophisticated virtuosity. And there's enough of her exuberant, spine-tingling scat work to please the purists as well.

The first 75th-birthday CD tribute appeared in late 1992 as ***Dizzy's Diamonds*** (Verve), a three-disc set that anthologizes Gillespie's work for several labels between the years 1950 and 1964. By devoting one disc each to Dizzy's small-group, big-band and Afro-Cuban recordings, this collection admirably pinpoints the trumpet genius' three spheres of musical influence. But by not licensing any of Diz's pre-1950 big-band dates, or the records by his fine early-Seventies quintet, the folks at Verve missed the chance to tell the whole story.

A different approach ennobles ***The History of Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers,*** a three-CD set on Blue Note. Although that label served as home for the late drummer during most of his career, the producers have included several recordings from other labels to represent Blakey's life after Blue Note. (Among those heard are Freddie Hubbard, Horace Silver, Cedar Walton and Wynton Marsalis.)

Still, a reissue need not boast so epic a sweep to have great impact: Consider ***Exclusively for My Friends*** (Verve), from the other remaining legend, Oscar Peterson. Between 1963 and 1968, Oscar recorded six LPs' worth of private concerts in the home of a German producer, concerts which now constitute this four-CD box.

JOE CIARDIELLO

Ella, Dizzy, Oscar: not just for purists.

Ella's gems, *Dizzy's Diamonds* and Oscar's piano.

Oscar has long deserved his reputation as a master of piano technique. He's also deserved the complaint that one often can't hear the music through all the notes. But here, the medium matches his inspired messages—which is why many people consider these tracks his single greatest body of work.

One more multidisc box encapsulates 20 years in the development of what's now known as contemporary jazz, as filtered through one band's experience. ***The Crusaders: The Golden Years*** (GRP) starts with the Crusaders' Blakey-influenced sound of the early Sixties and traces their evolution into a less captivating crossover outfit. An unexpected bonus lies in hearing how the individual craftsmanship of pianist Joe Sample and trombonist Wayne Henderson has remained consistent despite the deteriorating surroundings.

Similarly, saxophonist Wayne Shorter manages to maintain his musical identity on a dreary, spaceball production called ***The Galactic Age*** (Manhattan). Guesting with guitarist Haruhiko Takauchi's fusion band, Haru, Shorter has lent his surgical imprimatur to such futile tunes as *Io (New Age Groove)* and *Odyssey Episode*. It's an ersatz Weather Report with a poor forecast—though on one track, Shorter does get to solo behind the recorded "voice" of physicist Stephen Hawking. Better to spend your time with an exhilarating electric romp led by saxist Bill Evans on ***Petite Blonde*** (Lipstick), which also stars drummer Dennis Chambers and guitarist Chuck Loeb.

Both Shorter and Evans spent extended formative periods with Miles Davis. Joe Henderson did not, but on his spectacular new album ***So Near, So Far*** (Verve)—subtitled *Musings for Miles*—the tenor giant dips deep into Davis' legacy. This one offers greater challenges than Henderson's 1992 hit *Lush Life*, with unique shadings of the Davis repertoire and indelible sax solos. With a band of notable ex-Milesians in guitarist John Scofield, Dave Holland (the finest bassist in jazz) and the versatile drummer Al Foster, Henderson has crafted an album that is likely to make this year's top-ten lists, too.

One more alumnus of Davis U., guitarist Mike Stern, opts to reinvestigate several classic jazz tunes on ***Standards (And Other Songs)*** (Atlantic Jazz), joined by such similarly schooled heavyweights as trumpeter Randy Brecker and tenor player Bob Berg. And on ***Portrait of a Player*** (Windham Hill Jazz), pianist Billy Childs takes the same tack, triumphing with such works as John Coltrane's *Satellite* and Cedar Walton's *Bolivia*. Both men have made their names with high-energy, take-no-prisoners modernism; by containing and refocusing that energy, Stern and, especially, Childs light up the more traditional material with laser-like intensity.

Finally, the short list comprises names either new or until now unfamiliar. On ***Pastiche*** (Novus), vocalist Vanessa Rubin displays a wonderfully complex timbre and salty inflection, heard to best advantage on soulful (and rarely sung) lines by contemporary jazz composers. ***Introducing Tom Williams*** (Criss Cross) spotlights a trumpeter who plays in the U.S. Army Band but whose heart belongs to Kenny Dorham (the nuanced hard-bopper of the Fifties and Sixties). With buttery command and crisp ideas, Williams bears watching. Another trumpeter, Roy Campbell, stretches the envelope on ***New Kingdom*** (Delmark), deftly incorporating free-jazz technique and spirited group improvising. Multi-instrumentalist Hal Russell, whose Chicago-based NRG Ensemble combined dadaist wit and searing musicianship, died in September 1992. He leaves us ***Hal's Bells*** (ECM), ten soaring, uncompromised musical poems in free verse from a one-man band of overdubbed percussion, vibes, sax and trumpet. And trombonist Steve Turre indulges his passion for conch shells—which he plays as miniature, organic, furry-toned bugles—on ***Sanctified Shells*** (Antilles), an irresistible feast of South Seas timbres and Afro-Latin rhythms.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DEFINING NORMAL seems to be the main issue of ***Benny & Joon*** (MGM), a fresh comedy about a worried big brother named Benny (Aidan Quinn) and his winsome, addled sister Joon Pearl (Mary Stuart Masterson), a young woman whose elevator doesn't go all the way to the top. Her erratic behavior puts a crimp in Benny's off-and-on relationship with a local waitress (Julianne Moore). Enter Sam, played with brio by Johnny Depp, here adding another dimension to his *Edward Scissorhands* stint. Sam is a true eccentric with a fondness for old movies and an uncanny ability to perform some comic stunts that he learned by studying Buster Keaton. Sam and Joon are instantly drawn to each other, and thereby hangs a tale that gradually becomes waggish, farfetched and quite appealing. Director Jeremiah Chechik maintains a light touch that skips right over a few semiprecious plot points while Masterson and Quinn do their sister-brother act with an unforced charm. ¥¥¥

•

Chinese director Zhang Yimou (see *Off Camera*, March) follows up his previous films (*Ju Dou* and *Raise the Red Lantern*) with an equally brilliant modern folktale called ***The Story of Qiu Ju*** (Sony Pictures Classics). Zhang's star, for the fourth time, is gorgeous Gong Li, playing down her beauty but playing up her talent in the title role as a pregnant peasant woman who treks through town and country in a quest for justice. A village chief has kicked her husband in the groin, mocking him for being the father of four girls. Qiu Ju demands an apology. Saving face is the real issue in a screenplay based on a popular Chinese novel, which Zhang transforms into a documentary-like study of peasant life, city morals, bureaucracy and the staying power of a determined woman. Throughout, he fills the screen with striking visual contrasts between dusty, crowded urban scenes and the country landscape, where bright red chili peppers are raised, harvested and strung everywhere. The red peppers clearly represent the spice of life in a *Story* that's both enchanting and stirring. ¥¥¥¥

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Identical twins separated at birth come together in ***Equinox*** (I.R.S. Releasing), a cerebral if somewhat pretentious psychodrama by writer-director Alan Rudolph. Matthew Modine portrays both Henry, an insecure garage mechanic, and his brother Freddy, a cocky mobster. Modine manages his dual role credibly, with able backing by Lara Flynn Boyle, Marisa Tomei, Lori Singer and Fred Ward. Set in a fictional metropolis called Empire (though largely filmed in Minneapolis–St. Paul), the movie is atmospheric, intense and stylish but, sorry to say, not especially involving. ¥¥

Quinn, Masterson in sibling standoff.

Women with minds of their own make waves. Men and boys make serious mischief.

•

Growing up in Liverpool, England in the Fifties, the 11-year-old hero of ***The Long Day Closes*** (Sony Pictures Classics) is a boy named Bud (Leigh McCormack) in an autobiographical film written and directed by Terence Davies. His 1988 *Distant Voices, Still Lives* collected scads of movie prizes as a kind of blue-collar sing-along with its heart and soul in English pubs. This time—with songs, soundtrack excerpts and film clips from records and movies he remembers—Davies brings back the formative years of a film nut who's loved by his family, hated at school. "Nasty little creatures, you little boys are," snarls one unhelpful teacher, while Bud survives by romanticizing the working-class world around him. While *Long Day Closes* is hardly a match for the airy, irresistible charm of *Cinema Paradiso*, Davies makes restrained British moves in the same direction. ¥¥½

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Any thought that skinhead violence and neo-Nazi racism are confined to Germany or the meanest streets in the U.S. should be dispelled by ***Romper Stomper*** (Academy), writer-director Geoffrey Wright's chilling portrait of bigotry on the rampage in Melbourne, Australia. Russell Crowe as Hando, with Daniel Pollock as Davey, heads a skinhead wolf pack of white supremacists who beat the hell out of Asians presumptuous enough to go into business on their turf. Both are perfect as urban savages whose social standing and self-esteem have hit bottom, and they hit back blindly—abetted, in various ways, by a blonde waif named Gabe (Jacqueline McKenzie) who has probably been molested by her well-heeled dad. Few American action movies are more energetic, timely or meaningful—which makes *Romper Stomper* a revelation in its own wicked way. ¥¥¥

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That once and former Monty Python, Michael Palin, plays it completely straight in ***American Friends*** (Castle Hill). Star and co-author (with director Tristram Powell) of a fine vintage romance inspired by diaries his great-grandfather left behind, Palin is a starchy Oxford don named Francis Ashby who stumbles onto happiness during a Swiss holiday. An American spinster and her ward (Connie Booth and Trini Alvarado) first beguile Ashby, then track him down again in Oxford. Before he realizes that it's the young ward and not her guardian who excites him, one of Ashby's horny colleagues (Alfred Molina) has seduced the girl. *American Friends* is simultaneously scenic, ironic and soft-spoken as a bookish pleasure in a minor key. ¥¥¥

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A director who made some good movies before turning out a trashy science-fiction epic is the antihero of ***The Pickle*** (Columbia). The godawful and eponymously titled movie-within-the-movie so embarrasses the director (Danny Aiello) that he contemplates suicide. Before the premiere of his fiasco—about farmers whose crops yield one huge cuke that becomes a spaceship—the director also tries coming to terms with his wayward son (Chris Penn) and two former wives (Dyan Cannon overworks her wiles as the sexier ex). Of course, the film turns out to be a hit, which is more than can be said for the *Pickle* that writer-director Paul Mazursky finds himself in. It's a sour comedy burdened by flashbacks, silly fantasies and all the earmarks of a flop. ¥

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Voted an audience favorite at this year's Sundance Festival, ***El Mariachi*** (Columbia) proves that money isn't everything for a moviemaker rich in

Lynch: out on a limb.

OFF CAMERA

She's her father's daughter, all right. **Jennifer Lynch,** whose dad is David—creator of *Twin Peaks* and other offbeat TV and film fare—was 22 when she wrote *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer*, a best-seller. Just 25, perhaps the youngest woman ever to write and direct a major feature, she takes full credit—or blame—for *Boxing Helena*. This erotic black comedy is the film both Madonna and Kim Basinger were scheduled to play. "I can't talk about that because the case is going to court," says Jennifer. Sherilyn Fenn took the role—a sexpot whose legs and arms are amputated by a love-crazed surgeon (Julian Sands) who wants to keep her to himself. At L.A. screenings and Sundance Festival previews, *Helena* has been a hot ticket as well as a conversation piece. "One L.A. critic asked if I was trying to say that all men ejaculate prematurely," says Lynch. "I told him, Jesus Christ, no." She also can't quite believe it when anyone calls the humor in her film unintentional. "I wanted to be lighthearted about love, and how we all make fools of ourselves."

Close to both her divorced parents, Jennifer has been hanging around her dad's movie sets since childhood. "*Eraserhead* was a nightmare he had about my conception." By the time he made *Dune*, she was 12 or 13 and getting ideas of her own. "I've pretty much watched and learned," she adds. An unabashed original who calls herself "a coffee lunatic," her left arm bears a tattoo of a steaming coffee cup and the words HOLLYWOOD ALTERNATIVE. "Kinky humor is one of my father's best attributes, too. People have a hard time with what they think is voyeurism. But going to the movies is one of the most voyeuristic things you can do."

imagination and zeal. Co-author and director Robert Rodriquez, 24 years old, spent $7000 on a tragicomedy about mistaken identity in a desolate Mexican town. His hero (Carlos Gallardo) is a mariachi player, carrying a guitar case and being shot at when hoods mistake him for a hit man with a guitar case loaded with lethal weapons. There's little more to it than that. But Rodriquez parlays his assets—a fetching heroine (Consuela Gómez), plus, in his own words, "a school bus, a pit bull, a motorcycle, two bars and a ranch"—into a crude but spirited, spontaneous feature debut that won him a two-year contract in Hollywood. ¥¥¥

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A small, stifling Arizona town figures in ***Bodies, Rest & Motion*** (Fine Line), which covers about two days in the lives of four indecisive singles in their 20s. Bridget Fonda plays Beth, who is living with Nick (Tim Roth) when he decides, for no particular reason, to move to Montana. Not sure he wants a real commitment, Nick impulsively drives away on his own, leaving Beth and her best friend Carol (Phoebe Cates) to cope as best they can. A pot-smoking young handyman named Sid (Eric Stoltz) comes to repaint the house for the next tenants. Beth not only copes but copulates with Sid. As directed by Michael Steinberg, written by Roger Hedden and played by Roth, Nick is such an insensitive dolt that any smart girl would be glad to color him gone. He's the low man in a fairly dull foursome. Although the performers are adequate, viewers pondering their next moves are apt to respond to this one with a big yawn. ¥¥

•

Episodes dealing with virtual reality and computer-constructed images tend to make ***House of Cards*** (Miramax) more cerebral than emotional. Kathleen Turner plays a wife and mother who comes home to the U.S. with her two young children after her husband's accidental death on an archaeological mission. Daughter Sally (Asha Menina), though, refuses to speak, displaying symptoms of autism. In writer-director Michael Lessac's ambitious but somewhat leaden first feature, Tommy Lee Jones portrays the doctor called in to help after Sally starts sleepwalking across the roof, then constructs a towering house of cards. After hours at the computer, her mother finally figures out that the way to bring her troubled daughter back into the real world is to counter with an impressive superstructure out in the nearby woods. See? The going gets pretty thick at this juncture, although Turner, Lee and company seem to take it all quite seriously. Getting into the spirit of the thing isn't easy. ¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

American Friends (See review) A shy Oxford don goes courting. ¥¥¥
Amos & Andrew (Listed only) Samuel L. Jackson and Nicolas Cage joke about black neighbors in a white hood. ¥¥
Benny & Joon (See review) Screwed-up siblings maintain high spirits. ¥¥¥
Bodies, Rest & Motion (See review) To be young, restless and forgettable. ¥¥
The Crying Game (1/93) Irish terrorism and gender-crossing sex games will keep you guessing. ¥¥¥½
Dead Alive (4/93) Gore, then more. ¥
El Mariachi (See review) A new talent gets Hollywood's green light. ¥¥¥
Equinox (See review) Dual role for Modine in the Twin Cities. ¥¥
Extreme Justice (4/93) Police brutality on the go again in L.A. ¥¥
Falling Down (3/93) Michael Douglas gives the City of Angels hell. ¥¥¥½
A Few Good Men (2/93) Leathernecks charged with murder in a slick but stirring courtroom drama. ¥¥¥¥
House of Cards (See review) In the end, it all comes tumbling down. ¥½
Joey Breaker (4/93) A showbiz agent on the run. ¥¥½
Just Another Girl on the IRT (4/93) She's bad, young and watchable. ¥¥
Léolo (4/93) Boy begot by tomato. ¥¥
The Long Day Closes (See review) And a British lad stuck on old movies. ¥¥½
Mad Dog & Glory (Listed only) Gangster Bill Murray lends Uma Thurman for a week to police photog Robert De Niro in a droll romantic comedy. ¥¥
Map of the Human Heart (4/93) Sometime lovers who meet but somehow also keep missing. ¥¥½
Olivier Olivier (4/93) A lost French boy comes home—or does he? ¥¥¥
Passion Fish (3/93) Crippled soap star meets her match, indeed. ¥¥¥
The Pickle (See review) It grows into a spaceship and gets nowhere. ¥
Riff-Raff (4/93) The lowlife hard at work on a London high-rise. ¥¥½
Romper Stomper (See review) Way down under with skinheads in action. ¥¥¥
Stolen Children (4/93) Kids and a cop in a heartfelt Italian drama. ¥¥¥½
The Story of Qiu Ju (See review) She's a Chinese wife with a mission. ¥¥¥¥
This Boy's Life (4/93) As a stepfather from hell, De Niro scores a hit. ¥¥¥½
Watch It (3/93) Boys will be boys, but girls help them grow out of it. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

"I suppose the greatest film of all time is *Citizen Kane*," says **Charlton Heston.** While the actor's actor deems the Orson Welles classic a must for the VCR, he becomes modest when it comes to home-viewing his own body of work. "I'm never content with any of my films," he says. "I always feel I could do it better if I could do it again." To what does the star of *Ben-Hur* and *Planet of the Apes* give his blessings? Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* and Merchant-Ivory's *Howards End*. "But basically," he says, "I recommend whatever good film I've just finished watching." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO PRISONER

As it celebrates its 25-year anniversary, TV's *The Prisoner* remains a cult hit—on tape. Futuristic, allegorical and often just weird, the series starred Patrick McGoohan (a creator of the show) as Number Six, retired spy and unwilling resident of a place called the Village. As various Number Twos pursue Six, the question remains: What does it all mean? Some landmark chapters are:

Arrival: First episode. Number Two wants conformity from Number Six—who refuses. Required viewing if only to appreciate other episodes.

Chimes of Big Ben: New babe moves in next door to Six. Ingenious, taut spy yarn costarring Leo McKern, the best Number Two. (Also on vid: the "lost episode" of *Chimes*, with 30 differences.)

Many Happy Returns: Six finally escapes. Almost. Double-surprise-twist at end.

Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling: Six's mind is stolen and put into a new body. Naturally, he's bummed.

Checkmate: Village courtyard is a chessboard, Villagers are the pieces. Six leads revolt but gets cornered in own game.

Fallout: Features bizarre images, fine dialog and the identity of the elusive Number One. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

(Tapes from MPI Home Video, $29.98 each.)

VIDEO GRAB BAG

Mahalia Jackson: CBS News' 1974 tribute to the gospel great. Also features fellow legend Elizabeth Cotten delivering *Freight Train*.

Tchaikovsky Competition: Violin & Piano: Keys and strings duel in Moscow at 1982 contest. Onstage, the playing is virtuosic; backstage, the pressure is intense.

Thornton Wilder's Our Town: Handsome 1977 version of stage classic about turn-of-century town's simpler way of life. Solid cast includes Hal Holbrook, Ned Beatty and Robby Benson.

Origin of Life: Crash course in evolution, from sex in the primordial ooze to rare footage of the Scopes trial. —CHRIS BALL

(Tapes from Master Vision, 800-846-0123.)

LASER FARE

From the Mansion to your living room. This month Image Entertainment adds spice to its laser library with ***Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time,*** Lynch and Frost's vid bio of our main man. Program tracks Hef's fantastic journey from kitchen-table dreamer to king of the hutch. (Also available on tape from Uni). . . . MGM/UA's ***The Compleat Tex Avery*** offers every cartoon directed by the master of the surreal during his 13-year MGM stint. Bottom line: Five platters, 100 bucks. . . . Terry Gilliam should be pleased: Voyager's CAV transfer of his ***Adventures of Baron Munchausen*** is ultracrisp, letterboxed and features tons of extras. Decent disc—but we still want *Brazil*.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

HOME MOVIES

We've seen a boom in homemade porn and homemade videos. Now here come homemade features—tossed together by vanguard auteurs Matt Mitler, Jennifer and Robert Prichard and a wild cast of New York performance artists. Distributed under the banner "the Movie-of-the-Month Club," the low-budget vids (lowest: $200, highest: $2500) are shot in sequence—often in one day—with all dialog improvised by the actors.

I Was a Teenage Bride of Christ: Three women are desperate to marry, and guess who's their savior. A costume farce for lapsed Catholics, with twisted script by Ted LoRusso.

Manic a Go-Go: Male exotic dancer dreams of peace and quiet with his girl, but an obsessed male fan is dreaming of a piece of him. Laugh riot a-go-go.

Kid Scarface: Everything Joey the thug does is dumb. Stupid, too: trouble with the mob, nose candy and a tall moll named Sandy. Best of the lot.

Les Enfants Miserables: To inherit Daddy's millions, siblings-in-love Jewel and Jim have to stay married to others for one year. Warped Truffaut, with denouement delivered by talking dog.

Dick and Jane Drop Acid and Die: High school sweethearts discover Romeo, Juliet and little colored pills. Out there—but not entirely a bad trip.

Also available: ***Macbeth, King of Scoutland*** (deranged Boy Scouts, Shakespearean plot, Pythonesque camp) and the upcoming ***Alien Sex-Phone Psycho,*** written by Jennifer Prichard, who, by the way, is a former Playboy Bunny. —JULIE BESONEN

(All tapes $14.95 from Surf Reality, Ltd. Call 212-673-4182.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Of Mice and Men*** (Gary Sinise and John Malkovich as Steinbeck's Depression-era drifters; solid and sad); ***Light Sleeper*** (drug dealers Dafoe and Sarandon want to go straight; urbane inner-city grit); ***Consenting Adults*** (Kevin Kline's neighbor talks him into wife swapping; big mistake).
ACTION	***The Last of the Mohicans*** (Daniel Day-Lewis is Cooper's French and Indian War hero; uneven script, pretty pictures); ***Sneakers*** (Redford and Poitier lead all-star good guys in search of super computer-cracker); ***A Day in October*** (1943 Denmark: D. B. Sweeney hatches anti-Nazi plan; a sleeper).
COMEDY	***Singles*** (Matt Dillon and pre-30s Seattleites try to mate; great grunge soundtrack); ***Delicatessen*** (super of postapocalyptic dump turns tenants into chow; dark laughs, subtitled); ***Mr. Saturday Night*** (Crystal's makeup-laden tour de force as slick nightclub comic; tape includes featurette with outtakes).
OLDIES	Vintage triplets from Video Yesteryear: ***The Three Musketeers*** (1933 version swaps Frenchmen for Brooklyn boys in 12-part serial; stars John Wayne); ***The Three Ages*** (Keaton skewers Griffith's *Intolerance* in side-by-side-by-side romances; Buster's best bit: the crumbling car); ***Three Charlies and One Phoney!*** (trio of shorts starring Chaplin's Little Tramp—plus one by C.C. imitator Billy West; close but no cigar, Bill).

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LA GEAR

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DAN VACCARINO

games or shop from a vast sky catalog. All this could turn a 747 into the highest singles bar around. United, Northwest and Continental will be first out of the gate with these new systems. By 1995 it's possible you'll be playing video poker over international waters, using your credit card for instant cash.

MD VERSUS DCC

Compact discs suffer motion sickness and you can't record on them. Cassettes sound like losers when compared with CDs. Now the electronics industry is offering the best of both worlds with two recordable digital formats: the digital compact cassette from Philips Electronics and the minidisc from Sony. DCCs sound comparable to CDs, and all player-recorders will play back analog cassettes. The 2½" MDs also sound great, are highly portable and offer much quicker access to a specific track. Want to know who has confidence in which format? Check out in the accompanying box who's backing Sony (MD) and who's backing Philips Electronics (DCC).

MINIDISCS	DCCs
Aiwa	Blaupunkt
Alpine	Carver
Clarion	Harman Kardon
Denon	Marantz
Hitachi	Panasonic/Technics
Onkyo	Philips
Pioneer	Tandy/Radio Shack
RCA/GE	
Sony	
Yamaha	

HIGH ON SIERRA

If you have a modem and an IBM-compatible computer that's at least 286/16MHz, check out The Sierra Network. An all-graphics, on-line entertainment service, TSN looks like an electronic neighborhood with a variety of buildings and "lands" where you can play games or chat with other subscribers. In the adults-only Larry Land, for example, you can challenge someone to a round of blackjack, try the Super Sex Machine (shown here) or hang out at Lefty's Bar and test your favorite pickup lines. To increase the fun, you can also create cartoonlike characters to represent you on

the network. Want to be a handsome muscle-bound hunk named Leroy? It'll cost you $12.95 monthly for a subscription, which includes 30 hours of on-line time. Larry Land will set you back an additional $4 per month.

WILD THINGS

Looking for a camcorder that doesn't have a viewfinder about the size of a keyhole? Then track down Sharp's 1.9-pound View Cam—the Hi-8mm model is shown here—which features a four-inch LCD monitor for on-the-spot viewing and playback. Other highlights include a rotating arm-lens for high- and low-angle shots, a wireless remote and image stabilization technology (about $2200). • Virtual Vision Sport, a pair of black wraparound eyeglasses that look like something the Terminator would wear, has a one-inch video display and a reflective lens that create the effect of a 60-inch television screen floating in space. Each pair comes with a TV tuner and is a wireless receiver for VCR, camcorder and cable hookups ($900). • Carver has just introduced the SD/A-390t, the first five-disc CD carousel changer with a vacuum tube (about $650). • Terk Technologies' Leapfrog Wireless remote-control range extension system attaches to your remote and allows you to use it up to 150 feet from the source ($70). • Back Talk from Directed Electronics, a module that connects to your auto security system, enables you to program your own voice to sound off when someone's tampering with your vehicle: $209 uninstalled.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

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STYLE

SQUARE'S BACK

In keeping with fashion's recent love affair with the Sixties, the men's square-cut bathing suit is this summer's hottest style. Shorter and more fitted than swim trunks of the past few years, the square-cut suit is made with a blend of spandex (for improved stretch) and cotton (so it dries fast). One company, Gazelle, has reintroduced its classic belted suit ($32) along with another version that features banded side panels ($24, shown here). The first swimsuit in designer Michael Kors' collection is also a belted style, which is available in both solids and stripes ($75). Y.M.L.A. makes bar- and gangster-striped suits, both of which are shown here ($22), and Gianni Versace offers daring spandex models with Miami-inspired prints (yikes! $450). Even Speedo, the bastion of the lifeguard brief, makes square-cut cotton-lycra swim trunks that come in four patterns ($34). These styles provide nice alternatives to surfer jams, and they're flattering, too.

SOLE SEARCHING

Another fashion trend that smacks of a Sixties revival is the sandal. Recently worn primarily by beach bums and aging flower children, this simple slip-on style has suddenly become the latest status shoe. Clunky, square-toed Birkenstocks ($55 to $130) have been spotted on Madonna, Harrison Ford and first daughter Chelsea Clinton. Buffalino makes updated huarache-style sandals that are accented with bright, multicolored braiding, as well as fisherman-strap models with both open and closed toes ($35 to $40). Kenneth Cole has given the sandal trend a spin by adding a structured heel to his version ($129), as has French cobbler J. Fenestrier with his wide-strap, open-back mule ($255). Sandals have also become the new frontier in athletic shoes. Instead of pumping up their sneakers, keen competitors are now strapping on sport sandals for river rafting, rock-climbing and even running. Nike's Air Deschütz ($60) is one best-selling style, and check out Teva's comfortable new nonskid sailing sport sandal ($65). It has a kind of topless Topsider look.

HOT SHOPPING: BUYING BY THE BOOK

Home shopping has changed considerably since the days when Sears Roebuck had something for everyone. Here, for example, is a roundup of catalogs that cater to some special interests. • Short Sizes Inc. (216-475-2515): Designer suits and brand-name sportswear sized for men under 5'8". • The King Size Company (800-846-1600): High fashion for big and tall guys. • Seventh Generation (800-456-1197): Earth-friendly fashions and a wide range of recycled products, including comforters filled with shredded plastic pop bottles. • Ebbets Field Flannels (800-377-9777): Authentic vintage team jerseys from the minor leagues. • Used Rubber USA (415-626-7855): No, not what you're thinking; this catalog offers an array of wallets, date books and other items made from 100 percent recycled rubber tires. • The Condom Catalog (800-221-7402): Just what you're thinking. More than 100 brands of safety.

CLOTHES LINE

No one tells menswear designer **Andrew Fezza** what to wear. He relies on instinct and experience. "The absolute first thing I ask myself when deciding is, 'How will it feel?'" Keeping function and wearability in mind, he often dons something from—surprise—his own collection, Andrew Fezza Sportswear, but he also gives the nod to a few competitors, including Dolce & Gabbana and Gianni Versace. When flying on business, Fezza wears knit pull-on pants and T-shirts (because they travel well and remain relatively free of wrinkles) and carries on a sports jacket and other essentials (socks, underwear, etc.). "I guess my luggage has been lost too many times." We hear you.

STAR STORES

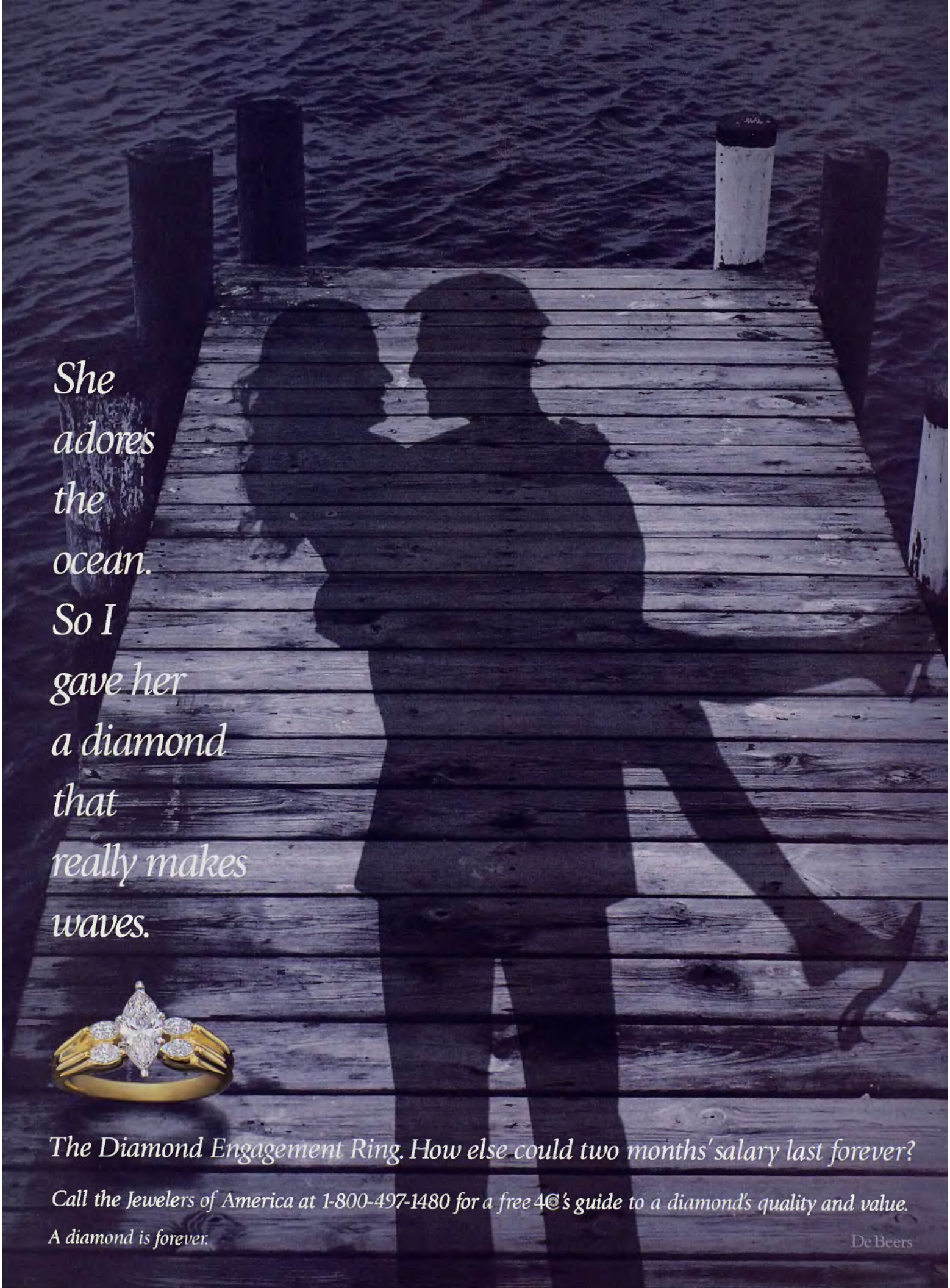
No longer content to feed us in their restaurants, celebrities are now attempting to dress and groom us as well. Yes, retail stores are one of the latest investment trends among the rich and famous. Spike Lee got a head start in 1991 when he opened the first Spike's Joint in Brooklyn. An outlet for fashions and accessories tied to his movies, the store was such a hit that the actor-director recently opened a second on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles. Nearby in Hollywood is the X-Large Store, a hip-hop clothing shop partly owned by Beastie Boy Mike D. And in New York, fellow rapper Flavor Flav of Public Enemy has let fame go to his head: He owns a unisex barbershop in Freeport that bears his name.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLEMETER

T-SHIRTS	IN	OUT
FIT	Comfortable, worn either slightly oversized or tight for a sleeker look	Bulky two-color reversibles; extra-large sizes worn down to the knee
STYLE	Crew necks; button henleys; shorter, mid-bicep-length sleeves; worn outside pants	Rolled sleeves; homemade, rogged, sleeveless T-shirts; elbow-length sleeves
DETAILING	Bold stripes; Seventies-inspired brights mixed with preppy tones; basic neutrals	Pastel colors and neons such as chartreuse and hot pink

Where & How to Buy on page 171.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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

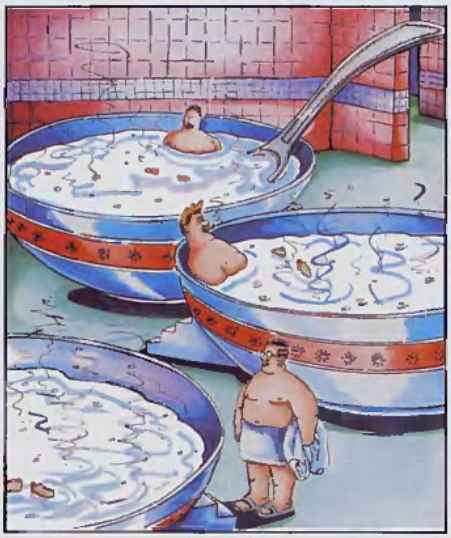
The Road to Wellville (Viking) is a comic tour de force by T. Coraghessan Boyle that establishes him at the top of his literary game. In his fifth novel, Boyle takes us back to 1907–1908 to explore John Harvey Kellogg's world-famous Battle Creek Sanitarium—"bastion of right thinking, vegetarianism and self-improvement, citadel of temperance and dress reform and, not coincidentally, the single healthiest spot on the planet." As an offshoot of his health spa, Kellogg also became "the inventor of the corn flake and peanut butter, not to mention caramel-cereal coffee, Bromose, Nutolene and some 75 other gastrically correct foods." Thus, he turned Battle Creek, Michigan into the breakfast-food capital of the world.

The spa and its wealthy, health-crazed devotees are ripe targets for satire, and Boyle doesn't miss a single hilarious shot, including the hucksterism of Dr. Kellogg. The doctor's lectures on the evils of red meat, refined sugar and sexual indulgence are capped with demonstrations such as trying to feed a steak to Lillian the chimpanzee or revealing that, under a microscope, aged beef has more bacteria than horse manure.

Boyle focuses on Will and Eleanor Lightbody from Peterskill, New York, who come to the spa for Will's nervous stomach and Eleanor's boredom. In the parallel crackpot world of Battle Creek, small-time hustler Charlie Ossining has teamed up with big-time hustler Goodloe Bender to establish the Per-Fo: "The 'Perfect Food,' Pre-Digested, Peptonized and Celery Impregnated. Perks Up Tired Blood and Exonerates the Bowels." Charlie and Goodloe find competition tough in the cereal business, but, with the help of Dr. Kellogg's ne'er-do-well son, they progress to blackmail.

In the hands of a lesser writer, this story might be a charming, mildly humorous bit of Americana. Boyle, however, has a genius for envisioning his scenes in such delicious detail and for presenting his characters with such subtle insight that *The Road to Wellville* is rich and delightful.

Love's Blood (Crown), by Clark Howard, is a compelling, true crime story. In 1977, 19-year-old Patricia Ann Columbo was found guilty of murdering her entire family in conspiracy with her 39-year-old boyfriend. For 15 years in maximum security, Patricia remained silent. The story she now tells Howard is a shocker, as she admits to trading sexual favors with alleged hit men in exchange for the murder of her parents. But Patricia claims that her domineering, paranoiac boyfriend ultimately did the shooting. Although Howard sorts through a tangle of sordid evidence without reaching any conclusion, his report is a troubling look at the frailty of the justice system.



KEVIN POPE

Road to Wellville: gastrically correct.

Two winners from
T. Coraghessan Boyle
and Donald E. Westlake.

This month a disparate trio of novels also arrives on the shelves: a caper novel spun from the headlines, a posthumous gift from one of science fiction's deans and a zany coming-of-age saga. Since *The Hot Rock* and *Bank Shot*, we've thought of John Archibald Dortmunder as the funniest criminal in the literary docket. In his eighth outing, ***Don't Ask*** (Mysterious Press), by Donald E. Westlake, Dortmunder proves that there is no caper too bizarre for him and his gang of bunglers. This time he tries to heist the bone of a saint who died 800 years ago, a religious relic that becomes the point of contention between two small eastern European countries—Sergovia and Votskojek. This is Dortmunder at the height of his felonious incompetence in one of Westlake's most ingenious capers.

Shortly before his death last year, Isaac Asimov completed the seventh and final volume in his Foundation Series, which he began in 1951 when he was 31 years old. ***Forward the Foundation*** (Doubleday) brings to a climax his epic about the fall of the Galactic Empire and the origins of a new political and social order known as the Foundation. Inspired by Gibbons' *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, it evolves out of Asimov's passionate concern for the preservation of human achievements in the face of chaos and barbarism. It is a touching and fitting final statement.

In Robert Ward's ***The King of Cards*** (Pocket Books), Thomas Fallon, a successful middle-aged writer, goes back to his alma mater in Maryland to receive an honorary doctorate and finds himself lost in memories of a madcap youth spent on Baltimore's Chateau Avenue under the spell of a con man named Jeremy Raines. With a cast of Sixties free spirits romping through wild adventures, young Tom learns about sex, literature and living on the edge in a sweet, deftly written novel that reminds you of Conroy, Kesey and Salinger all at once.

BOOK BAG

Among the Dead (Morrow), by Michael Tolkin: Another winner from the author of *The Player* and cult film *The Rapture*. This one's a black comedy of love and loss in L.A.

Thing of Beauty: The Tragedy of Supermodel Gia (Pocket), by Stephen Fried: This bleak biography of a beautiful young woman turned drug addict and AIDS victim is a chilling parable for our times.

Approaching Zero: The Extraordinary Underworld of Hackers, Phreakers, Virus Writers and Keyboard Criminals (Random House), by Paul Mungo and Bryan Clough: Here's a report on the dark side of computer wizardry and cyberculture outlaws.

The 776 Stupidest Things Ever Said (Doubleday), by Ross and Kathryn Petras: J. Danforth Quayle is featured prominently in this cruel but funny Bartlett's Hall of Shame.

Man Bites Town (St. Martin's Press), by Harry Shearer: From the best of his *Los Angeles Times Magazine* columns, the provocative satirist takes on network news anchors, the Material Girl and celebrity confessions.

Les Paul (Morrow), by Mary Alice Shaughnessy: The rags-to-riches story of the guitarist known as the Thomas Edison of rock and roll.

The Great American Idea Book (W. W. Norton), by Bob Coleman and Deborah Neville: How to turn a great idea into profitable success.

The Lip (Morrow), by Gerald Eskenazi: The first major biography of Leo Durocher, the brash baseball legend whose 2010 wins influenced a generation of fans and managers.

The Weekend Athlete's Injury Guide (Berkley), by Mitch Kaplan: The emphasis in this handy reference book is on basic first-aid techniques—rest, ice, compression, elevation—to ease the pain.

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MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

WHEN WOMEN CRY

When women turn on the waterworks, they present their most formidable self-defense. Men are trained to assume that they and they alone are responsible for this breaking of the feminine spirit. And sometimes it's true. So how do we deal with all the emotional moisture? Most women will agree that the worst thing you can do is to "shhhh" them when they're crying. The advice we've heard is to hold the gushing woman in your arms and let her have a good cry, murmuring periodically that no matter what happens, this will pass, she is safe and everything's all right. It makes sense to us—most of the time. But when a woman chooses the middle of an argument to weep uncontrollably, it's hard not to suspect a bit of conscious or unconscious manipulation. What to do then? Simple. Look her straight in her puffy, bleary, blubbery eyes and say in a calm but firm voice, "Please don't change the subject."

DAN PICASSO

NEW BREWS

Is the last bastion of manliness finally crumbling? The number of beer-drinking women is climbing—it's now about 20 percent of total beer drinkers—and brewers see the chance to tap into a new market. First, they're altering their commercials to target women. Television advertisements with young men ogling attractive young women are already disappearing from the airwaves. Next, the brewers plan to unleash "beer coolers"—fruit-flavored beers meant to win over even hard-core beeraphobic women. It won't be long before you'll hear your girlfriend ordering a papaya-flavored pilsener—on the rocks.

MADE MEMBERS

Generally, the sharpest thing a man will tolerate near his penis is a woman's fingernail. But that may change when the reliability of plastic surgery for the penis reaches that of face-lifts or nose jobs. Currently, there are two experimental operations for enlarging the penis: One adds length; the other, thickness. In one operation, a plastic surgeon or urologist removes fat from the abdomen of the patient and injects it underneath the skin on the shaft of the penis. Since the head cannot be enlarged, the maximum boost in size varies from one half inch to one inch in additional circumference. Increasing length is a bit trickier. Severing the suspensory ligament allows the penis to fall away from the body, revealing three eighths of an inch to two inches of muscle that formerly resided inside the body. However, the angle of erection is reduced to the horizontal.

Dr. F. Douglas Whitehead, the director of the Association for Male Sexual Dysfunction, criticizes the operations. "The risks of bleeding or of cutting the nerves in the area that have to do with penile sensation," he says, "are too big for a cosmetic surgery."

THE COMPETITION HEATS UP

Did the so-called backlash that Susan Faludi wrote about really hinder women's ascent in the workplace? Not if you look at the figures. Economists report that women actually made substantial financial gains during the Eighties. In fact, women now make 70 cents for each dollar that men make, up from around 60 cents in 1980. That's a phenomenal jump, roughly equal to the increase between 1890 and 1980. Younger women, aged 25 to 34, do even better. They make 84 cents for every dollar a man does. Although women still face problems in the work force, researchers say they'll continue to gain as the economy improves. Women today are career-conscious and better educated, enabling them to leave behind the jobs that historically attracted them—teaching, nursing, etc.—and enter the high-paying fields once dominated by men.

ANITLLA DASKALAKIS

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME, OLDER THAN CLINTON

Fourteen of the following people are now older than the president of the United States. Can you guess who they are?

(1) Neil Young, (2) Farrah Fawcett, (3) O. J. Simpson, (4) Cher, (5) Sylvester Stallone, (6) David Letterman, (7) Steven Spielberg, (8) Nolan Ryan, (9) Tom Brokaw, (10) Goldie Hawn, (11) Mia Farrow, (12) Lorne Michaels, (13) Pete Townshend, (14) Connie Chung, (15) Tom Seaver, (16) Linda Ronstadt, (17) Susan Sarandon, (18) David Bowie, (19) Geraldo Rivera, (20) Stephen King, (21) Jane Pauley, (22) Candice Bergen, (23) John Denver, (24) Arnold Schwarzenegger, (25) Whoopi Goldberg

ANSWERS: 1, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23.

THE ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

"The women's movement has effectively encouraged women to contact and express rage. Men, on the other hand, are often told their anger is dangerous. We are encouraged by spiritual teachers and women to repress, give up or somehow transform it, without expressing it.

"We are angry: some at our fathers, some at our mothers, some at others, both close and distant. Mostly we are pissed off about the double standards our society holds for men. When unexpressed, this feeling gets internalized, and repetitive patterns of self-abuse emerge.

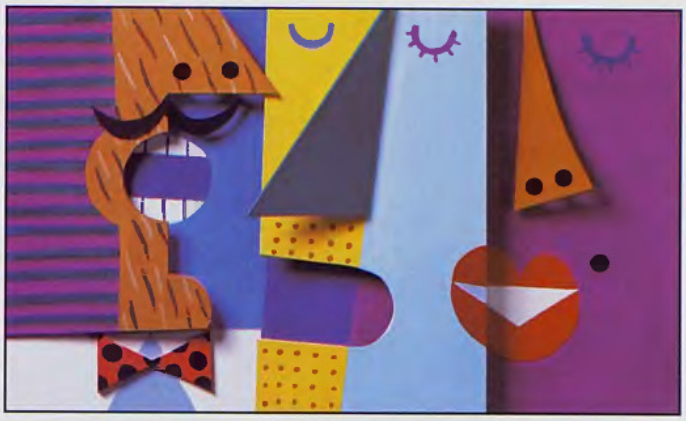
"Men's anger, when it finally does emerge, is often expressed violently. This has given anger a bad name. Another way it develops is in the self-destructive, self-hating behaviors. When a system doesn't have a means for ridding itself of stresses a little at a time, they build up to the point of blowing it apart. So we have a fear of our anger. This fear is exacerbated in feminized males, who often repress anger out of deference to women, who they believe are more entitled to be enraged."

—FROM *Knights Without Armor*, BY AARON KIPNIS, PH.D.

FREAK CHIC

Freaks. Not since the old circus-geek acts has the average unmutilated guy been so obsessed with the bizarre: Howard Stern's Fartman, bald women, nipple rings and, of course, the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow, which was the hottest live act on the Lollapalooza '92 tour. Who cared about the Red Hot Chili Peppers when you could watch Amazing Mr. Lifto hoist cinder blocks attached to rings in his nipples? Hollywood certainly knows a solid trend when it sees one. That's why this year we'll have Randy Quaid in *Hideous Mutant Freekz*, Uma Thurman sporting a pair of giant thumbs in *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* and Sherilyn Fenn playing a human torso cared for by her boyfriend in *Boxing Helena*. Why freaks and why now? Katherine Dunn, author of the best-selling novel *Geek Love*, connects freakophiles to the booms in bungee jumping, piercing and tattooing. "It's part of a wide trend to get physical," she says. "Anything that seeks to give you a visceral, physical sensation of shock, fear, revulsion or disgust." Jim Rose agrees: "On the conservative side we have family values and religion, and on the liberal side we have political correctness. Where do people who just want to be free fit in?"

JOHN D'LEARY



DAVID COWLES

LIP SERVICE

"There's no such thing as a man . . . just a little boy wearing a man's body." —ELVIS PRESLEY

"Now that women can support themselves, we don't have to care about the size of a man's wallet. We care about the size of his pecs." —DR. JOYCE BROTHERS

"Women's fashion faux pas often come from trying too hard; men's from not trying at all." —*Glamour* MAGAZINE

"Never forget that Los Angeles is where Cher and Madonna can't find a boyfriend." —PRODUCER LYNDA OBST

"I will not bond. I will not share. I refuse to nurture." —COMEDIAN DENIS LEARY

"I've been very reluctant to domesticate myself. I don't know if it's a man's real nature. I think once we move into a household, we enter a female universe. There are people who simply must protect themselves from the implications of domestic merging." —LEONARD COHEN

WHERE DO YOU STAND ON RACE RELATIONS, BASEBALL AND PRESIDENT CLINTON?
CALL THE *MANTRACK* SURVEY LINE TODAY

This month, the PLAYBOY *Mantrack* Survey Line wants to know what you think about race relations, baseball and Bill Clinton. To take part in the *Mantrack* poll, call 900-896-8722—the cost is only 75 cents per minute—and PLAYBOY Playmates will tell you how to register your opinion. Remember: You must be 18 years old or older and use a touch-tone phone. The average length of each call is three minutes. PLAYBOY operates the *Mantrack* Survey Line as a service to our readers—the price is low to give you an easy, inexpensive way to sound off. Look for poll results in upcoming issues.

Here are some of the questions that you'll be answering when you call:

BASEBALL

(1) Who is the best manager in baseball? The Blue Jays' Cito Gaston, the Braves' Bobby Cox, the Athletics' Tony La Russa or the Pirates' Jim Leyland?

(2) Who is the biggest ballpark hot dog? Is it Barry Bonds standing at the plate admiring one of his homers? Or Dennis Eckersley "shooting" his strikeout victims with his finger? How about Rickey Henderson saying, "I am the greatest"? Or is it Deion Sanders flying by helicopter from a football game to a Braves play-off?

(3) Who is baseball's best talking head? Joe Morgan, Peter Gammons or Tim McCarver? Or could it be someone named Caray—as in Harry, Skip or Chip?

(4) What's the best baseball movie? *Bang the Drum Slowly*, *Bull Durham*, *A League of Their Own* or *Pride of the Yankees*?

RACE RELATIONS

(1) Do you have any close friends who are members of another race?

(2) How would you describe the state of race relations in the United States? Is it worse than it used to be? Better? Or is it pretty much the same as always?

(3) Have you ever been discriminated against because of your race?

(4) Do you fear being the victim of violence from a member of another race?

(5) Who do you think speaks for the majority of African Americans in 1993? Jesse Jackson, Colin Powell, Maxine Waters or Al Sharpton?

PRESIDENT CLINTON

(1) The pundits are doing it. Now it's your turn to give Bill Clinton a report card. How would you grade his performance as president so far?

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MANTRACK

GUEST OPINION
BY PAUL MONETTE

Radio call-ins are the worst, especially during drive time. Commuters sit gridlocked in traffic, their only way out by cellular phone to the local radio show. Some callers practically foam at the mouth, saying I deserve to die and my kind makes them want to puke. Usually, I've been talking about the skyrocketing rates of teen suicide, a third of which involve gays and lesbians. Or I'm describing the tyranny of the closet, the stunting of the heart by cruel stereotypes. "Excuse me," I said to the caller in Houston, "Do I make you want to puke because I'm gay or because I have AIDS?"

It's not a meaningful distinction to your weed-variety homophobe. Over my desk hangs a picture of a young woman whose wet T-shirt reads: THANK GOD FOR AIDS. Such hatred pours across the airwaves daily from preachers wringing their hands over the sins of Sodom. Their diatribes rarely mention lesbians. To them it is a fight unto death between two breeds of men—the "real" ones and the "sick" ones.

Where do they come by this virulence? Is it an inherent code of pumped-up self-regard passed from dugout and locker room to cover a straight man's fear of being misperceived as queer? Is it a primal fear of being penetrated? A Seattle boy called in once, so cocksure at the age of 11, and asked with disdain, "Why would anyone want to be gay?" All he thought he needed was to score with a girl and his sexual issues would be eternally resolved. "In ten or fifteen years," I promised him, "you will grapple as hard as anyone, gay or straight, with problems of intimacy"—the lifelong struggle to somehow integrate *fuck* and *love*.

CAN GAYS AND STRAIGHTS BE FRIENDS?

As for wanting to be gay, every young man who knows that he's "different" has already internalized society's ugly message. Gay kids become locked in a self-hatred that renders them meek, apologetic and invisible—their only safety the prison walls of their secret.

It's crucial to understand the difference between homophobia and what I call homo-ignorance. There's much more of the latter, especially as gay and lesbian issues have surfaced more prominently in the news. Instinctively, people of goodwill rejected the paranoid philippic delivered in Houston by Pat Buchanan—a walking hate crime all by himself.

A straight friend of mine considers himself completely unhomophobic, he's that secure in his own manhood. Yet, when pinned down, he'll admit that the tactics of Queer Nation and Act Up make him, well, uncomfortable.

Uncomfortable is how the activists want him to feel. Even gays and lesbians juggle conflicting feelings about the guerrilla warriors in our midst. Sometimes I'm engulfed in the minutiae of political correctness, labeled an enemy of my own people because I'm white, prosperous and published. But I also feel juiced to have been part of the FDA takeover action in 1988 demanding the release of AIDS drugs. Our movement is only a generation old, and we've done it almost entirely without role models. Harvey Milk was our Martin Luther King, but history texts have erased him. I studied Whitman at Yale for two years without hearing a mention of his homosexuality. Let alone Eleanor Roosevelt's. Or J. Edgar Hoover's.

It's easy to stay ignorant if gay never speaks its name. We need our straight allies to understand the nature of our struggle. It used to be said that a faggot was a homosexual gentleman who had just left the room. That can cease if enough heteros speak up and say "That's not funny" to fag jokes. Our families raise us the best they can, but it's a rare man who reaches adulthood without some legacy of racism, sexism and homophobia. We must confront these demons in ourselves, tolerance being the minimum goal of self-examination.

There's this thing that many straight men have about being on the team, one of the guys. This is the argument of the military brass who want to keep us out. What they really want is for us to continue hiding and lying. While the Joint Chiefs of Staff deliberate the earth-shattering problem of queers taking showers with straight men, the Armed Forces drown in sexual-harassment cover-ups. And the only thing they can offer by way of sensitivity training is "Don't bend over to pick up the soap."

I don't want to do it with a straight man any more than I want to "indoctrinate" his sons. I have no problem with straight men's sexuality, unless it harms or belittles women. I experience none of the homophobe's obsession with what others do in bed. That's a sexual compulsion all its own, as if gay or lesbian had only carnal meaning. I think what disorients straight men today is how happy and fulfilled many gay lives are. We're supposed to be miserable, after all.

We all have closets to come out of. Gay isn't the enemy of straight. Heterosexual men have told me for years that, since college, they have no male friends to talk with. The emotional isolation caused by fear of intimacy is indifferent to sexual orientation. We're not boys anymore, trapped in the insecurities of the schoolyard. Our common enemy is ignorance, a sexphobic bitterness and name-calling purveyed by those who are jealous of the joy of others because they have none of their own.

Nothing is more important to me than the freedom of being "out." I won't live to see 50, yet not even that can take away the happiness of having lived my life for real. Of course, you must realize you are in a closet before you can open the door. As gay and straight men, we can help one another over the great divide. We make terrific friends, we queers, perhaps because we have traveled so far to reach the free country of the heart. All men deserve to live there.

Paul Monette, author of "Becoming a Man: Half a Life Story," won the National Book Award in 1992.

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027EPY1

MEN

By ASA BABER

I'm not sure that we ever grow up, any of us, men or women. It seems to me that boys will always be boys and girls will always be girls—and never the twain shall meet.

It also seems to me that adult behavior is often nothing more than childlike behavior performed on a larger scale. For example, here is a partial transcript of a conversation I had a few weeks ago with a woman who called me after we had appeared together on a TV show:

ME: Thanks for calling.
SHE: That's OK.
ME: I was going to call you.
SHE: Oh, sure.
ME: No, really, I was.
SHE: I'm so sure.
ME: I promise. Swear to God.
SHE: I don't believe you.

That brilliant dialog went on for several minutes. I am surprised that one of us didn't say "Nanny nanny boo-boo" or something of similar eloquence. As is so frequently the case, we teased each other like children, grown-ups in chronology but kids in speech. And I think that is how our so-called adult relationships often work.

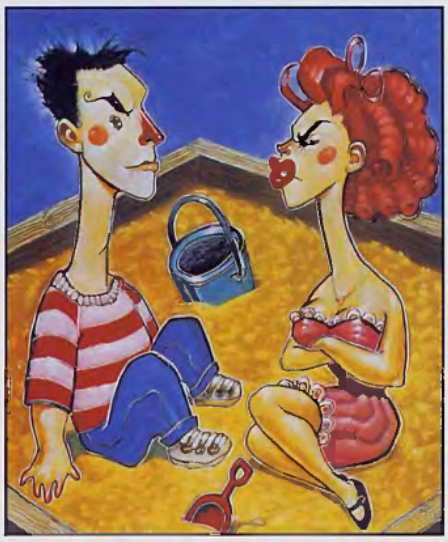
As I look back on my life, I see patterns of male-female behavior that were established early and did not change.

For example, I was a precocious little fucker as a child, and by the time I was six, I had met my first true love. Her name was Cindy. She was a year or two older than I, and she had beautiful red hair and a libertine sense of sexual play.

Cindy taught me much about the female body, a lifetime's worth of lessons in less than a year. She displayed herself for me, made certain requests of me, and I am here to tell you that I fulfilled all those requests as best I could.

Cindy was also interested in my body, and I hope that wherever she is now she remembers me with pleasure. But much of what we said and did in our harmless childish explorations has been reflected in my later life, dialog included.

Given the increased conflict between men and women over the past few decades, I am also here to report that Cindy prepared me for my role as PLAYBOY's *Men* columnist. Because Cindy taught me—and since then, hundreds of women have reinforced this lesson with vigor and dispatch—that girls believe



MICHIKO STEHRENBERGER

LIFE IS A SANDBOX

without question that they should make all the rules.

Come on, admit it. That is what has been going on in these discussions about sexual politics. Girls believe they should make the rules and, out of fear of rejection, we usually let them.

I learned that powerful social dynamic many years ago in a sandbox.

There was a park on Chicago's South Side called Farmer's Field. That may sound bucolic and gentle, but it was a city park, not well-tended, mostly cinders and dirt. But it was where we youngsters sometimes gathered, so yours truly, Ace the Base, took his toy soldiers down there one day to play.

That was my first mistake.

According to Cindy and her girlfriends, soldiers were not allowed in the sandbox. Dolls were OK, and kitchen utensils and buckets and shovels and pie pans. But not soldiers.

"You can't use those," Cindy said.

"Yeah, you can't use those," her girlfriends said, nodding.

"Really?" I asked, much in the same quizzical tone of voice that I use now when one woman or another tells me that I'm wrong.

"If you're going to use those, you have to go over there," Cindy said, pointing to the far corner of the sandbox, making it clear that her order was akin to being banished to Siberia.

"Really?" I asked again.

"Really," all the girls said. They looked quite self-assured and self-satisfied, and they went back to their pie baking and bucket filling as if the issue were closed.

I stood there and thought about it (which shows how dumb I was and how dumb I am, because I am still standing around thinking about it). I was confused because I saw nothing wrong with my toys and I saw no reason why I should not be allowed to play in the space where I was standing. At the same time, I wanted Cindy's approval and I didn't want to look like a fool in front of her girlfriends.

But something more primitive was going on in my mind. Even at that early age, I had one hell of a time obeying random and unexplained orders.

Call it my wild Irish heritage, call it a form of madness. The fact is that I reacted then as I react now to arbitrary exclusiveness. The maverick in me took over, and I sat down right where I was.

"I already told you that you can't do that here," Cindy said.

"I'm doing it," I said. I was building a dune for my toy soldiers to die on.

"Go over there!" Cindy ordered.

"No!" I said.

There was a great cluttering among the girls. Then I lost my first true love.

"You're a poopy-ass doo-doo shitbird!" Cindy shouted.

"No, you're a poopy-ass doo-doo shitbird!" I shouted back.

We exchanged that sentiment in exactly those words several times.

Such a moment! There was a sharp intake of feminine breath, a collective turning of backs, an ice-cold rejection of a miserable boy-creature who probably did not deserve to live, let alone be spoken to or smiled at ever again.

I stayed and played, but it was not an easy choice. Because I understood that I had lost Cindy in the bargain.

Little did I know that I was in training for the big leagues—the gender wars—and that the sandbox was just the first of many combat zones in which I would find myself as an adult.

As an adult? I'm not sure that we ever grow up, any of us, men or women.

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NICOTROL is part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program

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Available by prescription only, NICOTROL is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms

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You should stop smoking completely before using NICOTROL. Do not smoke or use other nicotine-containing products while under treatment with NICOTROL. Because this product, like cigarettes, contains nicotine, you should discuss with your doctor other ways to quit smoking if you are pregnant or nursing (nicotine can harm your baby) or if you have cardiovascular disease. If you are taking any prescription medications or are under a doctor's care for any condition, you should discuss with your doctor the potential risks of using this product. There may be other risks associated with the use of this product. Do not use this product for more than 5 continuous months.

From Parke-Davis

NICOTROL®

(NICOTINE TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM)

Systemic delivery of 15mg/day over 16 hours

Please see adjacent page for additional important information.

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From Parke-Davis as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program

NICOTROL™
(NICOTINE TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM)

Systemic delivery of 15mg/day over 16 hours

Dosing and administration

Apply one NICOTROL patch upon awakening and remove at bedtime

Dose*	Duration
Start: NICOTROL™ 15 mg/day	4-12 weeks
Step-down: 10 mg/day	2-4 weeks
Step-down: 5 mg/day	2-4 weeks

***The recommended dosage is 12 weeks (8-2-2).**

For more information, call 1-800-284-8118

Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 15, 10, or 5 mg/day over 16 hours. Before prescribing, please see full prescribing information.

A Brief Summary follows. INDICATIONS AND USE Nicotrol systems, applied while patients are awake, are indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Nicotrol therapy is recommended for use as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. The use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months has not been studied. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** Use of Nicotrol systems is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any component of Nicotrol transdermal systems. **WARNINGS** Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Nicotrol systems and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement. **Pregnancy, Warning**—Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Nicotrol systems can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by Nicotrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Nicotrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Nicotrol systems, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **Safety Note Concerning Children**—The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if a Nicotrol system is applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 15 mg/day systems contain about 40% (10 mg) of its initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both the used and unused Nicotrol systems out of the reach of children and pets. **PRECAUTIONS** The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Nicotrol therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Nicotrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the treatment should be discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions). Use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting. **Allergic Reactions**—In a 3-week open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Nicotrol systems applied 23 hours per day, 3 of 215 patients (1.4%) exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, none of the subjects exhibited any contact allergy. In the efficacy trials erythema following system removal was typically seen in 7% of patients, edema was seen in 3%, and dropouts due to skin reactions were reported in 1% of patients. Severe skin reactions were not observed in either of the trials. Patients who exhibit contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. Patients should be instructed to discontinue promptly the use of Nicotrol systems and contact their physicians in the case of severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (eg., severe erythema, pruritus, or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (eg., urticaria, hives, or generalized rashes). **Skin Disease**—The Nicotrol system is usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (psoriasis, atopic or eczematous dermatitis). **Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases**—The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed. Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Nicotrol therapy was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with the use of Nicotrol systems, the therapy should be discontinued. Nicotrol therapy should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period or in patients with serious arrhythmias or with severe or worsening angina pectoris. **Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency**—The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (see Pharmacokinetics in full prescribing information). **Endocrine Diseases**—Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma, or insulin-dependent diabetes, since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla. **Peptic Ulcer Disease**—Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Accelerated Hypertension**—Nicotine therapy constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Information for Patient**—A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Nicotrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Nicotrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets. **Drug Interactions**—Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications.

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation.
Insulin	Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation.
Adrenergic antagonists (eg., prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

May Require an Increase in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Adrenergic agonists (eg., isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility—Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidences of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats. Neither nicotine nor cotinine were mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced repairable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by a reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation. **PREGNANCY**—Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS section). The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Nicotrol therapy on fetal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant

Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded. Nicotrol systems should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of using Nicotrol systems by the pregnant patient, who might continue to smoke. **Teratogenicity**—*Animal Studies:* Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg IP or SC). *Human Studies:* Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans. **Other Effects**—*Animal Studies:* A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking one cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 µg/kg/min nicotine to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about six cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes). *Human Experience:* Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low birth weight infants, and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Nicotrol systems have not been tested in pregnant women. **Labor and Delivery**—Nicotrol systems are not recommended for use during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on a mother or the fetus during labor is unknown. **Use in Nursing Mothers**—Caution should be exercised when Nicotrol systems are administered to nursing women. The safety of Nicotrol therapy in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk to plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first pass clearance; however the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. Nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Nicotrol systems when used while awake than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from Nicotrol therapy should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from Nicotrol therapy alone or in combination with continued smoking. **Pediatric Use**—Nicotrol therapy is not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Nicotrol therapy in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated. **Geriatric Use**—Seventy-nine patients over the age of 59 participated in clinical trials of Nicotrol therapy. Nicotrol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers. **ADVERSE REACTIONS** Assessment of adverse events in the 509 subjects who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by the smoking of many patients. When reporting adverse events in the trials the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom. No serious adverse events were reported during the trials. **Topical Adverse Events**—The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a mild and short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 47% of patients on Nicotrol systems in the efficacy trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 7% of patients and local edema in 3%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. About 1% of patients dropped out of clinical trials due to skin reactions; none had classical contact sensitization (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions). In the clinical trials performed (one Danish and one U.S. clinic), fewer total patients were used than in trials of other nicotine transdermal systems, and fewer adverse reactions were reported than in U.S. trials with other systems achieving comparable blood levels. Therefore, the systemic adverse event rates in the two sections below are based in part on 1200 patients treated with systems delivering comparable rates of nicotine per hour. **Probably Causally Related**—The following adverse events are believed related to Nicotrol treatment based on experience in clinical trials. *Nervous system:* Dizziness* *Musculoskeletal system:* Arthralgia† *Skin and appendages:* Rash,† sweating† *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **Causal Relationship UNKNOWN**—Adverse events reported in active- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Nicotrol treatment and the following events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician. *Body as a whole:* Back pain,† pain† *Digestive system:* Abdominal pain,† constipation*, diarrhea,† dyspepsia,† flatulence,† nausea,* vomiting† *Musculoskeletal system:* Myalgia† *Nervous system:* Concentration impairment,† depression,† headache,* insomnia,† nervousness† *Respiratory system:* Cough increased,† sinusitis† *Special senses:* Taste perversion† *Urogenital system:* Dysmenorrhea† *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE/OVERDOSAGE** For further information, please see full prescribing information. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** Patients must desire to stop smoking and should be instructed to *stop smoking immediately* as they begin using Nicotrol therapy during waking hours. The patient should read the patient instruction sheet on Nicotrol therapy and be encouraged to ask any questions. Treatment should be initiated with the Nicotrol 15 mg/day system. The patients should continue the treatment (one system each day) for 4-12 weeks of therapy. The patient should stop smoking completely during this period. If the patient is unable to stop cigarette smoking within 4 weeks, Nicotrol therapy should be stopped, since few additional patients in clinical trials were able to abstain after this time.

Recommended Dosing Schedule

Dose	Duration
Nicotrol 15 mg/day	First 12 weeks
Nicotrol 10 mg/day	Next 2 weeks[a]
Nicotrol 5 mg/day	Last 2 weeks[b]

[a] Patients who have successfully abstained from smoking should have their dose of nicotine reduced after each 2-4 weeks of treatment until the Nicotrol 5 mg/day dose has been used for 2-4 weeks.

[b] The entire course of nicotine substitution and gradual withdrawal should take 14-20 weeks. The use of Nicotrol therapy beyond 5 months has not been studied.

The Nicotrol system should be applied promptly upon its removal from the protective pouch to prevent loss of nicotine from the system. The Nicotrol system should be used only when the pouch is intact to assure the product has not been tampered with. A Nicotrol system should be applied only once a day to a non-hairy, clean, and dry skin site on the upper arm or the hip. Each day a Nicotrol system should be applied upon waking and removed at bedtime. **Caution**—Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

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Morris Plains, NJ 07950 USA

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

NETWORKING WITH WOLVES

BECKY HEAVNER

I don't pretend to be a soothsayer, but I know what the big self-help wave of the Nineties will be about.

We are all suddenly going to remember that we, too, are animals. That we used to have these wild instincts that had nothing to do with television or Stair Masters. That these instincts still lie dormant within us, and if we want to lead lives that have meaning, we must find our animal selves, the part of us still connected to the earth.

How do I know this? Because it's true and because it's already starting.

Haven't most of us become tree-huggers? Hasn't the idea that the earth is on a straight sure path to destruction traveled deep into our mass consciousness? Don't we all have towers of old newspapers in our hallways that we will take to the recycling center someday really soon? Have we not gone back to cloth diapers, or do we not feel guilty every time we buy Huggies? Have we not elected Al Gore?

And hasn't the animal rights movement become so big that it scares the old establishment to the point where that dowager duchess of a TV show, *60 Minutes*, feels compelled to take a stand? (There was a military scientist who, if I have it right, was cutting up cats to study head wounds. Many animal lovers were rather upset. And *60 Minutes* implied they had no right to be. I hope its ratings plunge into hell.)

A major player in this back-to-nature motif is the wolf. He used to be a big, bad guy. Now he wears a white hat. Now we decry ranchers who shoot wolves. The wolf is a symbol of freedom, instinct, wildness. The wolf is our new superstar. We had *Dances with Wolves*, now we have *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, a book by Clarissa Pinkola Estés, which has been at the top of the best-seller lists for weeks.

Every woman I know has bought this book. The title cried out to our secret longings. Every secretary, every waitress, every dry-cleaning clerk in the world is dying to chew up her steno pad or receipt book, grow a tail and fangs, and make a run for it. We want to go wild, have fantastic adventures, lick our genitals and howl. When the boss asks us to bring him coffee, we want to snarl and go for his throat.

Unfortunately, it's kind of a lame book. An *Iron John* for women—a hodgepodge of myths, symbolism and preaching. You read it, looking for a way to break out of your stultifying life, and the author tells you to stop whining and break out of your stultifying life. Just do it, she says. And when you ask, "How? How? Oh, please, how?" she trots out a pretty tale about Jungian archetypes. Her only tangible advice is to get your hands muddy whenever possible.

I was so disappointed. I wanted blood, guts, sex. I wanted to scramble around at the bottom of my reptilian brain. I got clichéd poetry and prissiness. The chapter on sex was the worst. It was the shortest chapter in the book and was entirely about how a dirty joke, when told by a politically correct mythological goddess, can have healing powers. There was one about a runaway penis. Don't ask.

Come on, Clarissa Pinkola Estés. Shouldn't sex be the meatiest chapter? Isn't the biggest problem facing men and women the fact that our instincts are buried under centuries of civilized morality, under a crushing weight of neurosis and guilt? We have no idea how we feel about one another, or even how to speak to one another without growing hostile. Don't we need to bring those buried instincts into the light? Wolves are monogamous and mutually supportive—tell us about that.

OK, maybe disappointment has made me harsh. There are some good moments. Her words are moving when it comes to bodies. "We tend to think of body as this 'other.' Many people treat their bodies as if the body were a slave. Perhaps they even treat it well but demand it follow their wishes and whims as though it were a slave nonetheless," she says. "Do we wish to spend a lifetime allowing others to detract from our bodies, judge them, find them wanting?"

No, we don't! Throughout their lives, women try to pummel their bodies into some phantom ideal shape that exists only with a lot of airbrushing. If we could just exhale, let ourselves be fat or thin and stop implanting and liposucking, we'd begin to feel free, sexy, alive. (I don't blame men for this. Men seem to go for us no matter what size and shape we are. I blame capitalism. No, really. The consumer must constantly be in a state of anxious low self-esteem so that she will constantly buy lipsticks and girdles to make her feel cuter.)

I also learned something about relationships. Estés says that when you start noticing imperfections in your mate, when every cell in your body tells you to run away, that's when you should stay. I like this. She also talks about how many men are wounded, hate themselves for it and deny that it is true. Such a man looks outside himself for something to heal him, but nothing ever does. The only things that will save him are admitting and having compassion for his wounded state.

This sounds right to me. If men could stop hating themselves and holding in their pain, maybe they would stop being so rigid and judgmental and unhappy. Maybe they would like women better.

But these insights are not enough for more than 400 pages of rambling. *Women Who Run with the Wolves* is a best-seller only because of its killer title.

I've learned a hell of a lot more about why we do what we do by reading dog books: Dominant and submissive behaviors, pack psychology, eye contact, territorialism, sexual jealousy, it's all there.

Last night I dreamed that I was chasing a pack of wolves, trying to belong. They looked back at me and asked, "Who is that and why is she wearing panty hose?"

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

One of my lovers has introduced me to an incredible technique—we call it echoes. He strokes my clitoris with a certain rhythm while fondling some other part of my body with the same rhythm. Whatever area he touches becomes as sensitive as my clitoris. It's like having two erogenous zones singing harmony. Have you heard of this technique?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Bob Schwartz mentions something called "connections" in "The One-Hour Orgasm: A New Approach to Achieving Maximum Sexual Pleasure." You can practice the technique during masturbation: "At some point, apply Vaseline to another place on your body, such as your breast. Begin to tease this part of your body by stroking the outside edge of the area using wide circles. Move slowly toward the nipple or center. Once you reach the center, the nipple should be very excited and turned on. Rub that area with similar pressure and movement as you are rubbing on your clitoris. Try to set up some kind of intercommunication between the two areas. Take your hand off one place and see if you can feel an echo in the other. [Ed. note: Perhaps your lover read this passage.] Keep switching back and forth. It is possible to connect any two areas of your body using this technique. Once you get an area turned on and connected, see if you can bring yourself to the edge of an orgasm using only the secondary area. Do this connecting exercise using as many parts of your body as is pleasurable for you. You might try the middle toe of your left or right foot, your upper lip, your earlobe, the inside of your elbow or thigh and also the arch of your foot." Try working yourself to a series of peaks—stopping just this side of orgasm. When you finally let yourself go, you should experience a more intense rush. Then try the same technique on your lover.

We're taking our camcorder with us on a trip around the world. Will it survive dozens of airport X-ray scanners? Do you have any recommendations to ensure that we will return home with a working camcorder?—R. W., St. Louis, Missouri.

Your camcorder will survive X-ray scanners better than the see-through brains who operate the scanners. X rays cause no damage to camcorders or tapes. For maximum safety, be sure to turn off the camcorder's power. Tapes are susceptible to strong magnetic fields, but it's unlikely you'll experience a harmfully powerful field while traveling. Also, keep the batteries charged. The airport security agent may ask you to turn on the camcorder to prove that's what it is. If no picture appears in the viewfinder, the agent has the right to disassemble your toy or refuse passage. If you want to return home with

your camcorder, always keep it on your person while on the go. Never pack it in luggage or set it down in public. Permanently attach your name, address and phone number to it. If it gets lost, an honest person can turn it over to the authorities. Consider placing the camcorder in the hotel safe when you're not using it. Before traveling overseas, register your camcorder with U.S. Customs at your departure airport. This records the serial number and offers some proof of ownership.

My husband and I enjoy a very good sex life with one exception. During oral sex he comes too much. He ejaculates in such large quantities that I can't swallow without choking. I feel like I'm cheating him of the pleasure he desires. We've tried many things, but nothing seems to work. Any suggestions?—J. B., Charleston, South Carolina.

Make fellatio the second act of the evening. Few men can ejaculate copiously during their second climax of a sexual encounter. If this is impractical, just be honest with your husband. Let him know that you want to please him but you can't handle the volume. The solution may be as simple as keeping tissues near the bed to accommodate what you cannot.

All the birth books say it's fine to have sex throughout pregnancy, but they disagree on when it's OK to resume it after the birth. We've seen everything from one week to three months. What do you say?—D. F., New Hyde Park, New York.

We say you must be expecting your first child. Couples with children know that getting back to regular sex can take quite a while—and not because of medical considerations. Until the baby sleeps through the night, most new parents feel so exhausted that when they see a bed (or sofa or chair), all they can think of is sleep. Most infants sleep through the night, more or less, by 12 weeks, which is probably where your three-month figure comes from. Medically speaking, Creighton University obstetrician-gynecologist Richard Perkins says sex can resume two to three weeks after an uncomplicated vaginal birth. If the woman has an episiotomy—surgical enlargement of the vagina—she may need additional time to heal. And if the birth is a cesarean section—major abdominal surgery—you may have to wait longer. But in our experience, sex resumes as soon as the new parents can muster the energy.

Can I negotiate for a new car at an auto dealership, get the lowest price possible and then turn that contract into a lease?—E. G., Atlanta, Georgia.

Basically, any auto lease price is negotiable. You are simply paying for the amount of time you use the lease car, not for the car itself. Once the value of the transaction (the price of the car, dealer profit, interest, etc.) is computed and the residual (the amount the car is worth at the end of the lease) is decided, any car dealer can write you a lease. But be advised: If you do plan to lease the car after negotiating a low price as though you were planning to buy it outright, the deal may change somewhat. That's because the dealer must now factor in such considerations as interest, down payment, residual value and his or her profit over a longer period of time. Lower monthly payments depend on whether or not you pay any money down (that's called a capital cost reduction payment), how much you actually deposit on the car and the length of time you plan to lease it. All these factors affect the car's value at lease end. Remember: Before you strike your own deal, be sure to check if there's currently a factory-authorized lease program that would be less expensive than anything you can negotiate.

I've seen photos of nipple jewelry—women wearing chains from breast to breast, or rings through each nipple—that are a major turn-on. My girlfriend likes the look but doesn't want to do anything as permanent or as painful as piercing. Is there a safe alternative?—D. E., Dallas, Texas.

Check your local erotic boutique. There are several creations that use adjustable loops. A woman can tighten an elastic band around an erect nipple and then suspend something eye-catching—feathers, tassels, chains, or silver balls that knock against each other, sending constant stimulation back to the breast. Erotic jewelry is closing the gap on lingerie. We've even seen elegant clitoral clips—they look like paper clips but

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

surround the hood of the clitoris. Just the thing for those lazy days around the house.

My FM radio reception has the timbre of a chain saw. Local stations sound distorted. There's a distant station I like but have difficulty receiving. Any help in stopping this massacre would be appreciated.—R. W., Springfield, Illinois.

FM distortion is the audio equivalent of TV ghosts. Assuming your radio or receiver is working properly, you can bust these FM ghosts using an amazing invention: an antenna. An inadequate or poorly aimed antenna causes most FM reception problems. The North American method of stereo broadcasting leaves the FM signal notoriously vulnerable to poor reception. Unless you live in an ideal location, the piece of spaghetti that came with your radio works as well as a wet noodle. Install an outdoor antenna. A directional model with a rotor that can be aimed at the desired station (such as that distant jazz station) works wonders. Many TV antennas work for FM, and they will also improve your local TV reception. If an outdoor antenna is impossible, get a decent set of rabbit ears and experiment with placement. In a steel-and-concrete building, try locating it near a window, but not more than a few feet from your radio. Extend the ears about 31 to 33 inches. Don't fall for those fancy stylish indoor antennas promising miracles, or those tiny frauds that nestle out of sight behind your receiver. Calling a séance would subdue more ghosts than these pseudo-high-tech mediums.

Have you ever heard of a ball stretcher? A guy at work says that it is like a cock ring, except that it's worn around the testicles.—F. W., New York, New York.

Uptown Toys and Treasures, the catalog for Romantasy (199 Moulton Street, San Francisco, California 94123), lists a combination cock ring and ball stretcher (it looks like two leather bracelets connected) with this explanation: "While many people are familiar with the benefits of a cock ring (men may experience sustained erections once the ring is snugly applied), the effects of a ball stretcher are less well-known. This combination in black leather snaps first against the base of the body with the cock and balls pushed forward. The testicles then are pulled downward while the stretcher is snapped around that skin area. The stretcher does not allow the balls to elevate, thus creating a delicious pressure or tension during sexual play." If you want to duplicate the sensation, have your lover tug on your testicles as she would the strap on a subway. Or you can use one half of a pair of handcuffs. Eat your heart out, Madonna.

I recently started dating someone from work and we made love for the first time a few days ago. During foreplay, shortly after I slid my finger into her, she touched my hand and said it wasn't very stimulating because I was just going back and forth. I tried to move around randomly, but it was hard to concentrate and I again found myself going to and fro. Can you suggest an uncomplicated way to keep my lover well-stirred?—L. K., Miami, Florida.

Try lightly tracing the alphabet. Then do it backward.

Recently my wife asked me to fuck her while she was blindfolded. I did, and she said it was fantastic. Now she wants me to make a special request, but I'm reluctant. Can't we do it the regular way?—H. C., Bonnie Doone, North Carolina.

Sure, and you can also eat vanilla ice cream for the rest of your life. Many a sexual sage has remarked that lovemaking involves two elements, friction and fantasy. Friction has physical limits, but fantasy is limitless. Your wife sounds like a lot of fun. Loosen up. Using a blindfold deprives your wife of her visual sense, thereby accentuating touch and sound. It allows tension to build between touches—she won't know where the next sensation will come from. You can watch a ball game with the sound turned down, and she'll never know.

Is it correct to measure your erection from where the penis connects to the body or where the balls attach, which seems to be longer? My girlfriend asked to measure mine during foreplay the other night, but without a ruler she had to use the hand-over-hand method. She said she was joking, but I'm curious.—T. V., Lexington, Kentucky.

Measure from the top. That way you can see the ruler. If you suspect it really does matter to her, measure from the bottom.

The airline regulations for changing tickets and/or flights are more Byzantine than the IRS's rules. How can I get around all the restrictions?—T. P., New York, New York.

As of this writing, the airlines remain slightly more compassionate than the IRS, but they are concerned about goodwill and public relations. If the telephone reservations agent stonewalls you, ask for a supervisor. If that leads nowhere, ask for the customer-service telephone number at corporate headquarters. After ten minutes on hold, you often can speak with someone who performs miracles. You had better have a good story. If you're a member of the airline's frequent-flier program, all the better. When all else fails, gate agents at the airport have a surprising amount of discretion. Bone up on your Method acting. A good story, such as your kid having chicken pox or your lover just being released from the penitentiary, might persuade the agent to bend the rules. Most airlines would rather have you fly than switch. If all efforts result in unbending hostility, choose a different airline the next time you travel.

For years I have had a great erotic fantasy about fabulous threesomes with the two stepsisters who used to live across the street from me when I was growing up. But the fantasy just doesn't do it for me anymore. I read somewhere that as men age, they lose their ability to get hard from fantasy alone. But I'm only 31. Am I over the hill?—P. A., Omaha, Nebraska.

No, but it sounds like that fantasy is. It's possible that at 31 you're losing some of the physiological ability to raise an erection by fantasy alone. But that usually happens another decade or so down the road. It's more likely that you've simply worn out the fantasy possibilities with your two former neighbors. Use some imagination. Who lives across the street now? Fantasize about her. Better yet—ask her out. Have you seen any MTV lately? Or checked out Greta Scacchi in Robert Altman's film "The Player"? The world abounds with fabulous women who could fill your fantasies—and raise your flag. Out with the old. In with the new.

During a recent date, it became clear that the evening would end in bed. This was not a problem. However, finding out where my date had been was. It's not that I want to know who my potential lover has slept with or any of the gory details, but with AIDS, it seems necessary to know whether or not that person has engaged in sexual behavior of Wilt Chamberlain–like proportions. Is there an appropriate time to ask a date about her sexual history?—D. S., Nashville, Tennessee.

Yes—before you become part of it. Recognize the true issue: What do you really learn by cross-examining someone about his or her sex life? Are you looking for assurance that you won't get a disease? The only way to know that is through testing. Are you trying to depict yourself as being responsible simply by expressing your concern? From what we hear, this moment has become part of a new courtship ritual—like observing someone's table manners or how they handle their liquor—that passes for sophistication or discrimination. All it really shows is how to handle anxiety. Conversation won't cut it. Use a condom.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

NO JUSTICE

who altered john rabun's letter to judith reisman?

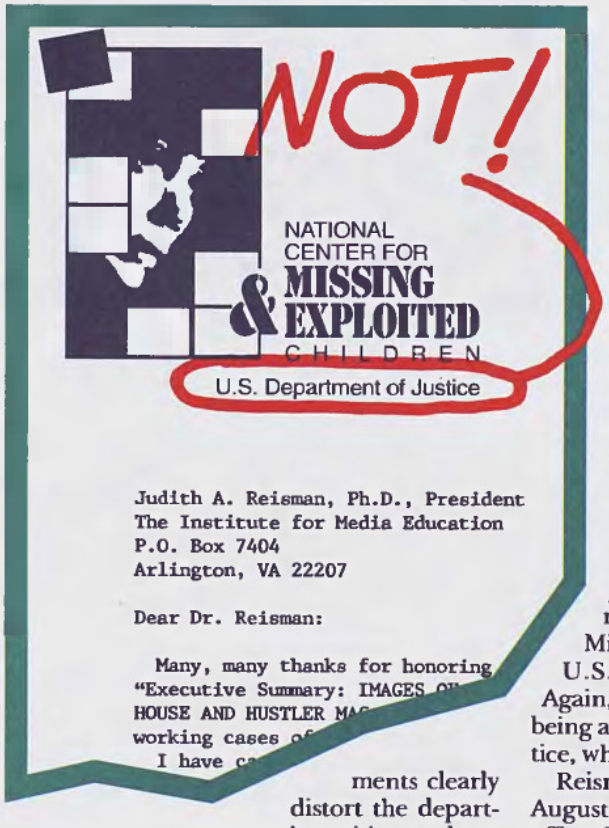
Dr. Judith Reisman is the ultimate renaissance woman: a former songwriter for Captain Kangaroo turned antiporn propagandist, a gay-bashing agent provocateur turned art critic. What a piece of work is Judith. Just when we thought we knew everything about her, a Freedom of Information Act inquiry turned up a gem.

Remember that Dr. Reisman came to fame as the researcher most beloved by the religious right. During the Reagan era she received a grant to study images of children in PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. The Justice Department shelved the results (you can view the final draft in a secluded reading room). The study became the laughingstock of Washington. Not surprisingly, an *Executive Summary* was most readily available from the American Family Association for $2. Reisman, you may recall, reported that PLAYBOY used cut-and-paste photomontage techniques to attach the heads of 20-year-olds to the bodies of 16-year-olds, and vice versa. Someone was familiar with cut-and-paste forgery: It wasn't PLAYBOY. The *Summary* included a copy of a letter praising Reisman from John Rabun, Jr., deputy director of the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children. (The Center, identified as a group that "could almost be a parody of a public interest group" by *The New Republic* in 1988, is the source of the myth that a million kids disappear every year.)

It seems that someone had tried to prop up the credibility of Reisman's report by doctoring the Center's letterhead to imply endorsement by the Justice Department. PLAYBOY's lawyers noticed the falsification, and in 1992 we notified the Justice Department. PLAYBOY's Freedom of Information Act request uncovered the Justice Department's response. On July 14, 1992, Walter W. Barbee, general attorney of the office of general counsel of the Justice Department, wrote Reisman:

"It has come to our attention that two documents are apparently being circulated that indicate your study, as discussed in a document entitled *Images of Children, Crime and Violence in Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler Magazines*, has been endorsed by the Department of Justice. However, as you know, the Department of Justice has not endorsed these studies.

"Given this fact, these two documents clearly distort the department's position and appear to constitute an active misrepresentation of fact.



"The first document is a copy of a letter dated March 24, 1988, addressed to you from the deputy director of the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children. The letter appears to be written on the Center's letterhead. However, the letterhead has been altered by inserting beneath the organization's name the term U.S. Department of Justice. As you can see from a copy of the original letter, attached hereto, the Center's letterhead does not contain the term U.S. Department of Justice. In fact, from examining the original letter, it appears as though this letter had been retyped. Clearly, the change to the Center's letterhead implies that the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children is a component of the U.S. Department of Justice. It is not.

"Moreover, on or about May 24, 1988, you were notified by the Center's [name deleted] that he considered this alteration to the Center's letter to be inaccurate, inappropriate and misleading, as well as a gross misrepresentation of the facts. We understand further that he requested that you delete any reference to the U.S. Department of Justice and refrain from publishing the letter as a whole.

"Additionally, a second document, the *Executive Summary of Images of Children, Crime and Violence in Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler Magazines*, is also misleading. The *Executive Summary* contains a reproduction of the letter referred to above. In the contents, this document lists a 'Letter from John B. Rabun, Jr., deputy director, National Center for Missing & Exploited Children, U.S. Department of Justice.' Again, this represents the Center as being a part of the Department of Justice, when, in fact, it is not."

Reisman's attorney responded on August 4, 1992: "Unfortunately, your office has been misled, perhaps by those eager to see Dr. Reisman and her work discredited, and I would like to clarify the points raised in your letter. The *Executive Summary* you refer to was not published by Dr. Reisman but by the American Family Association. That organization believed that the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children was affiliated with the Department of Justice and altered the March 24, 1988, letter *(concluded on page 56)*

BUFF BLUFF

Currently only two states have laws against nudity in public places: New York and Indiana. Bill Skaggs, a legislator from Northland, Missouri, would add Missouri to the list, with an unusually draconian penalty: up to ten years in jail. The usual suspects are behind the bill: the religious right and naysaying neo-feminists. They have combined their prurient interests to form an organization called the Coalition Against Pornography.

You've done some fine pieces on the insidious effects of censorship, particularly "Catharine MacKinnon: Again" (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Many of the points in that article apply to the lunacy of criminalizing public nudity. My days of frequenting striptease joints are long past, but I continue to be fascinated by the nudity taboo and its influence on American society. Plainly, the Missouri initiative amounts to censorship.

David L. Bitters
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

INTERNAL REPAIRS

Many thanks for your article on mandatory sentencing ("A Criminal System of Justice," *The Playboy Forum*, September). As many voices as possible should protest such a judicial travesty. To that end, the most important criminal-justice bill of the year was introduced in Congress the day before it adjourned. In October of last year, representatives Don Edwards (D–Cal.) and Ed Jenkins (D–Ga.) introduced a bill to abolish all mandatory minimum sentences. Edwards and Jenkins summed up their argument against mandatory minimums by stating that the policy is creating huge numbers of new prisoners that an already overburdened system cannot accommodate. The introduction of a bill is a giant step toward victory. It is the first time in five years that any member of Congress has dared to state that mandatory minimums aren't working and called for an end to them. There is no guarantee that the bill will pass, so we must keep up the pressure at each step of the legislative process. Write to your legislators about mandatory sentencing and let them know that you expect them to pay attention to the bill. We need everybody's help to make this law. It is the most direct route to freedom available to people serving unjust sentences.

Julie Stewart
President
Families Against
Mandatory Minimums

FOR THE RECORD

WALL SAFE

Artist Mike McNeilly, who likes to dramatize issues big, hung this 50-foot-high banner on the side of the PLAYBOY building in West Hollywood, California to symbolize art attacking AIDS.

AGENDAS

The Catholic Church has survived nearly 2000 years of reformations and inquisitions, covert sinfulness and overt piety. Similarly, it will survive the current sexual-abuse crisis noted in your article "When the Church Sins" (*The Playboy Forum*, December). For more than 50 years I pleaded with Catholic authorities for compassion, understanding and help in dealing with problems caused by physical and sexual abuse at the hands of priests, brothers and nuns. Wherever I turned for help, I found the church was not responsible or accountable to the victims of such molestation. Things are changing now, but the challenge is for all Catholics to be honest in admitting that sins against children happened, and may happen again, under the blanket of secrecy and clergy privilege. My only fear is that, lacking the courage, the church and shocked Catholics will once again sweep the problem under the rug.

Lou Torok
West Liberty, Kentucky

PERSPECTIVE

As your magazine has pointed out in the past, not all feminists oppose female eroticism. At the 1992 conference for the New York State chapter of the National Organization for Women, member Karen Weisberg stormed out of a workshop on pornography. She accused the presenters of dangerous behavior in their support for government censorship of publications such as PLAYBOY. Weisberg stressed that eventually the same federal watchdog may be just as eager to turn on feminist and homosexual groups. Why hasn't this dawned on the Dworkin–MacKinnon guerrilla brigade? On the basis of Weisberg's enlightened outrage, there's hope for feminists.

Joel Howard Roth
Yonkers, New York

BAD CONNECTION

Since Magic Johnson announced his HIV infection in 1991, calls to AIDS hotlines have increased tenfold. More than 450 regional and national hotlines field thousands of inquiries. But a recent study conducted by Dr. John Baxter and Dr. Steven Gluckman of New Jersey's Cooper Hospital revealed alarming rates of misinformation

and inconsistent responses to basic queries. There are no standardized responses among the various agencies dispensing information, and the guidelines of the Centers for Disease Control are largely ignored in favor of conveying personal opinion rather than medical fact. Baxter and Gluckman urge that state and federal legislation set standards for training (the mostly volunteer) hotline workers. In the meantime, caveat emptor.

Linda Solomon
Canoga Park, California

Has a decade of AIDS changed sexual behavior? Recent studies in Britain and France tracked patterns of condom use and number of partners. Researchers found that young people (ages 18 to 19) had the most widespread and consistent condom use. About 80 percent of young men and 48 percent of young women used condoms at least once in the past year. But the numbers were lower for older participants. In the United States, studies done by the National AIDS Behavioral Surveys found that condom use was relatively low among those reporting HIV risk factors. Only 17 percent of those with multiple sex partners, 12.6 percent of those with risky sex partners and 10.8 percent of untested transfusion recipients used condoms all the time. Overall in the U.S., researchers concluded that current HIV-prevention programs have reached heterosexuals with multiple sex partners but have failed to reach many other groups at high risk of HIV infection. Guess it's back to the drawing board.

John Jacks
New Rochelle, New York

VIDEO VETO UPSET

Before adjourning in 1992, Congress accomplished something it failed to do more than 30 times before: override a veto by President Bush. Unfortunately, the law, the Cable Television Consumer Protection and Competition Act, will impose a variety of new content restrictions on both public-access and leased-access cable programming. For the first time, local cable operators can ban materials that they believe contain "patently offensive" depictions of sexual conduct. Additionally, the new law requires the Federal Communications Commission to segregate supposedly "indecent" programming to a single channel, which will be unavailable to viewers unless they request it. As a result, important and socially useful information about sexuality and sexual politics, including AIDS education, will probably be banned. The new law also directs the FCC to ban from public-access channels, as well as those that carry educational or governmental programming, any shows containing "sexually explicit conduct, or material soliciting or promoting unlawful conduct." As questionable as these restrictions are on constitutional grounds, they are particularly troubling because they contradict the original purpose of access channels—to provide a public "electronic forum" for citizens to express themselves freely. The FCC is currently writing rules for implementing the new restrictions. The ACLU has joined with the Alliance for Community Media, the Alliance for Communications Democracy and People for the American Way in filing a brief before the FCC that will argue that the new law is unconstitutional. The groups will urge adoption of rules that are as respectful as possible of free expression.

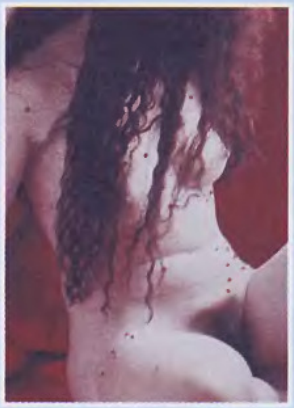
Marjorie Heins and Jon Cummings
ACLU Arts Censorship Project
New York, New York

MINOR DETAILS

A series of controversial *Playboy Forum* articles questioned the government's approach to child porn (e.g., "The Myth of Kid Porn," September 1988). Last year the Supreme Court rapped the knuckles of the Postal Service for conducting sting operations on people ordering erotica. Now the judges of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit have said the basic law used in the sting is unconstitutional as it applies to distribution and/or receipt. This important ruling could mean dozens of overturned convictions of people sentenced under the faulty law. What was once controversial has now become common sense.

Hayes Richardson
Washington, D.C.

FORUM F.Y.I.



CENSORSHIP

Japanese performance artist Barae's work captivates the viewer because of its confrontational use of nudity. By featuring frontal nudity in some of her performances, Barae is breaking a long-standing Japanese taboo against exposing pubic hair. Recently, in response to her startling art, there has even been talk of rewriting some of Japan's more restrictive censorship laws.

READER RESPONSE

(continued)

RUBBER STAMPS

Those *Damned* filmmakers are at it again ("Damned in the U.S.A.," *The Playboy Forum*, May 1992). Paul Yule and Jonathan Stack of *Damned in the U.S.A.* fame are developing *Rubber Talk*, a feature-length documentary about condoms. Yule and Stack have started researching archival material and have held casting calls for people willing to share personal condom stories. Just wait until Wildmon gets hold of this.

Jesse North
Herndon, Virginia

PAT SCHROEDER

Colorado Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder, a member of the House Armed Services Committee, has the military cowering in the wake of the Tailhook scandal. It dare not do anything to displease Schroeder regarding the military's treatment of women. One of the things that displeases Schroeder is that Charles McDowell, an experienced Air Force criminal investigator, developed a subjective checklist for helping detectives evaluate the legitimacy of rape allegations when stories are inconsistent with other evidence. McDowell believes that falsely accusing a man of rape is a crime as reprehensible as rape itself and that the former happens about as often as the latter. McDowell's work is well-respected among law-enforcement specialists and his methodology is already used by several local investigators. Nevertheless, Schroeder, more experienced in ideological rhetoric than methodical criminal investigation, issued a letter to Defense Secretary Dick Cheney calling McDowell's work "idiotic." Schroeder further speculated that the Pentagon's lack of a statistical tracking system for rape accusations really communicated that it "didn't care." When Schroeder's office was asked the questions "Are false allegations of rape a serious problem?" and "If yes, how should law enforcement go about distinguishing false allegations from legitimate ones?" there was no response. Does this silence communicate that, until the Pentagon cares, a false accusation is better than none at all?

Jack Kammer
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

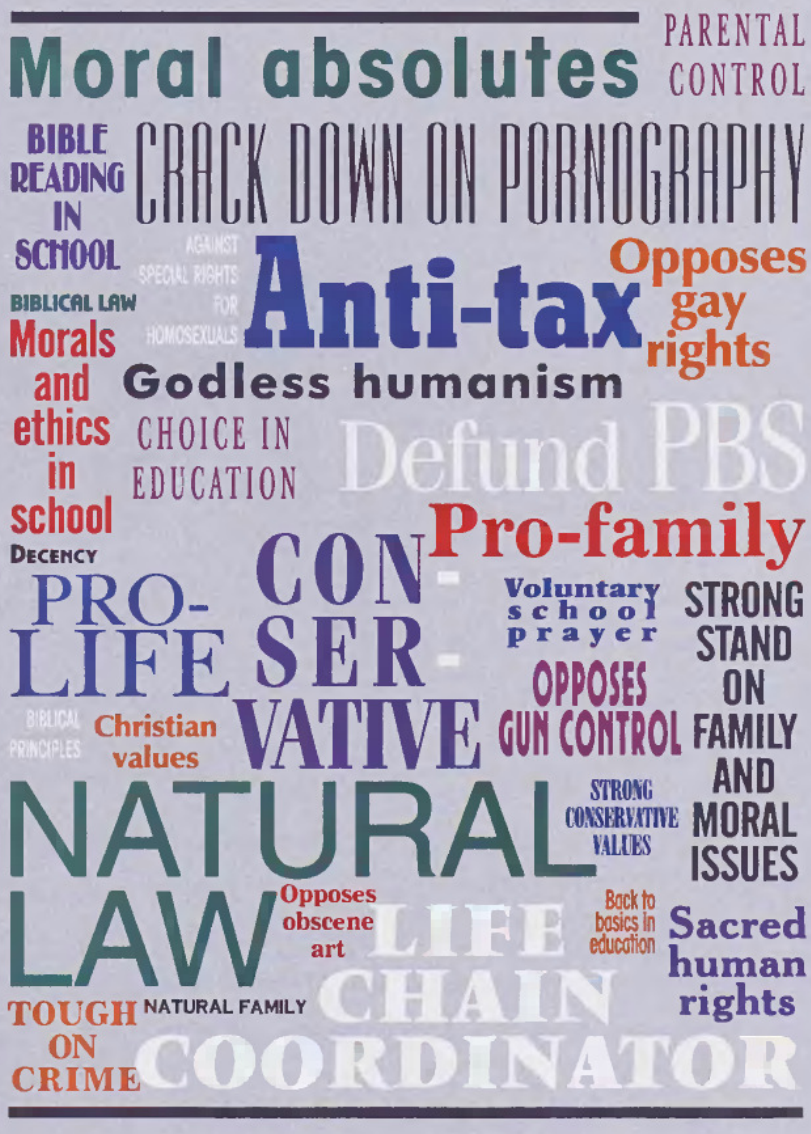
There is a vast middle ground that exists between rape and false accusations of rape. It is important that the burden of proof remain with the victim. But that is a far cry from blaming the victim. Recent studies do indicate a higher incidence of rape in some of the services than in society at large.

VOTING FRAUDS

The radical religious right has been born again, but now it's wielding ballots instead of Bibles. In response to the radical right's stealth campaign to take over school boards and county governments, the Institute for First Amendment Studies published *Challenging the Christian Right—The Activist's Handbook* as a tool to help identify undercover conservatives.

The institute is also compiling a nationwide religious-right data bank, which so far includes 1000 groups and 7000 religious-right activists. The handbook is available for $20 through The Institute for First Amendment Studies, P.O. Box 589, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230, 413-274-3786.

***The Activist's Handbook* suggests that the following list of buzzwords and phrases typically found in Christian campaign literature and speeches should raise red flags among concerned voters everywhere:**



NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FINGER FOOD

SAN DIEGO—*A superior court jury has awarded $300,000 to a couple unlawfully held for making obscene gestures at a police helicopter. The chopper flew in, hovered and shone a powerful searchlight on the couple while they barbecued in their backyard. To drive the copter off, the pair extended their middle fingers. Almost immediately, 15 police officers raided the property. The couple sued when no charges were filed.*

PHONY SEX?

SAN FRANCISCO—*A press release from Consumer Action, a citizen watchdog group, warns that some 900 telephone numbers are defrauding their customers. "Despite highly suggestive titles and pictures of half-naked women in many ads," the group says, the services provided only "tame, nonsexual conversation."*

TEACHING TOOLS

SYDNEY—The Washington Blade *reports that the Australian Federation of AIDS Organizations is seeking donations of used dildos for use as teaching tools in Thailand, Malaysia and other developing countries. The safe-sex educators say using carrots, bananas or other phallic foods just doesn't get the message across.*

ALBANY, NEW YORK—*One source of dildos may be the office of the New York Division of Youth, where someone decided to replace its teaching aids—plastic bananas—with models of penises. But higher-ups found out about the change and ordered the realistic versions put in storage.*

RUBBER SOUL-LESS

NEW YORK CITY—*A new national study from the Alan Guttmacher Institute revealed that sexually active adolescent girls with two or more sexual partners have increased from 39 percent in the Seventies to 62 percent as of 1988. Overall, the survey found that only one in five females insisted on condoms, and that condom use did not increase among females with multiple partners. These findings raised concerns in the health-care community that people are still not taking the risk of disease seriously.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Meanwhile, the world's largest condom distributor—the U.S. government—will be passing out fewer rubbers to the 70-odd countries it services. Pakistan, for instance, is losing its free condoms because of its aggressive nuclear program, which should teach that government a lesson. The U.S. is also phasing out the smaller-sized rubbers that were distributed as a matter of tradition, not physiology, in several Asian countries.*

RIGHT HAND OF GOD?

SAN FRANCISCO—*At the annual meeting of the American Academy of Religion, religious scholars offered some revisionist thought on sexuality. Scott Haldeman of the Union Theological Seminary told a men's studies seminar: "Masturbation . . . is a spiritual practice for me, a way to express my yearning for love and life." At an earlier seminar, Art Mielke of Lees College in Jackson, Kentucky also urged a more open discussion of what some call "self-pleasuring," especially in connection with sexually explicit materials. "If Christianity is to speak to men about the holistic possibilities of sex," Mielke told members of the academy, "it cannot afford to drive them into hypocritical silence about the fantasies that shape their sexual desires."*

SOUND OFF

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—*Newly released military records indicate that a woman in the Army is 50 percent more likely to be raped than her civilian counterpart. Women's rights advocates say that this finding by the Army, and the conspicuous silence of the other branches of service, calls for a complete accounting of sexual assaults in the armed services. They assert that a woman should be at lower risk in the more controlled environment of military life than in society at large.*

DIVORCE VIRUS

SAN FRANCISCO—*Having the last laugh on his ex-wife's computer may cost a disgruntled man a bundle. The Sonoma County Sheriff's Department charged the divorced man with three felony counts of introducing a computer contaminant, after he sent his former spouse a computer disk as a cure for her computer problem. Instead, it introduced a virus that replaced $8000 worth of software and manuscripts with one vengeful limerick.*

TIT FOR THAT

BANGKOK—*This city, known for its variety of available sex, has discovered a new twist. Bangkok police say that some local transvestite prostitutes are knocking out their customers with a powerful tranquilizer smeared on their nipples. Two men who were robbed claimed they had been drugged, and one arrested suspect admitted that he had employed the specially treated nipples when the intended victim was a nondrinker.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

THE PLEASURE

a sex therapist talks about

Images flicker on a TV set: Intense white light floods an alley, scrapes across the brick walls. It leaves a dazzling sheen on the wet city street. Filmmakers use this kind of light to indicate the supernatural, the land beyond the end of the map. This is the realm of the mystic and the magical.

A physically sculpted man presses a voluptuous woman against one of the brick walls. He pulls her short, red knit dress down from her breasts, up over her hips. What the light doesn't touch, his hands, mouth and penis caress.

Across the alley, a tall woman holds a man spellbound, one hand on his penis. She idly strokes it into erection as she watches the other couple. Shadows of the four dance crazily on the pavement.

The light from this scene fills a bedroom somewhere in America. A man's hand searches a woman's body, looking for the place where the images become arousal. She reaches for his penis and strokes it with the same offhand attention as the woman on the screen. The man and the woman gaze from the screen to each other and back, their breaths quickening.

The man enters her from the rear, growling as a panther appears on the screen. She grunts a sound she never makes when dressed. Now the shadows dancing crazily are this couple's. The gruff, compelling movements are theirs and the driving need for intensity theirs, too. Their sex now has the rough feel of brick, the tension of the alley and the growl of the wild cat. None of these sensations was present before the couple, who felt a casual sexual interest but no urgent drive, pushed the VCR's play button.

This scenario is replayed in as many as 50 million American homes each year. This is how real people experience porn.

Now, imagine two lab coat–clad scientists bursting into the room. They ask the lovers to sit on a jury in a mock rape trial, to complete a questionnaire that probes their "callousness toward women." Worse, imagine a crowd of lawyers and right-wing moralists barging in to allege that the woman is a victim of the porn video.

These two scenarios masquerading as scientific inquiry tell us nothing about sex or porn in real life. Oddly enough, even liberals who defend porn by arguing that, because sex is natural, images of sex are natural miss the point. Nothing that comes with an FBI warning is natural. An X-rated movie is a key to a door into a sexually enhanced realm.

Porn helps real people, alone or with one another, get hot and get off. For this, porn is damned and its users are smeared. And people who know nothing about sex—people afraid of sex—have constructed frightening tales to explain why. Those stories tell us only about the fear and nothing about the eroticism.

•

"What do I like about watching explicit videos?" a curly-haired mother standing in line at a video store asks rhetorically. "I like that they make my husband so hot that he gets into all of sex, not just fucking. Frankly, I get into it, too. I also like that how I look isn't such a big deal. The important thing is that I'm really into it, which I am."

•

After you criticize the weak plots, the predictable camera angles and the contrived come shots of porn videos, one thing remains: sex. The experience usually starts with lush bodies, but that's just the scenery. The people in these bodies are enthusiastic: They seem deeply touched by an erection, a perfect ass, a teaspoon of come—things that society says don't touch anyone that deeply.

In X-rated videos, no one says "stop," "not now," "I'm afraid," "I can't" or "call back next Friday." No one needs a reason to have sex—the characters in porn videos break into sex the way characters in musicals break into song. There's little plot justification—the desire is simply to please the audience.

This is different from most people's sexual experiences yet very close to their sexual fantasies. It's a vision of sex not as a source of tension or as an object of barter or as something spooned out as a favor—but as a source of pleasure, arousal, response. It's a vision of sex basic to life.

It's more complex, though, because it isn't simply sex—it's available sex. Sex so bountiful that genitalia are interchangeable. In this world, people get enough sex and pleasure, no matter who they are or who they are with or where they are.

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"Sure, videos are a great fantasy," says Julio, a member of a San Francisco men's group. "What I really like about

OF WATCHING

viewing porn By MARTY KLEIN

these women is their attitudes. When you look at these ladies, you know two things: They're proud of their bodies and they love sex."

•

In adult life, there is a boundary between everyday reality and the hyperreality of an erotic encounter. Crossing from the everyday into the erotic expands possibilities and offers access to the sexual current below the surface of the commonplace. Videos can tap that sexual current. When your lover returns from the store with a copy of *House of Dreams*, it's an announcement: She (or he) intends to feel sexual, to desire you, her partner, and find satisfaction. She's saying that sex is a world worth creating and taking seriously.

Including videos in your sex life borrows sexual energy from the actors on-screen. You become, like Native Americans who would ceremoniously don bearskins to draw on the bear spirit, yourself and someone else, something greater.

•

"Watching erotic videos can be an invitation to our sexuality—no, to the planet's sexuality—to take over the rest of us," says David Steinberg, editor of *The Erotic Impulse: Honoring the Sensual Self*. "You have to be willing to trust that, wherever that sexual energy leads you, it's OK. That takes a lot more guts than most people admit."

Plugging in an X-rated video declares your willingness to experiment, to open your mind to other ideas, your body to other energies. The actors are doing seriously sexual things, some unusual, some rare and inexplicable, but all compelling for the enthusiasm brought to bear.

Videos are also a safe way to broach the unmentionable. When used positively, videos provide an uninhibited model, a sexual menu, for a hesitant partner who needs help pushing away self-consciousness.

Want to discover a partner's sexual thoughts? Give her the remote control. Does she fast-forward through the woman-woman scenes? Does she skip the attempts at plot or character development? Are you both embarrassed by the dialog, or does it draw you in? Some couples develop favorite fuck scenes they enjoy over the years—an erotic version of "They're playing our song."

Do you have a dependable scene that always makes you say, "Now that's what I call sex"? How could you not share it with a partner? And who in good conscience could call this communication degrading or coercive? Charges that videos dehumanize women typically come from people—men and women—who cannot imagine women as lustful sexual beings.

PETER PALOMBI

•

"I guess we use videos the way we used to smoke grass," says an accountant. His girlfriend agrees and says, "It's an easy way to help us enter another world, a sexy world we feel we belong in but usually drift away from during the workweek."

"It's a world we feel comfortable in," the man says, "one we sort of wish we lived in. But, hey, a visit is better than nothing at all."

•

Whether the video images represent what most viewers literally want is beside the point. Most men don't want to be in Westerns, but they enjoy feeling like cowboys. Similarly, many women may want to feel and act lustfully with their partner without the inhibition of guilt. For many women in America's sexually repressive culture, simply acknowledging their sexual desire without shame is a huge breakthrough. The act of asking for a minute of head from a lover can be, for some women,

the equivalent of a porn actress spreading her legs for a stranger. Both are acknowledgments of sexual desire.

•

"I was a late bloomer," recalls one of my male patients. "I didn't have sex until I was 21, though I thought about it a lot. When I was a senior in college, I saw a porn video and it blew my mind. I thought, I'm not crazy after all. These things I've imagined are real. My sexual intuition has some reality to someone else. I'm not hallucinating."

•

Watching porn star Deidra Holland, one envisions sexual bounty and concentrated energy. Videos capture a world of erotic intensity on which little intrudes or distracts. This is the erotic realm as viewers imagine and want it to be. Videos embody the lust we imagine we would feel given the right opportunity. They capture an experience that polite society tells us doesn't exist. And that even if it did exist, we shouldn't want it.

•

"Most of my fans have climaxed with me hundreds of times, so of course they're attached to me," says veteran porn actress Nina Hartley. "My fans are part of a community. Videos such as mine tell them that they aren't alone, at least not sexually. Consciously or not, they know that millions of presumably normal people enjoy what they enjoy. This is valuable for people who are isolated by or self-critical about their sexuality."

•

Ultimately, X-rated videos raise questions about what is and isn't sex. Does it matter if the desire we take to our partner comes from pictures? Is arousal better defined as a biological event or as heightened consciousness? If two people give their full attention, it isn't hard to create a temporary world that contains only sexuality. It makes you wonder, though: What other experience, what transcendence, is possible when you address sexuality with full attention? Imagine that you're committed to an evening of lust, with video stars Ashlyn Gere and Joey Silvera your ready servants. What are you, your partner, Ashlyn and Joey doing?

You're disappearing. You're focusing so deeply on a single aspect of existence—sex—that the world melts away. But don't stop. Now the boundaries defining self are melting. Whose skin is that, hers or yours? Whose mouth?

With the self gone, sex is pure meditation, pure ecstasy. The porn video has long since been left behind, along with everything that seemed real an hour ago. Only energy is real now, and the energy of the moment is sexual. You can have it, glide on it, riff on it as long as you need, as long as you like.

Your partner? Nice to have there, nice to trust. Maybe you love each other, maybe not. You do love yourself, you love the planet, you love the God who gave you hands and a mouth and a brain that enable you to exclude the world and create it again with only a single element—sexuality.

The video isn't necessary, but it is a point of focus, a mantra. In a world of chaotic thought and emotion, it is exquisitely dependable. The video connects us with ourselves. For better or worse—and one's judgment of that tells it all—the X-rated video is not a love story, it's a sexual fantasy.

NO JUSTICE

(continued from page 49)

to that effect. When Dr. Reisman discovered this error, she requested that the AFA cease distribution of the *Executive Summary* containing the altered letter. The AFA complied with Dr. Reisman's request, destroying all remaining copies that had not already been distributed at considerable expense to themselves."

•

Here, then, is the chronology as PLAYBOY knows it:

1988: Judith Reisman is on the AFA dole; the AFA publishes her *Executive Summary*.

May 1988: The National Center for Missing & Exploited Children complains to Reisman about the doctored letterhead.

June 1989: Reisman is still listed on the AFA's tax returns.

October 1989: Reisman gives her title as the AFA's associate director of research.

April 1990: Reisman responds to Rabun and says that after the alteration was discovered, she asked the AFA to correct the flawed document.

July 1990: The AFA begins marketing the full report.

March 1992: The AFA in Connecticut is still distributing the *Executive Summary*, complete with the altered letterhead.

July 1992: The Justice Department complains.

October 1992: The Justice Department accepts Reisman's explanation.

Yeah, sure, one right-wing organization "believed" that another right-wing organization was part of the Justice Department. Reagan and Bush actively encouraged the right to believe they were junior G-men. This is the result: True believers continue to pass along copies of the original lie. When the real feds warned Reisman about doctoring letterheads to imply that the Justice Department sanctioned her work, she pointed a finger at the Reverend Don Wildmon's AFA despite her close association with the group.

When PLAYBOY contacted the AFA for a response to Judith's buck-passing, an AFA staffer said the group's leaders were unavailable for comment—forever. So who forged the letterhead?

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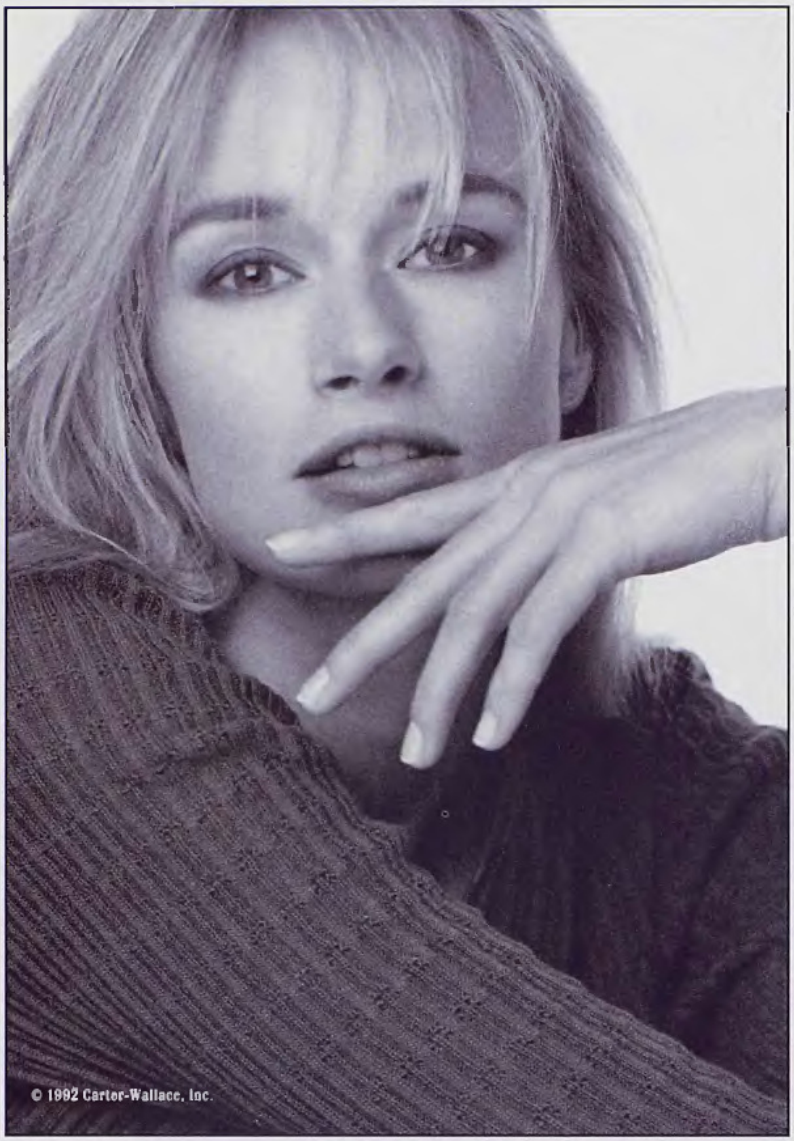


"WHEN
I'M
CLOSE
TO A
GUY,
THE WAY
HE
SMELLS
IS
IMPORTANT.
IT
REALLY
IS."

GET XTRA XTRA PROTECTION AGAINST ODOR
WITH NEW ARRID XX CLEAR DEODORANT.
GET A LITTLE CLOSER™

GREED ALONG THE POTOMAC

clinton's elitist fat-cat cabinet looks more committed to personal gain than social change

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Bill Clinton has me worried. I all but endorsed the man in this space because I thought he had some heart for serious change. I would be less than honest if I didn't admit to being disappointed.

After 12 years of the Republicans' bankrupting the economy for the benefit of rich special interests, I had hoped a Democrat would show us a better way. It's far from over, and I would love to have my premonitions proved wrong. But there is already a taint on this administration reminiscent of Jimmy Carter's failure of populist purpose.

From its inception, this administration has played with the symbols rather than the substance of change. It's a familiar trick—public brouhaha about some divisive social issue such as abortion rights or gays in the military, while behind the scenes the fat-cat lawyers take care of the vested interests.

Clinton, who campaigned as a populist committed to breaking the hold of the powerful, has surrounded himself with corporate-law hustlers who stand for little beyond career advancement and accumulation of wealth. Zoë Baird—who couldn't find the spare change to afford legal child care from the half million bucks that Aetna Life & Casualty paid her, or from her $2.3 million in assets—is typical of this new crowd.

Clinton may pork out at McDonald's, but what kind of populism is it that selects wealthy lawyers to fill 13 of the top 18 spots in an administration? The most prominent black in this cabinet, Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown, who also skipped paying Social Security taxes for his domestic help, made a career out of Beltway lobbying. His Washington, D.C. law firm's prime constituency of corporate clients is rich and white (with the glaring exception of the Haitian government during the repressive regime of Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier). Last year Brown's firm paid him $580,000, even though he was mostly off chairing the Democratic Party, for which he got $89,000. His partners must have figured Brown's salary would be a good investment in the future.

Business, too, knew a pal when it saw one. Some of the largest Japanese and American corporations underwrote the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts for a "Friends of Ron Brown" party to honor the new commerce secretary 11 days after his confirmation hearing. It is a measure of the man that he saw nothing wrong with being feted by the business interests that would most likely have issues decided by his department. Only after the story broke in the *Los Angeles Times* and a fuss ensued did Brown cancel the bash on orders from his boss.

Brown should have no trouble getting along with Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, widely known as "Loophole Lloyd" for his dedicated skill as a longtime senator from Texas in getting tax breaks for the oil-and-gas interests of his state. He reports assets of $5.6 million on his disclosure form. Education Secretary Richard Riley did better at a reported income of at least $568,000.

As a candidate, Clinton warned about this society's deepening class divisions brought on by the get-rich mania of the Eighties. But his appointees are largely drawn from the ranks of those who pigged out during the Reagan and Bush years. *The Wall Street Journal*, in a front-page story, summarized the sorry situation perfectly, tagging the new cabinet "a new elite, people who studied at the best universities, who largely escaped the war of their generation and, in many cases, who struck it rich in the decade they now often criticize."

Maybe Clinton and his advisors had grown so out of touch with ordinary Americans that they couldn't grasp this class factor—the growing resentment of most Americans for the rich. It was bad enough that Zoë Baird broke the law—what fueled hostility was the audacity of a multimillionaire trying to convince us she was just like any other working mom in search of child care.

Take the case of Robert Rubin, new head of the National Economic Council and one of the most egregious of the nouveau go-go richniks, whom Clinton appointed to be his point man on economic change. Apparently not everyone who went to school in the Sixties was preparing, as Clinton and Gore claim they were, to improve the world. Rubin parlayed his Harvard and Yale Law education into a career as a specialist in takeover stock at Goldman, Sachs, where, as co-chairman, he "has a stake that is reportedly valued at between $50 million and $100 million," according to the *Journal*.

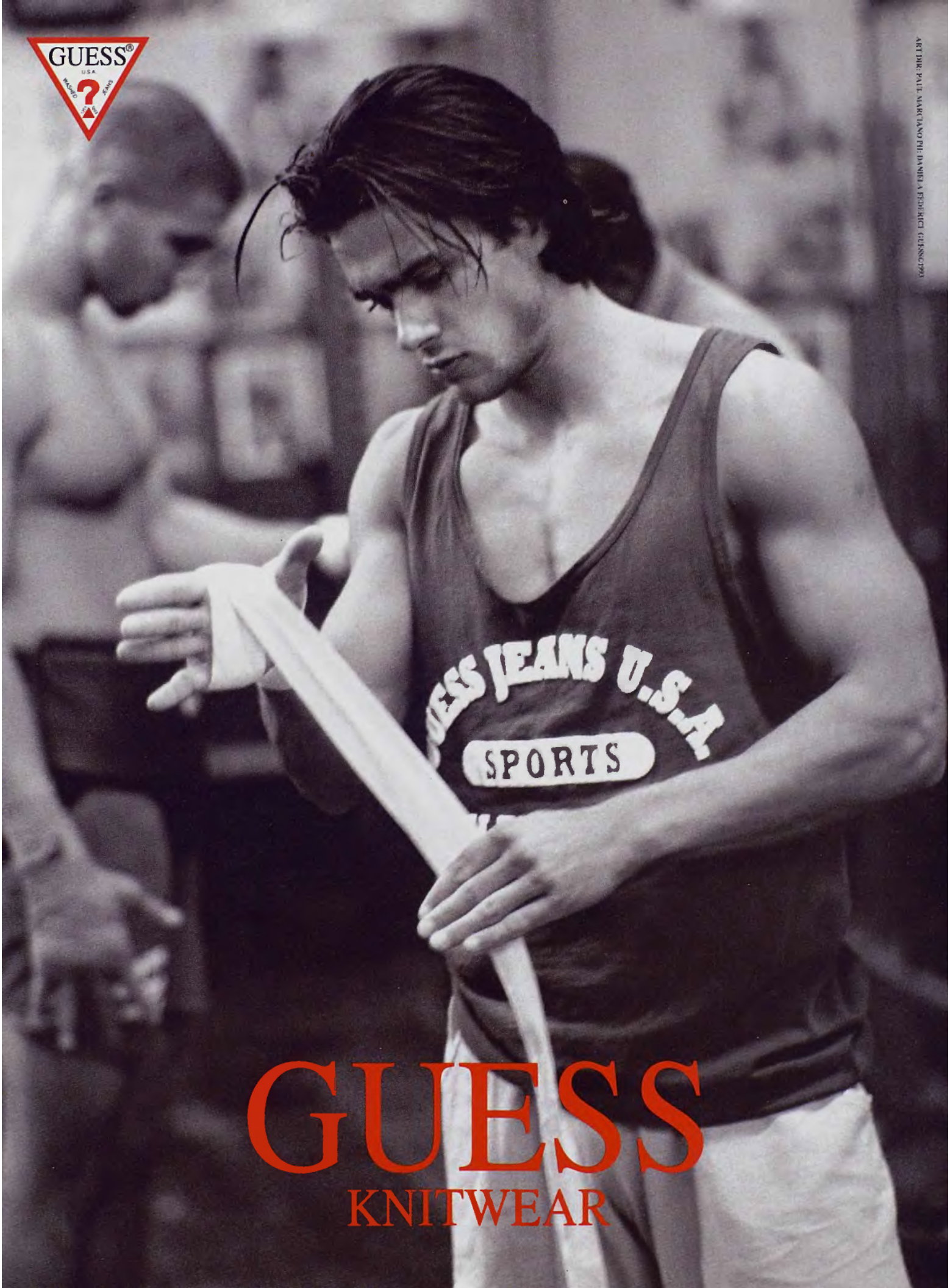
This guy, who even looks like the unctuous character played by Michael Douglas in Oliver Stone's movie *Wall Street*, is now expected to fix an economy ruined by people like him. He specialized in boosting the fortunes of corporate raiders involved in takeover bids. Will he now reverse the effects of those takeovers, reassemble the cannibalized parts of once-productive enterprises, give jobs back to people who lost them in his paper-profit shuffles and refocus corporations on the task of making products rather than money?

Among other things, Rubin is expected to oversee the new trade negotiations. The fact that the Japanese already own a significant chunk of Goldman, Sachs should cause some concern.

Japanese and other clients received letters on Goldman, Sachs stationery from Rubin in December, assuring them that Goldman, Sachs would do well by them after Rubin's move to the White House. The letter ended with the statement, "I also look forward to continuing to work with you in my new capacity." Clinton's choice of Rubin, a major contributor to Democratic campaigns, shows that this is a business-as-usual government, aimed at the rich getting richer, no matter Clinton's folksy phrases.

Give us a break, Bill. You put the legal looters in charge of watching the store. Then you ask us to trust you on a tax increase that hits the middle class, the people you admit "gave the most in the Eighties."

We've been down this road before. We are again promised that the rich will pay their fair share and that you will fight the special interests. Hard to believe. The special interests are in your government. They wrote your tax proposal and they will get their lackeys in Congress to pass whatever amendments are needed to preserve their tax shelters. Once again the fat cats, now in your inner circle, will be laughing away as you talk to us about a common sacrifice and they make out like bandits.



ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: DANIELA FEDERICI GUESS©1993

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHARLES BARKLEY

a candid conversation with the nba's fast-breaking big mouth about the rising suns, stardom, bedlam in barcelona—and his big butt

Charles Barkley is a human party. He lives in Hotel Barkley—that's what his wife, Maureen, calls their home. He answers the door himself, usually in a sweatsuit, holding a putter, inviting everybody to come inside to join in his favorite parlor game: What will I do next?

"I love to play basketball. I love to have fun. And I love to say what's on my mind," he says. Every day, he makes sure he hits the trifecta.

When you're in Barkley's presence, he dominates the horizon. From his shaved head to his wide grin or profound scowl, he's a one-man weather system, always moving fast and changing configuration, like a sky full of clouds. Will he let the sun shine through or cloud up and rain?

The power of the power forward's appeal is that, as much as any athlete in the world, this Phoenix Sun might do anything. And has. If it costs him $40,000 to speak his mind about a referee, he thinks nothing of it. If he feels that a teammate should be knocked down in practice to test his toughness, so be it. He once ordered his NBA coach to take a player out of the game. Of course, his nicknames for that coach and his assistant were "Little Knucklehead" and "Big Knucklehead."

In Barcelona, the U.S. Olympic Committee begged him to tone down his comments so the whole world wouldn't end up hating both him and the U.S. After Barkley belted a skinny Angolan player, he quipped, "The guy probably hadn't eaten in a few weeks." Instead of apologizing, Barkley told the USOC to stop acting jealous; he added that America should be proud of the Dream Team, since making war and playing basketball were what the United States does best. For this, and more, he was called an ugly American. Yet Barkley spent more time in the outdoor cafés along Las Ramblas, hobnobbing with the common folks, than all the other Dreamers put together.

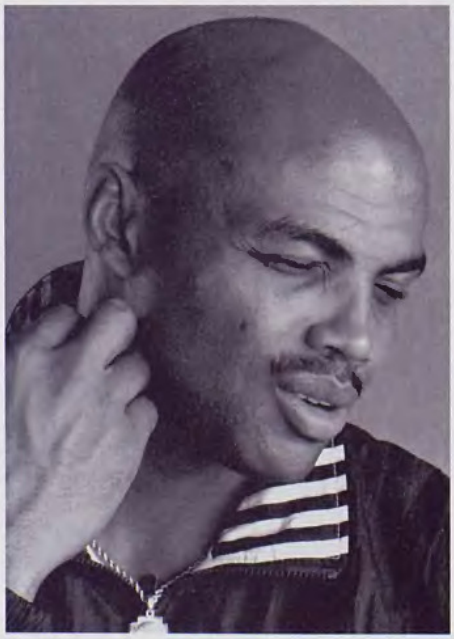
He's been arrested and cleared on a gun charge, accidentally spit in a little girl's face, punched Bill Laimbeer (fine: $20,000—you would think they'd have given him a reward) and spent four hours in jail after an altercation with a heckler. He says he has a new plan for the next guy in a bar who calls him "nigger." Provoke the bum into throwing the first punch so he can't be sued, then break the guy's face. But not with his shooting hand.

On the court, Barkley is equally unpredictable. Nobody can control him. He and 76ers teammate Rick Mahorn used to get ready to play by butting heads, but they did it without helmets. He'll post up 7'1" David Robinson and score in his face, spinning, faking, leaping and, probably, dunking—something he's done more over the last three years than any other NBA player. Or Barkley will run the break, dribble between his legs or pass behind his back. And he loves to stick the trey, too. Usually, he bricks it. Except in the last five minutes of a game.

"Can't nobody on the planet guard me," he likes to say. "If I were seven feet tall, I'd be illegal in three states." Will anybody his size ever be so great a rebounder again? Barkley has an opinion: "Never be another. Ever. Ever."

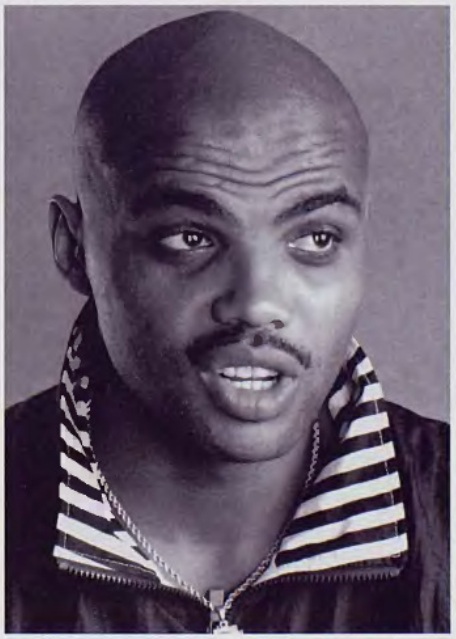
A man who stands 6'4¾" tall, and whose muscular development is not radically different from dozens of other players, should not be able to play an inside power game for an undersized team and still be the only man in the NBA who is in the top five in both scoring and rebounding. Others come to play. Barkley comes to declare war. "I beat on people. I intimidate people. I'll endure more pain than they will. That's a big part of my game," he says.

Of pesky guards who try to undercut him to draw a charge, the 252-pound Barkley says, "None of them has ever tried to do it twice. I punish them. I drive my knee into their chest. I land on them. Luckily, I've never actually hurt anybody. But when they finally get up, they usually can't speak. Well,



"Every time I think about changing a diaper, I run a little bit harder and a little bit faster to make sure I can afford a nanny until my daughter's old enough to take care of that herself."

"A lot of people use racism as a crutch. I'd be the first to admit that a lot of black people use that for their failures. No white person in this world can stop me from being successful if I want to be successful. I believe that."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE CONWAY

"I don't have to lie. You ask me a question, I'll tell you the truth. If you like my answer, that's great. If you don't, I'm still entitled to my opinion. I don't apologize for anything I've said or done."

actually, one little guard whispered, 'I won't do that again, Charles.'"

Barkley is a powder keg, as well as a 26-point, 13-rebound power forward. He's a truth-teller as well as a court jester. The roots of his humor, his anger, his ambition and his wisdom go back to the projects of Leeds, Alabama, where he was raised by his mother and grandmother. Growing up fatherless, he was the man of the family. He was always the one who picked up the family pieces, like when one of his younger brothers had a stroke after using cocaine. Barkley's mother was a maid, but he swore from early childhood that he'd "be somebody special."

And he was. At Auburn, given access to a training table and the phone number of an all-night pizza parlor, he gained 100 pounds and led the Southeastern Conference in rebounding all three years. Nicknamed the Round Mound of Rebound and Boy Gorge, he came to the NBA in 1984 as a curiosity and a project. But he dropped 50 pounds and came under the tutelage of Julius Erving and Moses Malone, and he soon transformed himself into the Square Bear of Mid-Air. Since arriving in the NBA, he has been the league's second leading offensive rebounder, averaged 23.5 points and made seven All-Star teams.

However, as a folk hero and lightning rod for controversy, Barkley has exploded in the past year. On the Dream Team, he outshone everyone, including Jordan, showing the world that basketball could be ferocious as well as stratospheric and balletic. Back in the U.S., he discovered a second NBA life after a trade from the grouchy, moribund Philadelphia 76ers to the Suns. To get Barkley, the Suns gave what was widely considered a suicidal price—their 20-point All-Star shooting guard, their starting power forward and a 6'11" center who was one of the league's better shot blockers.

Would the Suns, who were 53–29 last season, become Charles and the four dwarfs? Hardly. At midseason the Suns had the NBA's best record. With Barkley at various times playing each of the three front-court positions in the Suns' four-guards-and-Charles pressure defense, Phoenix has become the talk of the sport and a possible postseason favorite.

To interview Barkley, PLAYBOY *sent* **Tom Boswell,** *sportswriter and columnist for* The Washington Post *for 24 years, as well as an occasional profile writer for* PLAYBOY. *Boswell reports:*

"Many superstar athletes like to hide or whine, especially those famous enough to take Godzilla to the rack. Barkley, however, hides nothing. He's turned in-your-face into a lifestyle. He says what he wants. He invents his own code of conduct. And he invites you to inspect his whole life.

"Subjects for the 'Playboy Interview' are legendary for being reclusive or difficult or self-important. To Barkley, it's just another kind of fun. He picks you up when you get off the train and plays chauffeur. He gets you another drink and asks which football game you want to watch while you talk in his den. You ask for 90 minutes, he gives you three hours until you run out of tapes. You ask for another hour in another city and he gives you the whole day, takes you everywhere, even lets you hear the women propositioning him on his hotel voice-mail. When he finds out you have the same golf handicap, he wants to set up a game so he can beat you.

"You interview him while he's in the whirlpool. You interview him while he interviews Shaquille O'Neal. You interview between gigantic bites of greasy food. You interview him while his drop-dead-beautiful wife walks around in short shorts and heels. When you leave something behind at his house and ask the first taxi driver you meet to help you find Charles Barkley's house, the guy says, 'Everybody knows where Charles lives.' And he takes you right to the door.

"Most of all, this is how Barkley dispenses his worldview. You go to his hotel room before a night game in Orlando. You ask him everything you can print and a couple things you figure he shouldn't have told you, so you won't print them because they're nobody's business. He turns on his beloved soap operas. You help him make the bed and arrange everything in the room so it's in perfect order. The guy's a freak for order and you know he won't do anything until that bed is made.

> *"Barkley hides nothing. He's turned in-your-face into a lifestyle. And he invites you to inspect his whole life."*

"A knock on the door. Three tailors—two men, one woman, all young and hip and dressed to die—enter. They've flown a thousand miles for a fitting. Today, it's pants. They brief him on the style they'd like for him. 'I'll take six pairs,' he says. The tailors stay and join the interview.

"Another knock on the door. A tall, attractive masseuse enters. Barkley starts to strip. The woman tailor leaves. The guys stay. This they have to see. She joins a 'Playboy Interview' that is about as large as the McLaughlin Group. She hands out her card and says she wishes to be identified as a massage therapist because she doesn't do that other stuff. She's rubbed some NBA legs, she says, but none like Barkley's. 'Charles' thighs are as big as Stanley Roberts',' she says of the L.A. Clippers 7', 285-pound center. 'But Stanley's are like mush. Charles' legs are like rock.'

"The two tailors look at Barkley, look at the woman and exchange a glance that clearly says this man's life is one continuous possibility they can't even imagine.

"Slowly, Barkley puts on his game face. He wants to get mad at Shaquille O'Neal, but he can't. 'He's a nice kid. Polite, respectful, like I was when I came into the league. Not like Alonzo Mourning. I played him two nights ago. All he did was beat on me, kick my ass all night and motherfuck me to my face every time I tried to say something nice to him. He's got the worst attitude I ever saw in a rookie.'

"Barkley laughs wickedly. 'Alonzo's going to be great. I love his game.'

"In a few hours, Barkley must meet a different man in the paint. One who is eight inches taller, 50 pounds bigger and nine years younger than he. But Barkley expects to kick the Shaq's butt and lead his team to victory.

"You can look it up. He did."

Scene: Barkley's living room in an exclusive Philadelphia suburb. You enter his development through a security gate past an armed guard who sits in a stone turret. Barkley is in the final stages of preparation for his move to Phoenix. Boxes, many full and ready to ship, are everywhere. This disarray drives Barkley crazy. As he sits down for the interview, Barkley shouts to his wife, "Did any of my friends call to bet on the game today?" It was just a head fake.

PLAYBOY: Things are in a moving-day shambles here. How does it feel to be starting over?

BARKLEY: Well, there is some sadness. I've been here eight years. This is all I know. Now I'm going into the unknown.

PLAYBOY: You weren't exactly happy here, especially the past few years. Is there anything that you'll miss?

BARKLEY: The worst is missing your friends. People in the Sixers organization, people in the restaurants, the fans who see every game. Otherwise, the negatives aren't that bad. The only negative is losing. I played here for eight years and we lost only two years. Other than that, the eight years have been great.

PLAYBOY: Philly fans are pretty tough.

BARKLEY: Actually, they've always been good to me. If you go out and try hard, they're going to like you. If you don't, they don't. I worked hard and that endeared me to them.

PLAYBOY: You must have some regrets.

BARKLEY: It's hard sometimes. Last year guys were saying they would have done better than me if they got the ball as much as I did. Guys were saying I was holding them back.

PLAYBOY: Are we finding out the truth about that now? Look at the Sixers' record.

BARKLEY: Yeah, that frustrated me. Hersey Hawkins said I was holding him back. He was an All-Star with me. Armon Gilliam said he didn't get a chance to show his real game. I told him, "You've been on three teams. I wasn't on the other two teams, and they traded you." Nobody ever had a problem with my game until last year, and I blame the Sixers for that. The Sixers should have just come

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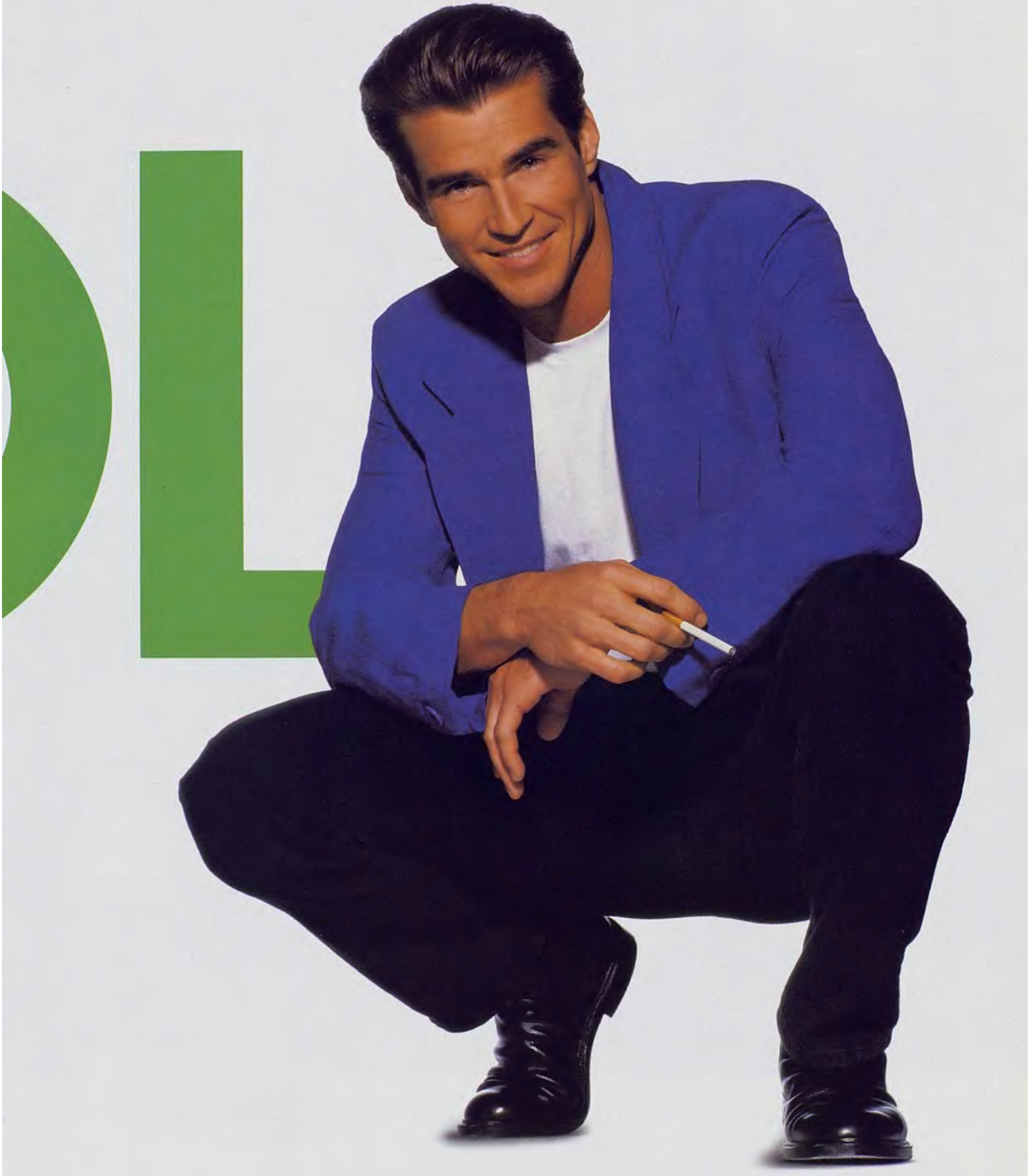

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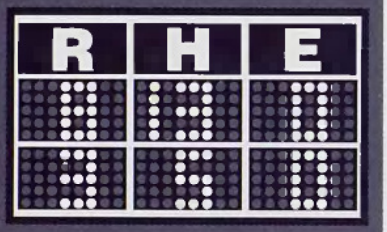

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out and said, "Listen, Charles is the only player we have with any trade value, that's why we'll trade him," instead of saying that Charles is causing all these problems.

PLAYBOY: Did the fans here give Moses Malone his due? Nobody worked harder than Moses.

BARKLEY: I don't think he was ever loved. Because they're not as nice to guys who are their own individuals. They want you to stay in your place. That's unfair. We all have opinions and we're all individuals. Just because you say something doesn't make it controversial, and it doesn't make you a bad person. We're not all supposed to think alike. But they want you to stay in your place before they give you their full love.

PLAYBOY: Can we talk about Harold Katz, the owner of the Sixers?

BARKLEY: Oh, Jesus.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the guy?

BARKLEY: Well, he's just a great businessman. The biggest problem I have with him is that he treated everything as strictly business. There was no personal relationship with the players. If I were an owner I could see that. But as a player it wasn't right. Because we're not business. We're not property, we're not meat. We're people.

PLAYBOY: Katz' locker-room tirades were infamous. Was that destructive?

BARKLEY: Yeah. That's hard. You can't treat people like that. You can't shake somebody's hand if he wins and curse him out if he plays bad. That's too much of an emotional swing.

PLAYBOY: Do you rein yourself in for the press or the public?

BARKLEY: A lot of guys are different in private than they are in public. They say stuff to get reactions from the fans or the media. That's not my style. I don't have to lie, or say something and not really say anything. I don't think that's the way it should be done. You ask me a question, I'll tell you the truth. If you like my answer, that's great. If you don't, I'm still entitled to my opinion.

PLAYBOY: You have done things in moments of anger—such as the time you spit at a fan who was heckling you and hit a little girl instead—that seemed crazy or mean.

BARKLEY: Other than the spitting incident—I did apologize for that—I don't apologize for anything I've said or done. I'm always blunt. I feel that white people are treated better than blacks. I think the rich are treated better than the poor. And I think men are treated better than women. The press gets on my case a lot because I say stuff like that. But other than the spitting incident, I don't really think I've done anything wrong.

PLAYBOY: You've been a champion of fat people, too.

BARKLEY: That's true. People don't want to hear the truth. Fat people are discriminated against. That's just human nature. Stereotypes abound. Like all black people are hoodlums, all Jewish people are crooks. That's totally not true. What's even worse, it's considered all right that people think that way. Marge Schott can say "money-grubbing Jews" or "million-dollar niggers," because that's the society we live in. People say it's freedom of speech. That's not freedom of speech. Any woman who has that much power isn't going to hire blacks or Jews. That ain't the worst part about it. The worst thing is that she may go and kiss up to them. When the Reds won the World Series, she was drinking champagne with the brothers and calling them million-dollar niggers behind their backs. I have more respect for the Klan, because when they call you nigger they don't sit there and drink with you.

PLAYBOY: In Leeds, Alabama, where you grew up, were people judged on their merits?

BARKLEY: No, you were judged on your race in Leeds. I have to give credit to my mother and grandmother and my best friend in the world, Joseph Mock. Those three people always kept my head level as far as race was concerned. My mother and grandmother said, "Listen, all white people are not bad." They kept stressing that. A lot of white people helped us make it, because my mother and grandmother were maids.

PLAYBOY: But most people aren't as open-minded as your mother and grandmother.

BARKLEY: I blame the media for a lot of our problems. They don't usually tell the truth. They got the majority of white people thinking black people are bad, and they got the majority of black people thinking white people are bad. I don't believe that. The truth is, we're all the same. But the negative stuff sells papers and TV shows. Instead of always doing stories about who gets mugged and killed by somebody of the opposite race or saying that all black people are on welfare or all white people are in the Klan, they can be a little more realistic in their reporting.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in the Deep South, in the projects, but you went to a school that was mostly white. What was that like?

BARKLEY: It was good for me. It gave me a chance to experience more. The educational system was better at the white school. It gave me a chance to interact with nice white people. When you're a kid, you don't think racist. When you grow up, that's when you become racist. Some knucklehead teaches you to be racist. You can't look at all white people and say, "I don't like them." You can't say, "Well, I like all blacks." There are black people I don't want to be around, and there are white people I don't want to be around.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people cry racism

when they can't get the job done on their own?

BARKLEY: A lot of people use racism as a crutch. I'd be the first to admit that a lot of black people use that for their failures. No white person in this world can stop me from being successful if I want to be successful. I believe that. No black person could stop me from being successful, either. I don't think it's fair to blame all black America's problems on white America. Because we do a lot of stuff to ourselves. I saw a very disturbing statistic. More than seventy percent of crimes against black people are committed by other black people.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way around that frustration?

BARKLEY: It doesn't help to get mad at the world. I'm not ever going to be jealous of somebody else's success. If a black person wants to open up a business, he can. I don't think it's fair to get mad at people from another culture for being successful in your culture. We have that same opportunity. If we were going to put in something, we should have put it there before.

PLAYBOY: And how do you handle racial slurs?

BARKLEY: I can't take them.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you a target for anybody who is obnoxious enough?

BARKLEY: No, that's just going to make my right hand sore from hitting people. I don't mind. I just have to get better at provoking them. I've got to make them hit me first, so they can't sue me. They don't pay me enough money to let people call me any name in the book.

PLAYBOY: When I was reading up on you, the thing that worried me was that you have a gun in your car. Are you the kind of person who should carry a gun?

BARKLEY: Let me ask you a question. I've had my gun in my car for, let's see, nine years. You've heard about it only once. If I was a maniac or a crazy person, don't you think you would have heard about it more than once?

PLAYBOY: It's argued that your chances of getting killed with your own gun are much greater than your chances of getting killed with anybody else's gun.

BARKLEY: We live in a dangerous society. People are so sick in this world. With the car-jacking going on, I feel safer with my gun. People know I'm Charles Barkley and I'm going to have money on me. I'm not the statistic. What about the statistics that say some small kid from Alabama isn't going to make it to the NBA? You can't compare yourself to a statistic. You have to be better than a statistic.

PLAYBOY: The stats say you're more likely to be killed with your own gun by accident, or in a domestic argument or by your kid, who doesn't know what he's playing with, than by an intruder. People get depressed and kill themselves.

BARKLEY: I won't kill myself. I'm one of my favorite people.

PLAYBOY: When people draw you into fights with racial slurs, are they doing it so they can sue you?

BARKLEY: No, people use those words because they're racist. That's what they've been taught. We're taught racism in this country. I have to stand up for myself. I didn't get where I am now by backing down and letting things stop me.

PLAYBOY: On occasion, you've been accused of being racist. Remember the Dave Hoppen incident last season?

BARKLEY: The Sixers were down to fourteen or fifteen players in training camp and somebody asked me, "Do you think they'll cut Dave Hoppen?" I said, "I don't know. But if they cut Dave Hoppen, some people will be upset because we'll have an all-black team." End of quotation. Well, in no way did I say Dave Hoppen was on the team only because he was white. Or a token. I was really offended by the way the media made me out to be a racist. Because, as a black person, I am never going to be a racist. I know how it feels to be treated that way. I will never treat another person that way. Never.

"We live in a dangerous society. People are so sick in this world. I feel safer with my gun."

PLAYBOY: You hold your opinions strongly. Do you fall into the trap of thinking that everything you believe is absolute truth?

BARKLEY: Well, as far as racism and sexism go, I'm flat-out right. There's no in-between. I'm not fooling myself that I'm the smartest person in the world. But on those two things I am a hundred percent positive that I am right. I think the majority of people in the world will agree with me. My opinions are just as important as everybody else's.

PLAYBOY: People are fascinated by public figures who say what they think.

BARKLEY: It is more important to talk about things like that than it is to play basketball. That stuff is a lot more significant than going out and getting twenty points.

PLAYBOY: There are some quotes that live on. After Bobby Knight left you off the 1984 Olympic team, you said, "I hate the son of a bitch." Do you still feel that way?

BARKLEY: No, not at all. I love Bobby Knight. I like the way he coaches. But, honestly, has he done things wrong? Yes. Have I done things wrong? Yes. But, on the whole, the guy is a great basketball coach. I didn't deserve to make that Olympic team. I didn't want to and didn't care about it.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that that's one quote you're remembered for?

BARKLEY: You know, with most of the stuff I've said, I was just trying to have fun. Everybody laughs, and then they put it in the paper and it doesn't sound funny. That's one thing that makes me mad about the media. The reporters know you're joking, and then they print it. The night I said, "That's the kind of game that makes you want to go home and beat your wife and kids," everybody started laughing. When I read it in the paper the next day, I could see why people were offended by it. I don't think of myself as giving interviews. I just have conversations. That gets me in trouble.

PLAYBOY: At the Olympics you said a couple of things I wondered if you wanted to take back, such as America's being best at basketball and the military.

BARKLEY: No, I'm right about the military. We should have the best military. We should have the best of everything. I'm for America. I don't like foreigners thinking they're better than we are. That's what we talked about in our team meetings. We wanted to prove we were the best basketball players in the world, and we did.

PLAYBOY: You also said that Herlander Coimbra, the player from Angola you elbowed during the Olympics, probably hadn't eaten in a few weeks.

BARKLEY: I was just having fun.

Scene: The months pass, and Barkley is stomping through the league with his Phoenix Suns, who, as we went to press, sport the best record in the NBA. This just might be Barkley's MVP season. He is sitting in a whirlpool in the Orlando Magic locker room, having just interviewed Shaquille O'Neal for Barkley's Phoenix TV show. Of Shaq, he says, "He's not as tall as I thought. But he's so wide. That's better than tall. He's as thick as me. Imagine me, but seven feet tall." Being in a locker room with Barkley is like being in a Vegas casino with Don Rickles. He is the self-appointed master of ceremonies in his world. He tries to trade four of his teammates to the Magic GM for Shaq. He exchanges scouting reports (anywhere else, this would be called gossip) with Magic coach Matt Guokas. He listens to Guokas' son tell about his college career and the Magic's Terry Catledge explain his latest injury. Barkley is interested in everybody else's life story and doesn't hog the floor with his own business. Everyone who comes into the room and discovers Barkley lights up as if it's Christmas morning and they just discovered Santa Claus in their living room, still eating his milk and cookies. Nobody leaves quickly. Typically, Barkley finds it natural to give an interview while taking a whirlpool and holding court with anyone who passes by.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago you said, "As

long as Bird is around I will only be the second-worst defensive player in basketball."

BARKLEY: Larry's one of the greatest players ever to play the game, and that was just some joking around. But yeah, that's probably the most disappointing part of my game.

PLAYBOY: Do you pick your moments to turn up the defensive intensity?

BARKLEY: I can play defense with anybody in the last five minutes of the game.

PLAYBOY: You crash the boards, and that's a big part of defense.

BARKLEY: Yeah. The most important stat to me is rebounding. If you shoot the ball enough, you can average twenty points a game. I'd rather get twenty rebounds than score twenty points.

PLAYBOY: Conventional wisdom says you have to box out to get rebounds. Do you agree?

BARKLEY: No, I don't. It's hard to box out guys if they are good rebounders. If you're going to stand there and hold them, you're not going toward the ball. Somebody will beat you to it.

PLAYBOY: How many guys can get away with that?

BARKLEY: Not many, but there aren't many good rebounders. No, excuse me, there aren't many great rebounders.

PLAYBOY: Who are the great rebounders?

BARKLEY: Dennis Rodman, Charles Oakley, Hakeem Olajuwon. Those are the guys I respect the most.

PLAYBOY: Do they mostly block out or do they go for the ball?

BARKLEY: Dennis is the best at just going to the ball. Charles Oakley gets more out of less jumping ability than any player out there, but he doesn't jump. He boxes out. Hakeem gets them on talent and quickness.

PLAYBOY: You'll probably be remembered longest as a relatively short guy who is the second-best offensive rebounder in the game. How can you be that much better than people who are that much bigger?

BARKLEY: Number one, God gave me a lot of talent. Number two, I just want to rebound. It's all desire.

PLAYBOY: What's the best part of your game?

BARKLEY: My competitiveness.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about dunks. Over a three-year period, you had more than five hundred dunks. More than Michael Jordan. More than anybody. Why are you the league's leading dunker?

BARKLEY: Because I'm so short. I don't like laying it up because it can get blocked. Get it in the rim. I dunk because it's the easiest shot.

PLAYBOY: Robert Parish once said that being hit by you was like being crunched in a trash compactor.

BARKLEY: I did bang him. My philosophy is simple. I want to bang, bang, bang for forty-eight minutes. I want to bang you and try to outplay you the last three

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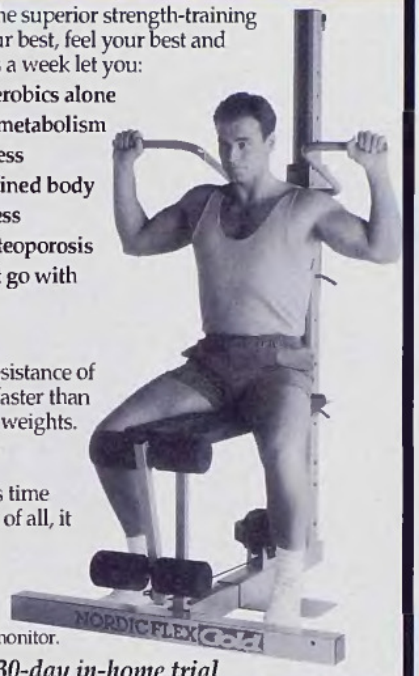

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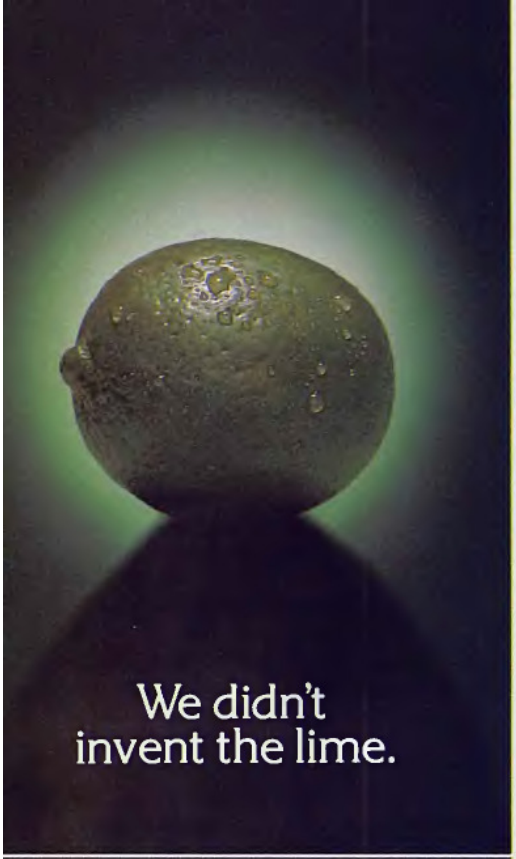

minutes of the game. I'm betting that you're going to wear down. If I start banging you in the first quarter, I think you're going to get tired before me.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about banging, what's the most important part of your body? Hips, elbows or legs?

BARKLEY: Leg strength is so important when you're trying to get position. Using your ass is important. I have really big thighs. My legs are huge. That's why I can't buy pants. I used to wear size thirty-six pants, but because my thighs are so big, I have to get forty-twos and have the waist taken in to make up for the difference. All my strength comes from my lower body.

PLAYBOY: You once said that the game is slower for you in the final minutes. Wayne Gretzky, Larry Bird and other athletes say the same thing.

BARKLEY: Jerry West said that if you're a great player, the game's in slow motion. If you can play the game, it is easy. I really believe it. For me, this is probably the first year in my life that I've really had to work and do all the other things to be good.

PLAYBOY: You mean weight lifting?

BARKLEY: Weight lifting, running. I used to take running for granted. Now I can feel myself running. It's a struggle for me to run. I'm forcing myself to run hard. I guess I'm starting to get old. I used to go to the gym and play. Now I have to get there a little bit early, do a lot of stretching and things like that.

PLAYBOY: Who is the best player you've ever played against?

BARKLEY: Kevin McHale, bar none. You had to hope he was missing. You couldn't stop him. In his prime he was the best. He was too big for me and everybody on him, whether it was Moses or Bobby Jones. That Celtics front line was the greatest front line ever to play the game. There were no weaknesses.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to be the center of attention?

BARKLEY: I don't enjoy all the attention. I don't really enjoy being "Charles Barkley." I just try to have fun in whatever I do. If it were up to me, I would just play basketball and walk around anonymously. But I want to have fun. I don't try to get attention by doing things or saying things. I just try to be honest and make sure I enjoy this. These are the quality years of my life. I've spent all my adulthood being a star. If I'm miserable and don't enjoy it, that's wrong. I'm not going to spend twenty to thirty years in this position, so I'm going to enjoy the hell out of it while I'm here.

PLAYBOY: Does that extend to the basketball court during games?

BARKLEY: That makes the game easier for me, because I'm always relaxed. Talking to the fans and cheerleaders relieves the tension.

PLAYBOY: Lee Trevino said the same thing about playing golf. He said if he couldn't talk he couldn't play.

BARKLEY: I would be so uptight. I wouldn't have anything to do but think about a pressing situation.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as one of the premiere trash talkers in the league.

BARKLEY: That stuff is overrated. I just have fun. When the guys start talking trash, I'm just talking. I don't look at it as talking trash.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever hurt your game?

BARKLEY: Sometimes talking trash makes you play better. You want to back up the trash you're talking. You think, I've said it. Now I have to do it.

PLAYBOY: If you were talking trash to Larry Bird or Chuck Person, what would you say? Most people think it would be, I'm going to kill you because I hate you. But it's lighter than that, isn't it?

BARKLEY: All they say is that you can't stop them. Sometimes you tell guys what you're going to do, then you do it.

PLAYBOY: Does anybody take it too personally?

BARKLEY: When you play against a guy who can't handle it, he gets all personal.

PLAYBOY: There's a classic piece of trash talking between you and Chuck Person. You told your teammates to isolate you on him. You said, "Let me torture him."

BARKLEY: Chuck talks more than any other player in the NBA. If you don't play well against him, he lets you know it.

PLAYBOY: When you're torturing somebody, how do you feel?

BARKLEY: When I get twenty points in a half, sometimes I feel bad. I like playing against good players because it's a challenge to me. I don't like playing against bad players who you can kill all night.

PLAYBOY: Did it hurt you when they called you Food World in college?

BARKLEY: It didn't make me feel bad, like it does fat people. I understood that they were trying to get Auburn's basketball program on the map and they wanted to use me to attract attention. The only thing that annoyed me was that they weren't giving me enough credit as a basketball player. I was leading the SEC in rebounding.

PLAYBOY: What about when they sent pizzas to the bench?

BARKLEY: You know what? I don't get upset about stuff like that. I have a great sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Even when they called you the Crisco Kid?

BARKLEY: I don't worry about what they call me. I worry about playing ball well. I may be whatever they call me, but I am one of only two guys who led the SEC in rebounding three years in a row. The other guy played before they had sneakers. [*While at LSU, Shaquille O'Neal became the third player to reach this record.—Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like a fat kid when you were growing up?

BARKLEY: No, because I didn't get fat until I went to college.

PLAYBOY: How did it happen?

BARKLEY: They served dinner too early. We practiced from three to six. They served dinner from six to seven, but I had been running down the court for three hours. You don't feel like eating right away. The guys on the team usually slept through dinner, or we were just too tired to rush back to eat. So we ordered pizza. My freshman year, I would say out of two hundred days, I probably ordered pizza late at night one hundred sixty times. That won't do you any good.

Scene: Barkley sits in a hotel lobby, waiting for his old friend Buzzy Braman—former shooting coach for the 76ers who now holds that position with the Magic—to go to lunch with us. On the short walk from the Magic's arena to the Suns' hotel, Barkley has signed 50 autographs. Every attractive woman does or says something that, if the roles were reversed, would constitute sexual harassment. Barkley is polite but never reacts. When he gets his messages, one is from a woman who has found a way to proposition him on his hotel voicemail. Braman arrives in a tiny, old, beat-up car that looks like it escaped from a Sixties college campus. Barkley offers to sit in the cramped backseat. When he gets in the front instead, he pulls the seat all the way forward and says, "Got enough room back there?" His knees are close to his chin. Braman takes Barkley to his health club to show him off to his friends. Barkley's "lunch" is 90 minutes of constant interruption, requests for photos and congratulations. At this greasy spoon joint, he has an enormous deli-style sandwich with fried egg sticking out every side. He praises the food. He smiles for every group photo, even for one woman who can't figure out her own camera. Braman is in heaven. Barkley enjoys Braman's obvious pleasure.

PLAYBOY: You were saying, while we were walking over here, that you didn't have much freedom in public. Make that no freedom in public.

BARKLEY: That's probably the hardest part of it: not being able to do things like a regular person. I am a normal person, except when I'm playing ball.

PLAYBOY: Do you turn down your metabolism in public?

BARKLEY: Yeah. I can't respond to people all the time. You have to keep your distance. Everybody wants a piece of you.

PLAYBOY: All sorts of people ask you for your autograph. I would think you'd see a lot of lost souls. Does it depress you?

BARKLEY: The only thing that depresses me is that most of the people are selling autographs now. It's not the good old days when they just asked for them if they respected your ability. Now they do it as a business venture.

PLAYBOY: You criticized Harold Katz on that front as well. Is the Phoenix front office different?

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BARKLEY: I have never even seen the Suns' owner, Jerry Colangelo, in the locker room.

PLAYBOY: Does that cause less tension?

BARKLEY: Yes. If the organization really likes the players, they will play harder for that organization. They will come back from injuries sooner and try a little harder.

PLAYBOY: How good is the Suns team you're with now?

BARKLEY: We're not the best team in the league, but we're one of them. If we play well we can beat anybody.

PLAYBOY: Can you see down the road, within a year or two, when you might be able to say the Suns are the best team?

BARKLEY: I don't know if we will ever have the best team. We have some weaknesses. We have a small team.

PLAYBOY: There was a story at the beginning of training camp about your putting a big hit on Kevin Johnson. Do you test your teammates?

BARKLEY: I always test my teammates. You don't want to go eighty-two games without knowing what to expect from them when it gets to crunch time.

PLAYBOY: People have often said you're critical of teammates. There was the time you motioned to coach Jimmy Lynam to take Mike Gminski out of the game when he wasn't playing well.

BARKLEY: Mike Gminski and I played together for three seasons. He was having a bad game one day and I got frustrated and I told the coach to take him out. We were together for two and a half years and that's the only thing that people can remember.

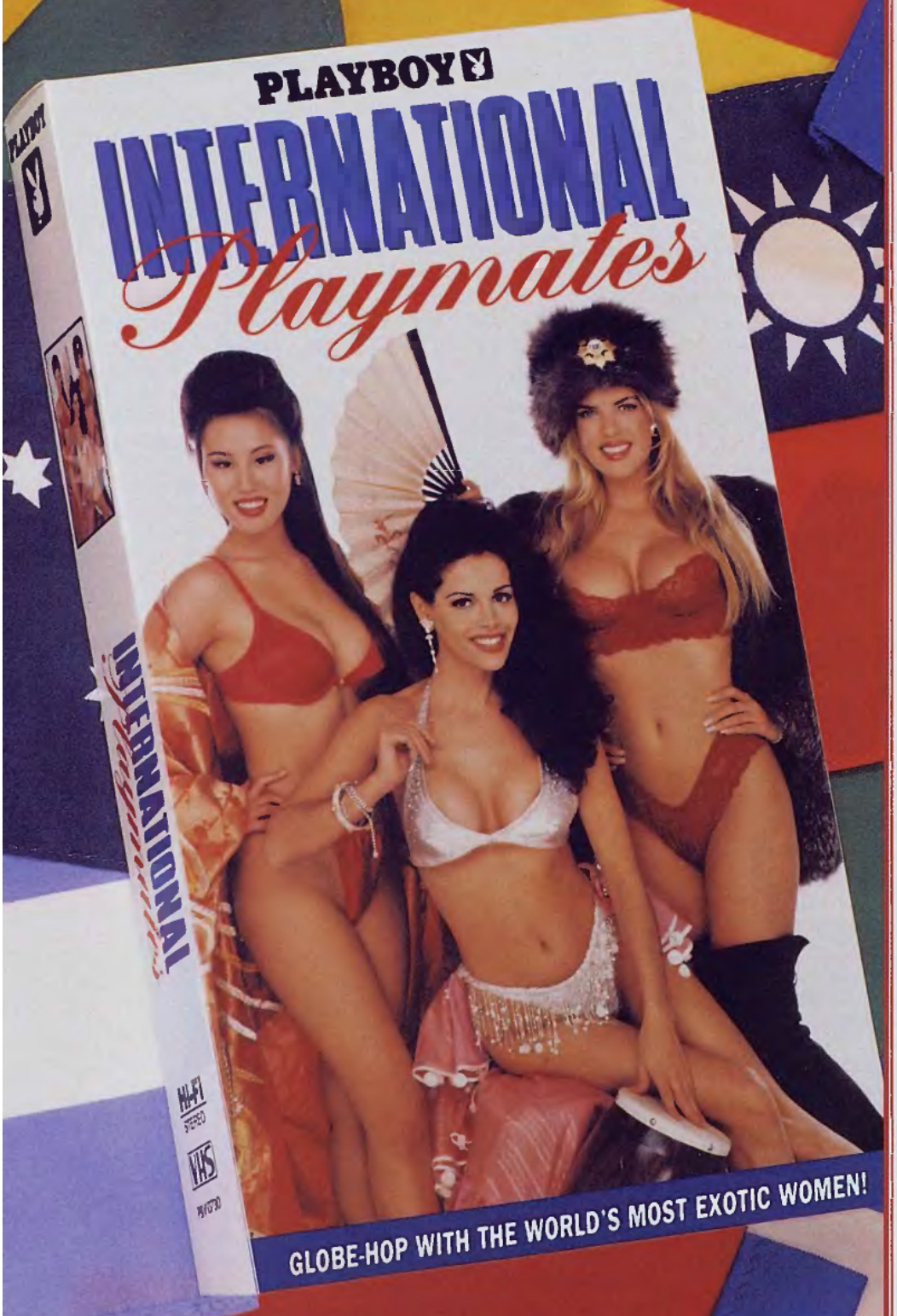
PLAYBOY: Today, the first person you asked about was Gminski.

BARKLEY: Everybody will always try to make a big deal out of that. Let me tell you something. Danny Ainge screamed at me the other night on the court. That's one thing about our team. We don't get upset when somebody says something. But that's hard to explain to the public. Players are so fucking spoiled now. When I first went to Philadelphia, we screamed at one another and that made us play better. Dennis Johnson said when he was on the Celtics they yelled and that made them play better. We do the same thing in Phoenix, but we don't take it personally. We don't whine to the media. We don't whine to the coach. That's the difference between a good team and a bad team.

PLAYBOY: Why is there less whining with the Suns?

BARKLEY: Because the players are not insecure. They probably think, Charles is that good and he's going to get a lot of publicity. We're not jealous of him and that's just the way it is. When I went to Philadelphia, I was not jealous of Doc and Moses. Look at Chicago. I don't think those guys are jealous of Michael and Scottie. They just want to win. You have to sacrifice a little bit of yourself.

PLAYBOY: You continue to have problems with referees and fines—more than



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$140,000 in fines in the past few years.

BARKLEY: I'm just giving my money to charity.

PLAYBOY: Are the referees in the NBA that bad?

BARKLEY: No, not in general. But some of them get intimidated on the road.

PLAYBOY: So you intimidate them back?

BARKLEY: [*Laughs.*]

PLAYBOY: You and Mike Mathis don't get along. He threw you out of a game a few years ago.

BARKLEY: I hate him and he hates me. It's definitely personal between us.

PLAYBOY: Can you guys work out the problem?

BARKLEY: Never, never, ever.

PLAYBOY: Have you asked the league to take him off your games?

BARKLEY: I don't want to think about it.

PLAYBOY: What if you saw him working the seventh game of the NBA finals?

BARKLEY: I don't want to see him there.

PLAYBOY: Do you have the qualities to lead a team to the championship?

BARKLEY: You have to have the talent. No matter how good Michael Jordan is, he needed Pippen. They couldn't win because they didn't have enough players. I just met Dave Winfield. Think about all he's accomplished. He said he was finally on a team that was good enough to win. That's what it comes down to. I'd be a fool to walk up to Dan Marino and say, "Hey, you haven't won a Super Bowl, you're a loser." You should never let a sporting event dictate your self-worth. If this team plays well, we could win it. If we don't, there were teams that were better than us.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there are players in the NBA who raise their teammates' level of play? Like Magic and Bird?

BARKLEY: I always think about that. That stuff is kind of overrated. Look at the players they're playing with. Kevin McHale is going to be a hell of a player regardless. Robert Parish was going to be a hell of a player regardless. Dennis Johnson was a hell of a player. Danny Ainge has always been a hell of a player. James Worthy—hell of a basketball player. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Scott. Cooper. I had Charles Shackleford. You can't compare Charles Shackleford with Robert Parish or Kareem. You can't compare Armon Gilliam with James Worthy. That's a little unfair.

PLAYBOY: Bird and Magic raised their teammates with their great passing. Do you raise your teammates with your emotional level?

BARKLEY: Coach Westphal thinks I inspire the team by my attitude. My attitude is simple. I go out there and play as hard as I can for forty minutes. My emotion has helped me most of the time. Magic Johnson has a word he always uses: manpower. He says it all comes back to manpower. If you have enough manpower and things go your way, you're going to win it.

PLAYBOY: How do the fans in Phoenix take to your flamboyant style of play?

BARKLEY: I don't worry about who likes or dislikes me. I know what it takes for me to be successful. I've been successful for eleven years.

PLAYBOY: Do people like you in Phoenix?

BARKLEY: They have been unbelievable to me. But I was never treated badly by the fans in Philly. Never.

PLAYBOY: Arizona gets something of a rap on racial issues.

BARKLEY: The city of Phoenix had the Martin Luther King holiday before the state. That's all I can say on that.

PLAYBOY: I saw you partying along Las Ramblas when you were at the Olympics. Do you hate to sit around?

BARKLEY: I love sitting around, but I was at the Olympics. I'm not going to spend two of the greatest weeks of my life sitting in my damn room like a moron. That was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Because there was never anything like the Dream Team. There never will be again.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people don't understand that. Even though you knew you were going to kill everybody, it was still special.

BARKLEY: It was really special. Let me tell you something, I'm getting sick of hearing how bad the other teams were. It

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wasn't that the other teams were bad. It was that our team was just so awesome. It's kind of like having a Rolls-Royce every day of your life and never having to drive a Chevette.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel lucky that you came along at the right time to be at your peak on that team, before Bird and Magic disappeared, and while some young guys like David Robinson were starting to blossom? That might be the all-time team.

BARKLEY: It was the all-time team in any sport, ever. Magic played well. Larry didn't play as well as he was capable of because of his back. But you still had Michael and Scottie. You just can't put together a team that good in any sport. I was honored to be selected.

PLAYBOY: Can you talk about the teamwork or chemistry?

BARKLEY: There's no such thing as that. See, it's simple. If you can play, you can play. Good players just want to win and that's all we were concerned with. Bad, insecure players cause teams problems. Bad players worry about how much they score, because they're not getting minutes. But on that team, because all of us were so good, we just let it happen.

PLAYBOY: They divided up the minutes pretty evenly so nobody really had to worry about that.

BARKLEY: If we had lost, guys would have been bitching. If you're a good player and you're on that team, you're only concerned about winning.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the controversy surrounding Magic Johnson's second retirement?

BARKLEY: I feel bad about all the pressure Magic has been under. I think he should be playing.

PLAYBOY: What did you think about the people who were afraid they might have caught AIDS by playing against him?

BARKLEY: They're entitled to that opinion. It's not fair for us to tell them they're wrong. The medical opinion says there's a small chance. Well, who are we to tell those guys they should take that small chance? Everybody said there's a remote chance you can get bitten by a snake if you walk through the desert. Well, you don't have to walk through the desert.

PLAYBOY: Have guys around the league changed their sex lives because of AIDS?

BARKLEY: Yeah. If the situation with Magic Johnson didn't make you change, there's something wrong with you.

PLAYBOY: You don't think guys are backsliding now?

BARKLEY: No. Magic has helped so many people understand sexual activity. Anybody who has sex without using a condom is out of his mind.

PLAYBOY: If you were infected with HIV, would you go public after seeing what happened to Magic and Arthur Ashe?

BARKLEY: We're so ignorant in our society. We treat people with AIDS terribly. I would probably retire and spend every day with my daughter.

PLAYBOY: Has being a parent changed you in any way? Have you found out anything about yourself since Christiana was born?

BARKLEY: It lets you know that there's nothing more important than your kids.

PLAYBOY: Are you good at the obnoxious parts of being a parent—the diaper changes, the midnight feedings?

BARKLEY: No. I'd rather go out and run five miles and make more money and hire a nanny. Every time I think about changing a diaper, I run a little bit harder and a little bit faster to make sure I can afford a nanny until Christiana's old enough to take care of that herself.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good playing daddy? Do you like to play the board games and blocks and stuff like that?

BARKLEY: Not yet. I'm looking forward to retiring. Right now, my whole life is based on making things better for my family, so I'm not good about being a father. I'm trying to make money and set myself up for the future. We can have fun like a regular family once I'm retired. That's why women are important. They are better parents than men are because they are willing to do those obnoxious little things. They get up in the night.

"The NBA doesn't really have any balls. It's concerned only about money. That's not right."

PLAYBOY: What's the best part about being a dad?

BARKLEY: When she's kissing me every five minutes and telling me she loves me, or when we go shopping and she's just happy. When my daughter is playing with her toys, and then running back to show me, that's what makes me feel like everything I've done is worth it. If I die tomorrow, my daughter wouldn't have to marry some bum who beats her just because they have kids and don't have any money. My daughter won't ever be in that situation. It makes me think all the bad experiences were worth it.

PLAYBOY: OK, here's a news flash: Charles Barkley appointed commissioner of the NBA. What would you do?

BARKLEY: I would drug-test everybody. I would put somebody in charge of helping the inner city because we don't do enough for the inner city. I would be a little more stringent with the fans because some of them just go to games to harass, and that's not right. When they use profanity toward you or your family, they cross the line. The NBA doesn't really have any balls. It's concerned only about money. It's like, well, the fans pay their money, so they can say and do what they want. That's not right.

PLAYBOY: Both Isiah Thomas and Michael Jordan have been involved in gambling controversies. You had a flap about making a bet with Mark Jackson.

BARKLEY: Michael Jordan was treated unfairly. What Michael Jordan does with his money is his business. I think the NBA was totally wrong. He can do whatever he wants to do with his money. If he wants to play golf with it, that's fine. And if he's going to keep playing golf like he was playing that weekend, I want to play him, too.

PLAYBOY: How about the people he was playing with?

BARKLEY: In fairness to Michael, he did not know that guy. When he goes home for the summer, he's not going to assume his friends will be hanging out with drug dealers and put him in that situation. I blame his friends more than I blame him. Obviously, Michael Jordan ain't going to play with no cocaine dealer. But if I go to Leeds during the summer, I don't expect my friends to have a drug dealer as one of the guys in our foursome.

PLAYBOY: Portland's Clyde Drexler once said, "Whatever Charles wants, Charles gets." Is it too easy for you now?

BARKLEY: Nobody gives me anything. Everything I get I earn. I don't want that much from other people. There ain't nothing easy and there ain't nothing free. That's the only rule I know.

PLAYBOY: Is that a lesson for black kids?

BARKLEY: As a black person growing up in this country you have to realize that's a strike against you. So you're going to have to work a little harder. And if you want an excuse, you've got an excuse. The white man can't stop me from being successful if I want it bad enough. That's a phrase you hear tossed around by blacks sometimes.

PLAYBOY: That whites can stop you?

BARKLEY: Yeah. The white man won't let me be successful. I say that's bull. Nobody could stop me from being successful, and that's the way you have to approach life.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that your physical talent is a big part of your success? What if you had less talent?

BARKLEY: There are a lot of players who have talent who never make it.

PLAYBOY: But you feel that you could have made it, even without your athletic talent?

BARKLEY: I would have made it at something. I'm too determined. I made up my mind a long time ago I was going to be successful at something.

PLAYBOY: You were not a particularly

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good athlete growing up, even after you said you were going to be in the NBA. You didn't make the high school team the first time you tried out.

BARKLEY: I was just joking around then. I was using basketball to go to college for free. That's the only reason I started playing ball. I never expected to be where I am today. But there was no doubt in my mind I was going to be a success.

PLAYBOY: You said from an early age that you were going to do something special.

BARKLEY: I don't want to be like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Most people do.

BARKLEY: I know. I don't. Seriously. Nobody wants to shoot in the last two or three minutes of a game. I do. Somebody has to be the hero. It might as well be me.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that the two special gifts you were given were basketball and the ability to make people around you have a good time?

BARKLEY: Yeah, I believe that.

PLAYBOY: And that the second one sometimes gets misinterpreted and people think, Well, he's a show-off or he wants attention?

BARKLEY: Yeah. There's no doubt in my mind. Because I am Charles Barkley, I'm going to get the attention. I just want people around me to enjoy what I'm experiencing. I've lived a dream. I've done more in my life than people who will live to be a hundred are going to do. I'm thirty years old and I've been all over the world, played with Dr. J, played against Magic Johnson, Larry Bird, got to meet all kinds of people. I got a chance to give people money who didn't have money, to make them smile, to visit kids in the hospital. Hey, I've had an incredible life. If it ended tomorrow, I'd still be, like, wow.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever impressed with what you've accomplished?

BARKLEY: I think it's kind of amazing. My wife said to me the other day, "Are you ever in awe of yourself?" And that made me think. Life goes by so fast that you don't have time to be in awe of yourself. I know I can go out there and score a hundred points. But tomorrow night some guy could lock me up and kick my ass and it would be like I ain't done nothing. You're only remembered for your last game. That's the sad thing about it.

PLAYBOY: Ten years from now, will you miss all the action?

BARKLEY: No. I can accept getting old. There are people who say I'm not going to want to retire in three years. I don't believe that. You have to be a man about everything that happens in your life. When I make a mistake, I don't lie, bitch or complain. I take the heat and move on. You won't see me out there struggling to play. They won't have to tear my uniform off me. You won't see me going overseas to play. I think you just have to say, "Hey, I had a great career and I can't do it anymore."

PLAYBOY: Your threshold of pain is a legend. Is that willpower, or do you think you actually feel pain less?

BARKLEY: A combination of both. Athletes have to play in pain. If you sit out every time you're in pain, you can't play professional sports.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that your injuries will stick with you the rest of your life?

BARKLEY: I realize that when I'm in my late forties and fifties I won't be able to walk. But I won't have to work until I'm sixty-five, like most people do. To me it's worth it. I see my grandmother's new house or visit my mother in her new house and ride in her new Lexus. When I signed my first contract, I bought my mother an Oldsmobile. For Christmas three or four years later, I bought her a Mercedes. Every time I think about how bad some part of my body hurts, I think about that. You can't describe what that is like.

PLAYBOY: We'll have to come back in twenty years and ask you about the pain.

"Nobody wants to shoot in the last minutes of a game. Somebody has to be the hero. It might as well be me."

BARKLEY: You know what? There's no greater pain to me than being poor. I've been poor and now I have money. That's pain: being poor and struggling all the time to make ends meet. Seeing something that you want and can't have, to me that's serious pain.

PLAYBOY: When your basketball career is over, how do you think you will be remembered?

BARKLEY: People will say, "When I paid my fifty bucks to see Charles Barkley play, he played as hard as he could." That's the only thing I expect. When I lace up them Nikes, I play as hard as I can no matter what is happening around me. I don't dog it. I play.

Sir Charles telephones from Los Angeles, where two days before he has attended his first Super Bowl. He declares the spectacle "awesome" and the game itself "awful." He skipped all the fancy parties—like Magic's bash at the Palace. Barkley says, "I just came for the game. Sat with Jeffrey Osbourne. Had a ball."

PLAYBOY: When we first talked before the season, you said that the Suns were not the best team in the NBA, but you thought that you would have a fighting chance to beat anybody in the playoffs. It's past midseason and the Suns have the best record in the league. What do you think about your chances now?

BARKLEY: Things have worked out better than anybody could have imagined. It's been incredible how well we've come along. I thought our lack of height and defense would hurt us. But we've played taller and bigger than I thought we would, and we've played great defense when it has really mattered. We're a finesse team. But so far, the punchers haven't been able to catch up with the boxers.

PLAYBOY: Have your new teammates surprised you?

BARKLEY: Before I got here, everybody told me this team was soft. Not true. I knew that Danny Ainge, Dan Majerle and Kevin Johnson were outstanding players, but I didn't know just how good they really were. Majerle is just as tough as I am. There are not many players in the league that tough. But he is. Ainge wants to win just as bad as I do. Same goes for KJ. When he doesn't play well or somebody else doesn't play well, Kevin gets really ticked off. He gets on himself. He gets on them. I like that. Tom Chambers has been an inspiration to me the way he's handled a tough situation. Here's a guy who has scored more points in the NBA than I have and he's accepted playing less minutes for the good of the team. I really respect him. He's made me think that, when the time comes for me, maybe I could handle it, too.

PLAYBOY: What about Richard Dumas? He's the talk of the league this season—a rookie coming off a drug problem who's the second-highest scorer on the winningest team.

BARKLEY: He's a nice, quiet kid. He reminds me of a small-town guy. I don't think he understands the magnitude of his ability. He has spectacular talent, and right now he's playing on talent. He can get by with that. But once he learns the fine points of the game, he'll get to the next level.

PLAYBOY: What's the general attitude on the Suns, compared to your last couple years in Philadelphia?

BARKLEY: We're a veteran team. We know what it takes to win. And we really want it. It's been a long time since I could go to a game and not have to worry about being spectacular every night. In Philadelphia people expected me to play defense. They expected me to score every basket. They expected me to get every rebound. That's impossible. Here it's so nice. Everybody on this team scratches everybody else's back. Like they say, life is good.

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If the worldwide trends continue, the real status symbol of the nineties will be a job

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AS EACH NEW business statistic gives us hope that the long recession is over, one anxious question keeps intruding: When will the job market come to life? The flat answer is, it won't.

The notion that better sales and profits will naturally lead to ample employment is outdated. Nor can public-works projects make enough difference. In today's world, a number of conditions combine to prevent that from happening. There may be months ahead when the U.S. employment numbers appear to edge upward—usually as the result of statistical quirks. But those will be erratic detours along the downward slide.

The recession merely focused a spotlight on a calamity that waited 20 years in the wings before coming onstage. This show is going to have a long run. Not even the Depression quite compares with what we face. A new name will have to be invented for the global evaporation of full-time jobs that has gathered force since 1973, when a decline in worldwide industrial employment foretold the future. The ominous shadow of that 1973 figure has lengthened steadily. Now the combination of forces has brought it into full view.

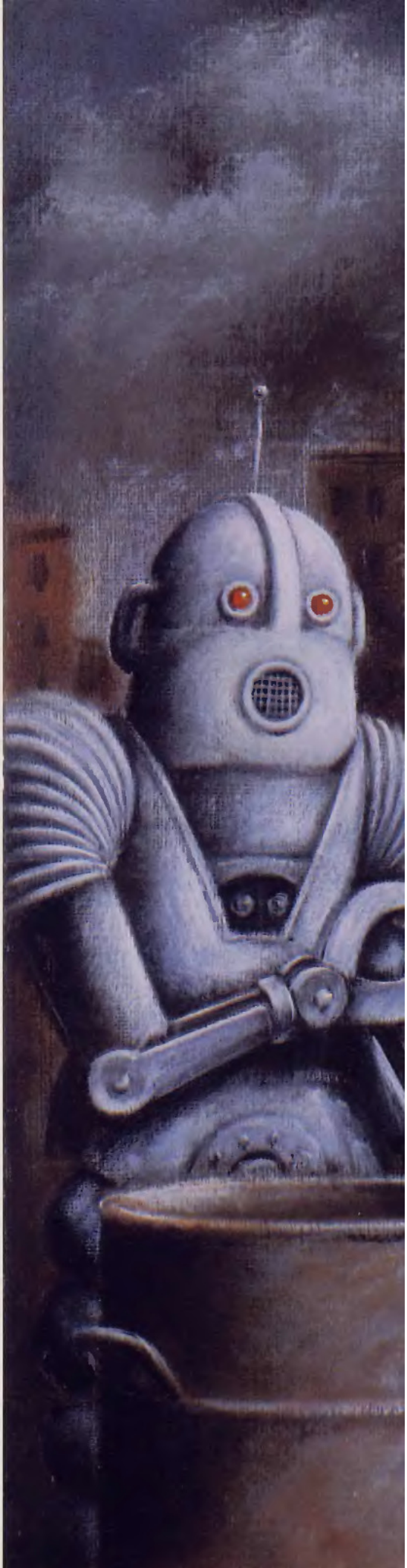
One day unemployment figures will trigger a realization that the industrialized world has for two decades been putting itself out of business. An ancient fear has come true: People are being replaced by machines. They're being replaced at the worst possible time, when other trends are already pushing upper- and middle-incomers down a slope.

For years, as workers grew more expensive and civil rights actions made them harder to get rid of, they became less desirable to employers. Machines seemed like better buys in the blue-collar job market. By now, the custom of laying off workers has spread even to highly compensated white-collar jobs. Companies look for every possible reduction of their work forces.

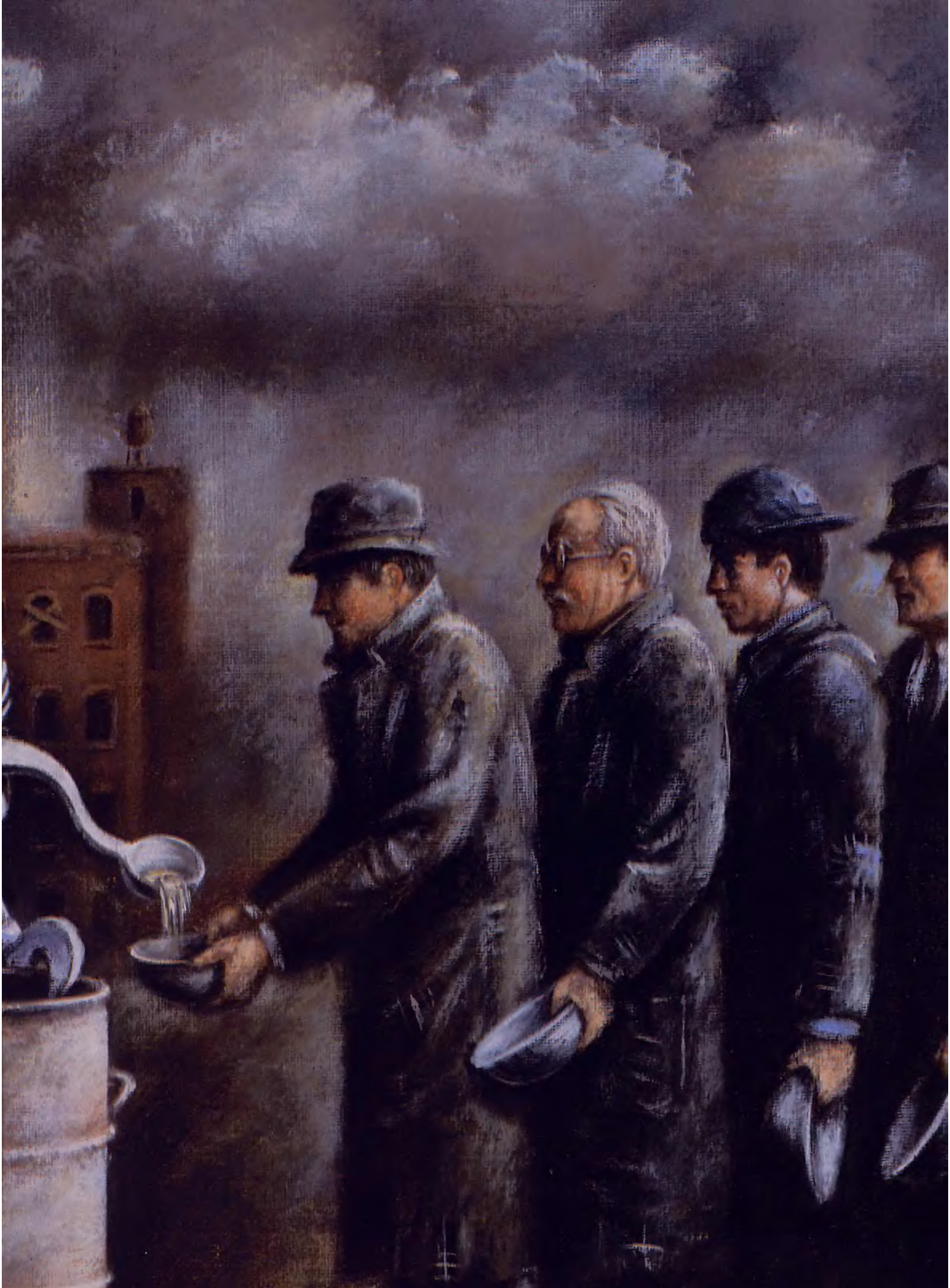
The fear of losing one's job has become a dominant emotion not just for blue-collar workers but also for affluent employees who never imagined themselves remotely vulnerable. Upward mobility has already yielded to downward mobility.

One common nightmare is of a long layoff followed by a return to work at a job that pays less.

Why did the candidates who squared off this past November talk of budgets, schools, aid programs, taxes, health care, AIDS and the environment, with only a parenthetic mention of jobs? Rearrange the familiar numbers game, the candidates seemed to say, and our job market will automatically



PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI



rebound. Play with the taxes, adjust the spending and we'll be back on the growth track.

Not so. Such airy optimism assumes a nation of earners, taxpayers and buyers. Instead, we are making ourselves into an economy of nonworkers who are soon to be nonconsumers. Most Americans are still employed at this moment, but job security is a dying ember as employers rush to dispose of people. Companies yearn to become lean and mean. A century ago, labor leader Samuel Gompers said that the greatest sin against labor is a company that fails to make a profit. But isn't it equally true today that the greatest sin against business is a company that fails to create more jobs? How else can business find customers? Why else should it deserve them?

Who says this? Have the leaders and the journalists not heard it? And why have the people not been told?

The signs have been obvious for at least eight years. The threat was recognizable long before that. But leaders and journalists hear so many conflicting statistics from the economists that their vision becomes blurred. Besides, what political candidate would consider it a judicious message to tell the voters: "Every major trend of our time will destroy jobs"? With growing populations everywhere, the world needs hundreds of millions more jobs. With far more women in the labor force, the number of people looking for work has increased. And with countries trading much more actively, the scourge of unemployment is rarely contained by borders. There is nowhere to run. Although the problem is global, it is more menacing in the U.S. than in countries of Europe that have stronger unemployment benefits and health care, says Wouter van Ginneken, the chief editor of the United Nation's *World Labor Report*. The U.S. jobless are caught off guard.

Meanwhile, instead of adding jobs, companies are striving to cut the numbers. First automation and now corporate restructuring are eliminating full-time work. Commercial success and national success have depended on industrial modernization—too often a euphemism for firing people and substituting machines. The trend accelerated when U.S. labor costs rose too high. The rationale was that we might not create jobs for people, but we would create work for the machines that make our products. Somehow, that will, as it has in the past, lead to more employment.

Economist Wassily Leontief, who won a Nobel Prize in 1973, created a model that suggested our era may not be like those of the past, that modern machines may be so overproductive as to displace humans. Everyone congratulated him and then did nothing about his findings. Trouble is, the machines won't buy our goods. Without purchasing power, people can't buy the machine-made goods. And so the system is grinding down.

I remember a conversation eight years ago at the Geneva headquarters of the International Labor Organization. An agency of the United Nations, the ILO has 162 member countries and is the world center of information on employment practices and prospects. Because I was heading a study of the world economic outlook funded by several U.S. government departments, Francis Blanchard, then the ILO's director general, asked me to meet with six of his principal deputies. As I explained my reasons for having written a *New York Times* series called "Tinderbox for Trade: The Looming Worldwide Job Shortage," one of the deputies told me:

"All of us are deeply concerned, of course. Not everyone in this organization is as pessimistic as you are about the future of employment. Some think the future will be much worse than anything yet imagined. Others believe that technology will somehow create great masses of jobs and put us into a favorable position by the mid-Nineties. And then there are the neutralists—probably the majority—who simply say we'll just have to wait and see."

What happens, I asked on that day eight years ago, if we find out that the pessimists were right? Even the great countries that would normally lead the way would be too weak to mount a meaningful program. Nor would there be time to head off a political and social catastrophe.

It now seems that the pessimists were right. The great countries are, indeed, seriously weakened. Many former lenders to the world have become heavy borrowers. And the sources of funds are drying up.

Today, under its new director general, Michel Hansenne, the ILO reports a particularly ominous fact:

> One of the most disturbing aspects of employment in the industrialized countries is that unemployment has been persistently high even during periods of sustained economic growth. This is a serious reversal. In the era after World War Two, western European governments felt threatened if unemployment rose above two percent. Nowadays it seems impossible for many countries to bring unemployment below six percent.

What really happened during all the years of sustained economic growth? What was growing? Automation. The ILO and other employment analysts estimate that more than 40 million new jobs per year must be created worldwide to avoid what is seen as unemployment's inevitable companion—social chaos. But the world is going the other way, failing to hold the line in total permanent jobs.

Here again, it is not the figure of the moment that counts most. It is the likelihood that the next major move will be in the wrong direction. For even the slightly brighter spots are doomed to darken. Enthusiasm over Russian and eastern European moves toward capitalism will fade as the economies turn their sluggish state-owned businesses into private ones. Armenia, once a prosperous member of the Soviet Union, now suffers 70 percent unemployment. Asian economies have had more job growth than the rest of the world in recent years. But their prosperity was enhanced by export sales. Where will they sell their products in coming years as their customers consume less? And here at home, the specter that should have been heeded in the Eighties is now growing. As our sales to the rest of the world languish, unemployment will go even higher. We never pay enough attention to the fact that higher unemployment figures abroad represent lost customers. If their jobs are inadequate, how will they pay for our products?

Even before the recession of the past two years, unemployment and poverty were galloping worldwide. As noted in the *The Wall Street Journal*, "about 30 percent of the world's work force is jobless or underemployed, an International Labor Organization report shows. Some 100 million people are unemployed." Some 700 million others earn no more than $2.50 a day. This applies not only to traditional problem economies, such as those in Africa or Latin America, but also to leading industrial powers. The nations of the elite 24-member Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development have 30 million unemployed persons and harbor a scary trend toward more precarious employment. In the UK, for example, more than 30 percent of jobs do not involve full-time employment (and the figure is rapidly approaching 40 percent). Half or more of all new employment in France, Germany, the Netherlands, Luxembourg and Spain is based on temporary contracts.

In the United States, laying off workers has become almost a knee-jerk reaction of management. First the business pages and now the front pages

(continued on page 90)

"God, a spring day like this and phone sex, too."

SUPER PLAYMATE

susie owens, miss march 1988, takes flight as flaxen

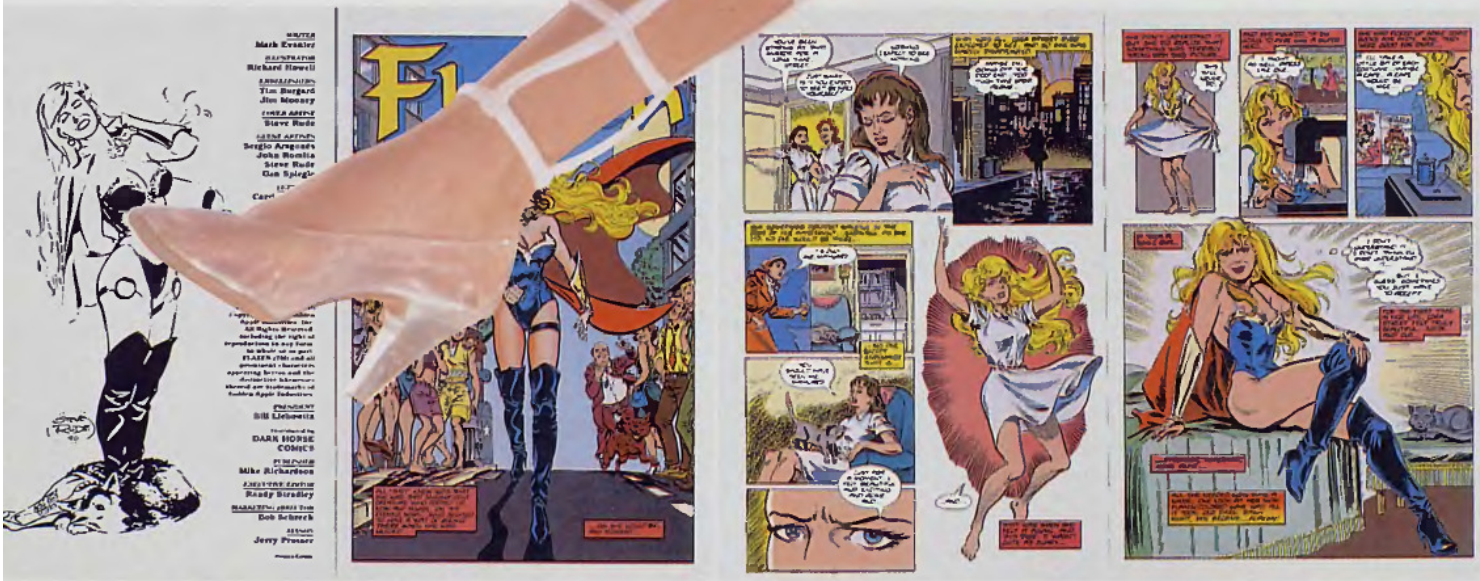
text by CHUCK DEAN

Soon after Susie Owens' March 1988 PLAYBOY appearance, she found herself with a fan club, a line of perfume (called Child) that she concocts herself and a comic book, *Flaxen*, based on her life and her straw-colored mane. "I love my hair," says Susie. "It's long, beautiful and it's all mine."

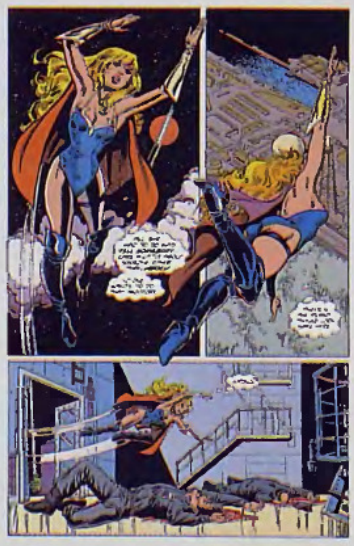
WONDER WOMAN was the Amazon princess who left her cozy Paradise Island digs for America so that she could battle anyone and anything remotely wicked. We'd like to introduce the newest superhero on the block: Flaxen, the comic-book brainchild of PLAYBOY veteran Susie Owens and Golden Apple comic guru Bill Liebowitz. Unlike Wonder Woman, Flaxen is humble, accessible, of this world (Dallas, specifically)—a user-friendly wonder gal for the Nineties. Curled up on her funky Melrose Avenue–import sofa as Leno yaks in the background, Susie explains: "There was no one in comics who was real, who had a story that was real." And she should know: Flaxen's life on the page mirrors Susie's life odyssey. In this comic book, a homely nurse named Cora is clumsy, fat and mistreated by her coworkers. When fate and nature do a little tango, Cora is zapped by voltage that magically yields Flaxen, a yellow-haired babe with justice on her agenda and not an ounce of fat under her belt. In the flesh, Susie is like two people as well. There's the I'm-beautiful-and-you-can't-touch-me side, attributable to her gorgeous looks. Then there's her accommodating side. This is a woman who would take me, a visiting

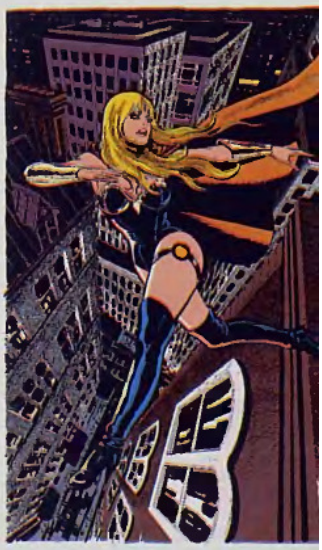
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

In the premiere issue of *Flaxen* (below), nurse Cora Street is transformed into the well-muscled superhero who fights evil forces and, of course, saves the world from destruction.



Susie on life experience: "I've been araund the block. What was I supposed to do, sit back ond woit to be rescued? No, I went out and got knowledge."





stranger, out for dinner in her jet-black Bronco, then insist that I stay at her place. (Be real, we slept in separate rooms.) And yet the duality remains. Maybe that's because Susie used to be Cora, a registered nurse who tipped the scales at 150 pounds before she went through a Flaxen-like transformation, albeit using less supernatural means. With a determined attitude and some dietary guidance, Susie adopted a vigorous training program and even took up the game of squash. She continued to work on her appearance, reshaped her hair and redesigned her makeup. "I read *Muscle & Fitness* to learn how to develop abdominal definition, I read *Vogue* to learn about hair and makeup. And then there was PLAYBOY." What's it like to have lived on both sides of the before-and-after photo? "My personality is exactly the same," Susie says in a Southern twang. "I'm simply a woman who tapped into a feminine part of herself and ran with it." Susie's also running with Flaxen, bent on making her a formidable opponent of the evils that taint our world. Take that, Wonder Woman.

Susie has some advice: "I have a well-balanced life, but I'm not saying that women should go off and do what I did. If they hear a voice that triggers something, they may want to listen to it. That's the trick."

MANLY PURSUITS

macho posturing by DENIS BOYLES and MATTHEW CHILDS

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

HOW TO IMPRESS WOMEN AND OUT-STUD YOUR BUDDIES WITHOUT RISKING YOUR PRECIOUS HIDE

FOR THE PAST two decades, most men have been hacking and slashing through the corporate rain forest on their way to financial success, rather than plunging through dense jungle on the way to perfect fly-fishing in Costa Rica. But now, out of the blue, scouting is hot. The New Man is a goner. The Man Jack is back. Books and magazines everywhere extol traditional masculine skills: hunting, fishing, rock-climbing and caving. When it comes to talking man stuff, you want to be a man among men—and, more important, a man among women. But one false step conversationally and you are up a creek without a kayak. Here's a guide to talking the big outdoors without risking injury or death.

MOUNTAIN-BIKE TALK

You say: Last month I was up on Poison Spider riding this totally tuned Specialized S-Works Ultimate. That single track's the tightest—there's a drop-off the size of a touchdown, and it took a pretty sharp stutter pedal not to crater.

You mean: You look death in the face and hock big green lungies. Poison Spider Mesa, near Moab, Utah, is one of the country's premiere technical trails for mountain biking. That's where you took your $6000 carbon fiber and titanium bicycle (the Specialized S-Works Ultimate, one of only 200 made each year) when you went up a tiny trail only six inches wide (single track) in some places. On one side, the vertical rock climbed to the sun, and on the other, the planet dropped away 300 feet (a touchdown, or length of a football field) straight down. To admire the scenery, you used a technique of gingerly moving the pedals forward and backward (stutter pedal), which allows the bike to stand still, in a wobbly fashion, on the skinny ledge. You crash (crater) if you and the bike free-fall the 300 feet.

Credibility insurance: Don't mention anything about the bike's basket or its cute little bell.

TREK TALK

You say: Really, my most memorable trek was six weeks in the Dolpo. I spent most of my time in the Mustang at the Shey. I thought their thankas rivaled those in the Potola, but they still can't compare to those of the monasteries in Bhutan.

You mean: You're an off-the-beaten-path kind of questing guy. The Dolpo is a region of the Mustang district of Nepal that was only recently opened to foreigners. The Shey monastery, one of the three great centers of Tibetan Buddhism, has walls that are covered with extraordinary religious paintings (thankas). Dropping the names of such obscure, remote places as Potola, Bhutan and the Dolpo shows that you go where Federal Express doesn't.

Credibility insurance: Don't try this while you're knocking back a brewski and puffing on a Camel.

BIRDING TALK

You say: I was beating cover in an old apple stand with Granddad's Parker 12 side-by, thinking woodies, and—damn!—if I didn't beat a grouse. Dog died.

You mean: You think pheasants are for peasants. Your idea of shooting wildfowl is to tramp (beating cover) through an abandoned orchard (apple stand), hoping against hope to do the nearly impossible—namely, shoot a grouse, the most elusive of all game birds. Your assumption was you'd end up taking potshots at woodcocks (woodies), the bird of choice for desperate amateurs, with your expensive Parker 12-gauge side-by-side double-barreled shotgun, the atom bomb of the tweedy hunter set. When you accidentally flushed (beat) a grouse, you blindly fired a lucky shot. Your trusty hound was so astonished he refused to retrieve.

Credibility insurance: Cornish game hens aren't game at all, and the only place they are in season is at the supermarket.

WINDSURFING TALK

You say: Yeah, a month ago I was down in the DR and smashed a logo-high ramp fully powered on my Angulo asymmetrical. Then I pulled off a full loop and sailed away.

You mean: You can take a licking and keep on kicking. You were on vacation in the Dominican Republic when you sailed (smashed) at great speed into a wave (ramp) the height of the logo on a sail (logo-high) on a specially designed sailboard (the Angulo asymmetrical), which you then flipped end over end in mid-air (pulled off a full loop) and landed sailing before heading back to your office in Dayton.

Credibility insurance: Ho'okipa is a boardsailing mecca on Maui, not drug paraphernalia.

SALMON-FISHING TALK

You say: Went to Reck with my Fisher slat pack, a CFO and an old Hardy, tied on a few Crosses and went to the top.

You mean: When you feel passionate, you know no limits. For example, to catch dinner, you *(concluded on page 166)*

NO HELP WANTED *(continued from page 80)*

"Accurate unemployment figures could be 50 percent to 300 percent higher than reported."

feature daily stories on what firings are planned by major employers.

By the end of January, IBM, Boeing and Sears had announced the layoff of 100,000 workers. In Washington, D.C. a new postmaster general took office and immediately announced a 40 percent reduction in the district's labor force. The Deutsche Bundespost, Germany's post office, plans to shed 34,000 jobs by the end of the decade. Automatic sorting machines will take over most of the work.

Plans such as these are often made to sound as if they were evidence of managerial skill: "United Technologies Corporation revealed a restructuring plan leading to a $1.1 billion cost reduction by 1994," reads one report. "The company expects to eliminate 13,900 jobs, or seven percent of the worldwide work force, including a 12 percent reduction in executive jobs." Apart from its decline in orders, UTC has simply decided that its bottom line could be improved by streamlining operations. It will have no reason to bring many of these people back. And that's 13,900 human beings, many of whom won't be good customers to anybody in the next few years.

The future impact of a case such as UTC is invariably ignored by analysts because the statistics will not show up until the layoffs occur. In 1991 General Motors announced plans to trim 74,000 people from its work force over several years. But the majority of those displaced people have yet to show up in government numbers.

Perhaps the most dismaying truth is that unemployment is much greater than statistics show. Official figures omit discouraged former workers no longer recorded as part of the labor force, part-time workers who would like to work full time, those for whom unemployment insurance has run out, domestic or transient workers, school dropouts, persons in training programs because they can't find jobs and persons pressured into early retirement. Accurate unemployment figures could be 50 percent to 300 percent higher than reported.

But will this streamlining of work forces and improving of bottom lines bring stronger companies and stronger economies? Initially, perhaps. But will that last when employed consumers are being turned into welfare recipients? Even welfare is running out.

It's been argued that firings do not necessarily lessen the total amount of buying power in the world. Companies spend money, too, it is contended. What is not paid out in salaries is paid in dividends and in investment in more machinery. However, with a shrinking consumer base, there will be less need for new machines resulting in fewer total sales and smaller dividends. John Bregger, the Bureau of Labor Statistics' key man on current employment analysis, cites Okun's Law (named for economist and presidential advisor Arthur Okun), which states that even a constant number of jobs creates more unemployment, since the population keeps growing. The gross domestic product has to increase two and a half percent a year to keep unemployment from worsening.

A stagnant or shrinking economy means more firings. More people will have less buying power. If we stood consumers against a wall and machine-gunned them, we could not more surely kill off the true source of new jobs.

Who is responsible for permitting the simple arithmetic of labor costs to become an epidemic? There is more than enough blame to go around. If today we can criticize business management for its firing frenzy, we can blame organized labor for the years it passed up the chance to make itself a partner in a reasonable balance. That spurred the determined search for automation.

Liberal politicians, too, joined with labor in pressing for a higher minimum wage. As they succeeded in winning these concessions for employees, they laid the groundwork for some of the workers' worst future woes. The minimum wage climbed to where few companies wanted to employ a completely unskilled teenager. The all-important chance to get practical experience and to build a career was denied to many future workers. In 1989 black youths in New York City had unemployment rates of up to 45.6 percent.

As terrible inflation swept most major economies, labor again shot itself in the foot by being more aggressive about wage increases. The increasing cost of labor accelerated a search for ways to produce without people. Labor's greatest competition—automated machinery—had seemed too costly up to that time. In the face of fat raises and fringe benefits, the previously prohibitive investment requirements did not seem so daunting and automation suddenly became competitive with the workers.

The pattern was set wherein most of the responses to our economic problems are irrational or undesirable:

- The number of unskilled jobs in which youths are apt to find first employment is declining. A big part of the adult generation in coming decades will have little chance to learn work discipline. Even the communist economies in eastern Europe—economies that claimed to have full employment—were forced to admit that they were encountering similar problems in putting young workers into jobs. Those countries have been left with a lot of youths whose work attitudes seem deplorable to their supervisors. The problem, in short, goes beyond borders and is not curable by ideologies.
- Women workers are more likely to be unemployed than men. This shows up wherever unemployment is highest. It seems to indicate how far the balance will tilt as joblessness worsens.
- In new high-technology companies that are outperforming the rest of our economy, the top jobs and salaries overwhelmingly go to male workers.
- Big multinational companies, long regarded as a great force for the creation of jobs, turn out not to be. This should be no surprise. Such companies tend to concentrate on ways to use a lot of machinery and relatively few workers.

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Hopeless? Of course not. But how soon a solution begins to form depends on when governments and the special interests behind them put aside their short-term agendas and act as if we all needed to reach a common good. When survival is at stake, the impossible becomes the imperative. Nations are accustomed to adopting that kind of attitude in wartime.

There should be a labor–management pact, whether overt or tacit, to declare that there can be no winners or losers in this crisis. Only partners.

Companies will need to demonstrate their leadership by recognizing that creating jobs is one of their major roles. New strategies for upgrading efficiency by blending automation with human labor should be part of management's duty. Such efficiency should be defined as making finer goods, not just more of them. The ability to attract, train and hold productive people with reasonable compensation is a more responsible skill than quick-fix job cuts

(continued on page 162)

"If there is reincarnation, I'd like to come back as a Thigh Master."

TOP HAT

a lid to flip over

fashion
BY HOLLIS WAYNE

HATS ARE great accessories: They add polish to an outfit, shield you from the sun and, in Woody Allen's case, provide refuge from a critical world. This summer's soft-edged, drapable suits and sports jackets call for something light and spiffy—a Panama fedora, for example, that's often handwoven in Ecuador from the straw of the jipijapa plant. But just as the wrong pair of shoes can create a bad first impression, so can a goofy hat. Since your face is the focal point of conversation, your hat shouldn't speak louder than your words. Another tip to the wise: Always store a hat upside down so that the weight falls on the crown, not the brim. The idea is to look like Harrison Ford, not Gomer Pyle.

This Panama fedora with a 2¾" brim and grosgrain silk band is woven underwater to retain pliability and can be rolled for travel, by Worth & Worth, $395.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

when you have deadly secrets, a trip to the shrink can be risky business

FICTION BY

LAWRENCE BLOCK

KELLER'S THERAPY

"I HAD THIS DREAM," Keller said. "Matter of fact, I wrote it down, as you suggested."

"Good."

Before getting on the couch, Keller had removed his jacket and hung it on the back of a chair. He moved from the couch to retrieve his notebook from the jacket's inside breast pocket, then sat on the couch and found the page with the dream on it. He read through his notes rapidly, closed the book and sat there, uncertain of how to proceed.

"As you prefer," said Breen. "Sitting up or lying down, whichever is more comfortable."

"It doesn't matter?"

"Not to me."

And which was more comfortable? A seated posture seemed natural for conversation, while lying down on the couch had the weight of tradition on its side. Keller, who felt driven to give this his best shot, decided to go with tradition. He stretched out, put his feet up.

He said, "I'm living in a house, except it's almost like a castle. Endless passageways and dozens of rooms."

"Is it your house?"

"No, I just live here. In fact, I'm a kind of servant for the family that owns the house. They're almost like royalty."

"And you are a servant."

"Except I have very little to do and I'm treated like an equal. I play tennis with members of the family. There's this tennis court in the back."

"And this is your job? To play tennis?"

"No, that's an example of how they treat me as an equal. I eat at the same table with them, instead of with the servants. My job is the mice."

"The mice?"

"The house is infested with mice. I'm having dinner with the family, I've got a plate piled high with good food, and a waiter in black tie comes in and presents a covered dish. I lift the cover and there's a note on it, and it says, 'Mice.'"

"Just the single word?"

"That's all. I get up from the table and follow the waiter down a long hallway, and I wind up in an unfinished room in the attic. There are tiny mice all over the room—there must be twenty or

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS

thirty of them—and I have to kill them."

"How?"

"By crushing them underfoot. That's the quickest and most humane way, but it bothers me and I don't want to do it. But the sooner I finish, the sooner I can get back to my dinner, and I'm hungry."

"So you kill the mice?"

"Yes," Keller said. "One almost gets away, but I stomp on it just as it's running out the door. And then I'm back at the dinner table and everybody's eating and drinking and laughing, and my plate's been cleared away. Then there's a big fuss, and finally they bring back my plate from the kitchen, but it's not the same food as before. It's——"

"Yes?"

"Mice," Keller said. "They're skinned and cooked, but it's a plateful of mice."

"And you eat them?"

"That's when I woke up," Keller said. "And not a moment too soon, I'd say."

"Ah," Breen said. He was a tall man, long-limbed and gawky, wearing chinos, a dark-green shirt and a brown corduroy jacket. He looked to Keller like someone who had been a nerd in high school and who now managed to look distinguished in an eccentric sort of way. He said "Ah" again, folded his hands and asked Keller what he thought the dream meant.

"You're the doctor," Keller said.

"You think it means I'm the doctor?"

"No, I think you're the one who can say what it means. Maybe it just means I shouldn't eat Rocky Road ice cream right before I go to bed."

"Tell me what you think the dream means."

"Maybe I see myself as a cat."

"Or as an exterminator?"

Keller didn't say anything.

"Let's work with this dream on a superficial level," Breen said. "You're employed as a corporate troubleshooter, except that you use another word for it."

"They tend to call us expediters," Keller said, "but troubleshooter is what it amounts to."

"Most of the time there is nothing for you to do. You have considerable opportunity for recreation, for living the good life. For tennis, as it were, and for nourishing yourself at the table of the rich and powerful. Then mice are discovered, and it is at once clear that you are a servant with a job to do."

"I get it," Keller said.

"Go on, then. Explain it to me."

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it? There's a problem and I'm called in and I have to drop what I'm doing and go and deal with it. I have to take abrupt, arbitrary action, and that can involve firing people and closing out entire departments. I have to do it, but it's like stepping on mice. And when I'm back at the table and I want my food—I suppose that's my salary?"

"Your compensation, yes."

"And I get a plate of mice." Keller made a face. "In other words, what? My compensation comes from the destruction of the people I have to cut adrift. My sustenance comes at their expense. So it's a guilt dream?"

"What do you think?"

"I think it's guilt. My profit derives from the misfortunes of others, from the grief I bring to others. That's it, isn't it?"

"On the surface, yes. When we go deeper, perhaps we will begin to discover other connections. With your having chosen this job in the first place, perhaps, and with some aspects of your childhood." He interlaced his fingers and sat back in his chair. "Everything is of a piece, you know. Nothing exists alone and nothing is accidental. Not even your name."

"My name?"

"Peter Stone. Think about it, why don't you, between now and our next session."

"Think about my name?"

"About your name and how it suits you. And"—a reflexive glance at his wristwatch—"I'm afraid that our hour is up."

•

Jerrold Breen's office was on Central Park West at 94th Street. Keller walked to Columbus Avenue, rode a bus five blocks, crossed the street and hailed a taxi. He had the driver go through Central Park, and by the time he got out of the cab at 50th Street, he was reasonably certain he hadn't been followed. He bought coffee in a deli and stood on the sidewalk, keeping an eye open while he drank it. Then he walked to the building where he lived, on First Avenue between 48th and 49th. It was a prewar high rise with an art deco lobby and an attended elevator. "Ah, Mr. Keller," the attendant said. "A beautiful day, yes?"

"Beautiful," Keller agreed.

Keller had a one-bedroom apartment on the 19th floor. He could look out his window and see the UN building, the East River, the borough of Queens. On the first Sunday in November he could watch the runners streaming across the Queensboro Bridge, just a couple of miles past the midpoint of the New York Marathon.

It was a spectacle Keller tried not to miss. He would sit at his window for hours while thousands of them passed through his field of vision, first the world-class runners, then the middle-of-the-pack plodders and finally the slowest of the slow, some walking, some hobbling. They started in Staten Island and finished in Central Park, and all he saw was a few hundred yards of their ordeal as they made their way over the bridge and into Manhattan. The sight always moved him to tears, though he could not have said why.

Maybe it was something to talk about with Breen.

It was a woman who had led him to the therapist's couch, an aerobics instructor named Donna. Keller had met her at the gym. They'd had a couple of dates and had been to bed a couple of times, enough to establish their sexual incompatibility. Keller still went to the same gym two or three times a week to raise and lower heavy metal objects, and when he ran into her, they were friendly.

One time, just back from a trip somewhere, he must have rattled on about what a nice town it was. "Keller," she said, "if there was ever a born New Yorker, you're it. You know that, don't you?"

"I suppose so."

"But you always have this fantasy of living the good life in Elephant, Montana. Every place you go, you dream up a whole life to go with it."

"Is that bad?"

"Who's saying it's bad? But I bet you could have fun with it in therapy."

"You think I need to be in therapy?"

"I think you'd get a lot out of therapy," she said. "Look, you come here, right? You climb the stair monster, you use the Nautilus."

"Mostly free weights."

"Whatever. You don't do this because you're a physical wreck."

"I do it to stay in shape. So?"

"So I see you as closed in and trying to reach out," she said. "Going all over the country, getting real estate agents to show you houses that you're not going to buy."

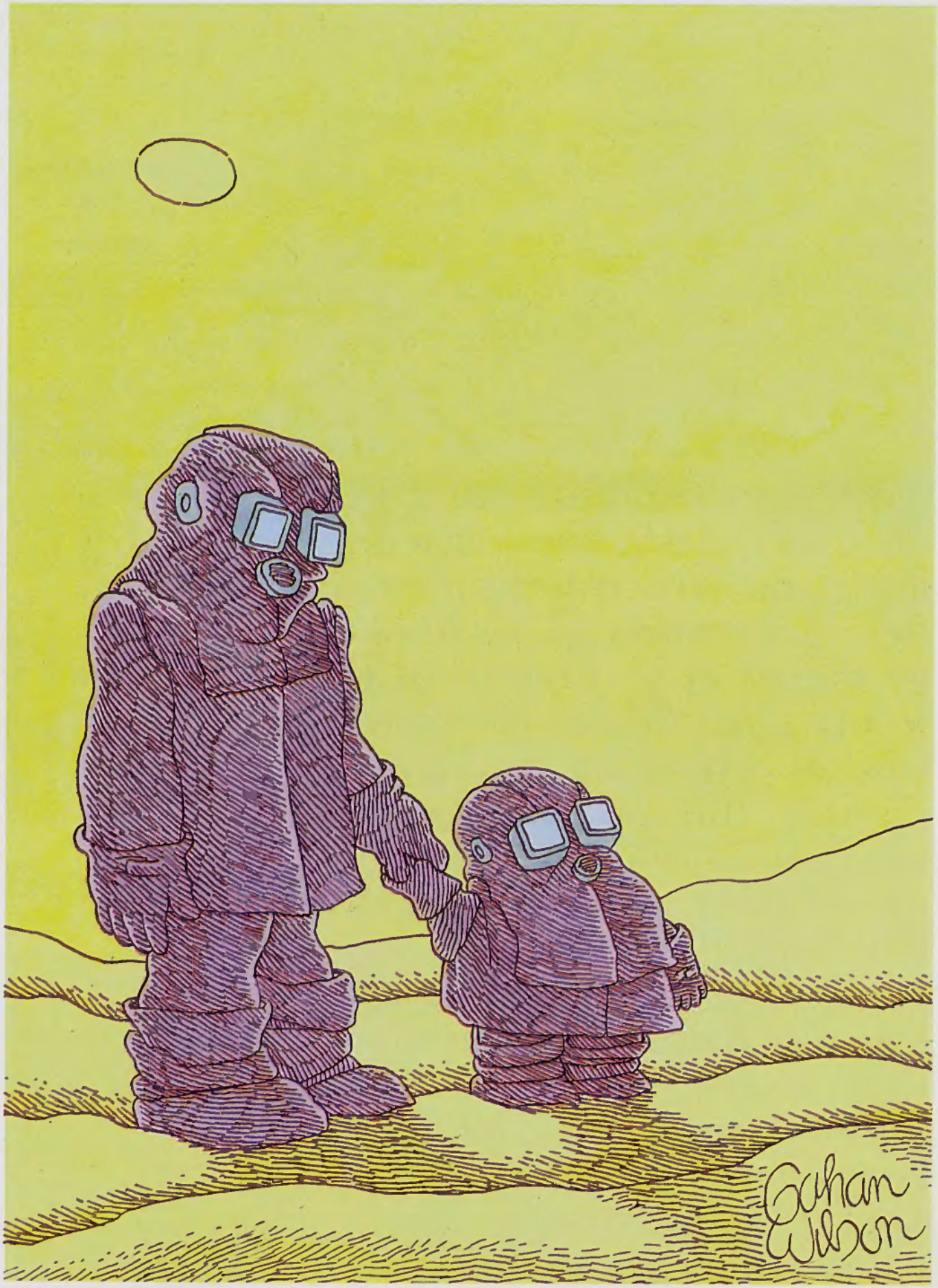
"That was only a couple of times. And what's so bad about it, anyway? It passes the time."

"You do these things and don't know why," she said. "You know what therapy is? It's an adventure, it's a voyage of discovery. And it's like going to the gym. Look, forget it. The whole thing's pointless unless you're interested."

"Maybe I'm interested," he said.

Donna, not surprisingly, was in therapy herself. But her therapist was a woman, and they agreed that he'd be more comfortable working with a man. Her ex-husband had been very fond of his therapist, a West Side psychologist named Breen. Donna had never met the man, and she wasn't on the best of

(continued on page 152)



"The sky looks blue because your protective lenses are tinted, dear."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

from the Apple Newton to the EO, pen-based computers are a stroke of genius

The Write Stuff

article

By DAVID ELRICH

No longer content with a PC on every desk, the electronics giants are ushering in a new generation of technology aimed at getting all of us to use computers—no matter who or where we are. Interestingly, the industry's secret weapon is older than medieval manuscripts or Egyptian scribbles: It is the pen. Instead of a keyboard, this breed of handheld computers uses a stylus (or pen) as an input device. Some of these computers serve as simple pocket appointment books, while others are sophisticated machines that will let you

(continued on page 164)

By cambining the power of a pen-based computer, a cellular phone, a fax machine and a madem, the handheld EO Persanal Communicator B80 allows you to keep in tauch with friends and colleagues—anytime, anywhere. The four-lb. device, which can translate handprinted words into type, is also capable of staring and sending messages in script—far truly personal communications—about $4000, including cellular phone.

Thinking
of you...
Call me!
Liz

more penetrating wisdom from

saturday night live's resident philosopher

Deeper Thoughts

By Jack Handey

Maybe in order to understand mankind we have to look at the word itself. Mankind. Basically, it's made up of two separate words—"mank" and "ind." What do these words mean? It's a mystery, and that's why so is mankind.

•

Children need encouragement. If a kid gets an answer right, tell him it was a lucky guess. That way, he develops a good, lucky feeling.

•

The crows seemed to be calling his name, thought Caw.

•

When you die, if you get a choice between going to regular heaven or pie heaven, choose pie heaven. It might be a trick, but if it's not, mmmm, boy.

•

Whether they ever find life there or not, I think Jupiter should be considered an enemy planet.

•

Probably the earliest flyswatters were nothing more than some sort of striking surface attached to the end of a long stick.

Instead of trying to build newer and bigger weapons of destruction, we should be thinking about getting more use out of the weapons we already have.

•

I think a good gift for the President would be a chocolate revolver. And since he's so busy, you'd probably have to run up to him real quick and hand it to him.

•

Dad thought laughter was the best medicine, which I guess was why several of us died of tuberculosis.

•

Just because swans mate for life, I don't think it's that big of a deal. First of all, if you're a swan, you're probably not going to find a swan that looks that much better than the one you've got, so why not mate for life?

•

If you're robbing a bank and your pants suddenly fall down, I think it's OK to laugh and to let the hostages laugh too, because, come on, life is funny.

If you ever catch on fire, try to avoid seeing yourself in a mirror, because I bet that's what really throws you into a panic.

•

Sometimes I think I'd be better off dead. No, wait. Not me, you.

•

I can't stand cheap people. It makes me real mad when someone says something like, "Hey, when are you going to pay me that hundred dollars you owe me?" or "Do you have that fifty dollars you borrowed?" Man, quit being so cheap!

•

I think the mistake a lot of us make is thinking the state-appointed psychiatrist is our friend.

•

Love is not something that you can put chains on and throw into a lake. That's called Houdini. Love is liking someone a lot.

•

I think one way police departments could make some money would be to hold a yard sale of murder weapons. Many people, for example, could probably use a cheap ice pick.

•

If you ever reach total enlightenment while drinking a beer, I bet it makes beer shoot out of your nose.

•

I believe in making the world safe for our children, but not for our children's children, because I don't think children should be having sex.

•

How come the dove gets to be the peace symbol? How about the pillow? It has more feathers than the dove, and it doesn't have that dangerous beak.

•

Even though I was their captive, the Indians allowed me quite a bit of freedom. I could walk about freely, make my own meals and even hurl large rocks at their heads. It was only later that I discovered they were not Indians at all but dirty-clothes hampers.

•

I wish outer-space guys would conquer Earth and make people their pets, because I'd like to have one of those little basket-beds with my name on it.

•

It's true that every time you hear a bell, an angel gets his wings. But what they don't tell you is that every time you hear a mousetrap snap, an angel gets set on fire.

•

If you're in a war, instead of throwing a hand grenade at some guys, throw one of those little baby-type pumpkins. Maybe it'll make everyone think of how crazy war is, and while they're thinking, you can throw a real grenade.

•

I hope life isn't a big joke, because I don't get it.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

miss may, elke jeinsen, is a real deutsch treat

ELKE, ELKE ÜBER ALLES

ELKE JEINSEN admits she is "a little bit famous" in Hanover, Germany. Which is like saying a BMW is fairly good on the autobahn. In both cases, of course, the secret is high performance. Through hard work and perseverance, Miss May translated her natural beauty into an international modeling career. Representing various German sportswear, swimwear and *Unterwear* companies, she has graced scenery from Mexico to the Maldives in the Indian Ocean, from Spain to Greece to Canada, where she worked in Calgary during the 1988 Olympics. Elke's first career move was a lark. When she was 15 years old, she entered a modeling contest sponsored by a German teen magazine. At the time, her main interests were horseback riding and boys. She thought she'd probably learn a profession one day, but she hadn't given it much thought. Then she won the contest. "They chose me out of five hundred girls for a photo shoot in Munich," she says. Two years later she landed a modeling job in New York. "That was the first time a photographer told me, 'Hey, you have talent.' So I thought, OK, I can do this." Tah-LENT, as Elke charmingly pronounces it, earned her the title of Miss Hanover in 1985. She was working as a secretary—the profession she had trained for after graduating from high school. She quit. Soon after, she appeared as a Playmate in *Playboy Germany*. "The local newspaper devoted an entire page to me. So in Hanover I'm a little bit famous, you know?" In the media blitz that followed, Bunny Elke, as the papers dubbed her, posed with local notables and caught the eye of *deutsch* admen. As a result, she worked as much as she wanted. She lived in Milan for a year while starring in a variety show on Italian TV. While there, she learned Italian. Last summer, Elke came to America to model German sportswear in the Grand Canyon and Las Vegas. When the job was done, she headed west. "I had five days free and I thought, Los Angeles is close to Las Vegas. Why not go and see?" Since then she has been back five times, spending most of the autumn and winter improving her English in the photo studios and nightclubs of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

L.A. "I learned formal English in school," she says. Elke hopes to pursue an acting career in a few years, after she perfects her English. "When I first came here, I didn't understand anything. Now I understand ninety percent. When I speak, maybe my grammar isn't correct, but everybody understands." The palmy West Coast welcomed Elke with an open checkbook. "I didn't know that Americans like European girls. That must be true because I get a lot of jobs here. Even though the money is better in Europe, I really enjoy working in the U.S. Everyone here is so friendly and free, and everything is so new. The only thing I don't like is that nightclubs close at two o'clock. In Spain they open at two A.M. and stay open until ten." Elke has kept a small apartment in Hanover, near the building where her parents, an auto mechanic and a secretary, live next door to her brother, who owns a tanning salon. When she's home, she likes to visit with her family and friends and to ride her two horses—she's been riding since she was 12—which she stables outside the city. Sound

Elke likes the nightlife. "But when I am in nightclubs here in the U.S., men walk up to me and ask, 'Where are you from? Are you from Europe?' I wonder how they know where I'm from. Do I look like I come from another planet?"

She may look like the pick of the West Coost crop—a blue-eyed blonde with sun-kissed skin—but Elke's tastes are refreshingly old-world. She likes chocolote for breokfost ("I eat it every morning") and beef fillets for dinner. And don't look for her swaddled in spondex at o trendy health club. When she's not on the road modeling, she bodybuilds. Grudgingly, though. "I don't like it. I'm lozy."

bucolic? Elke views her newly united homeland unsentimentally. "I miss my family and I miss my animals," she says, musically accenting ahn-ee-MAHLS. "That's it." In Germany she zips around in her BMW cabriolet, topping 200 kilometers per hour on the autobahn. That's about 125 mph, sports fans. "Here you can't even drive a hundred." She means kilometers—that's more than 60 mph. No, you can't. Tooling the Los Angeles freeways, the fair-haired Fräulein squirms in her seat. "I have the feeling I could walk faster."

—MARIAN BRUCE

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Ehe Jeinsen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Elke Jeinsen

BUST: 34B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 7-25-66 BIRTHPLACE: Hanover Germany

AMBITIONS: to move to L.A. and be a model here as I am in Europe. TV & movies? We'll see....

TURN-ONS: Fast cars, horseback riding, dancing in nightclubs, sleeping late in the morning.

TURN-OFFS: Getting up early, fighting, people who talk bad behind your back, people who flash their money and act like snobs, lying.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: I like America and Americans more than my own country. The only things I miss about Germany are my family, my animals (2 horses, 1 dog, 2 Angora cats), my car (BMW 325i convertible) and driving fast on the Autobahn. I'm staying here!

Shooting swimwear in Bahamas

enjoying the sun, 17 years old

me and my dog always together

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Doctor, you have to help me!" came the frantic phone call to the psychiatrist. "My husband thinks that he's in an opera. He sings night and day at the top of his lungs and he's driving me crazy!"

"Send him to me first thing in the morning," the shrink said.

A week later, the wife called again. "I don't know how you did it," she said gratefully, "but Charlie's barely singing anymore. Did you cure his delusion?"

"Not exactly," the psychiatrist replied. "I just gave him a much smaller part."

A New York City commuter got off at his subway stop and immediately caught sight of a homeless man with two upturned hats in front of him.

"What's with the two hats?" he asked.

"I wanted to try some venture capitalism," the down-and-out fellow replied, "so I opened a franchise."

While in bed with her lover, the woman suddenly heard her husband at the front door. "Quick," she whispered. "Sprinkle this flour over you and pretend that you're a statue."

"Hi, honey. What's this?" her husband asked as he entered the bedroom.

"It's our new statue," she explained. "The Smiths bought one last week and I thought it would be nice if we had one, too."

Late that night the husband got up, went to the kitchen, made a sandwich and poured a glass of milk. He walked up to the statue and said, "Here, eat something. I stood like an idiot for three days at the Smiths', and not a single son of a bitch offered me even a glass of water."

A half dozen interns followed the doctor during her hospital rounds. When she came to the radiology department, the doctor pointed to a particular X ray mounted on a light box. "As you can see," she said, "this patient limps because his left fibula and tibia are radically arched. Hayes, what would you do in a case like this?"

"Well," the student reasoned, "I suppose I'd limp, too."

A recent college graduate was applying for a job as a photojournalist at a local newspaper when he came upon this question on the application: "You have the choice of saving a drowning man or taking a Pulitzer Prize–winning photo. What type of film would you use?"

Old Luke lived so far out in the wilderness that he rarely saw another human. One day he spotted a rider approaching his cabin in a cloud of dust. "Howdy," the rider said as he came to a stop. "I'm Chester, your neighbor. I live about forty miles north. I'm wondering if you'd come to my party a week from now. There'll be some drinkin', some dancin', some singin', some fightin' and some fuckin'."

"Hell, man, sounds like my kind of party," Luke said. "What can I bring and how many's comin'?"

"Neighbor," Chester answered, "don't worry about nothin'. It's just gonna be you and me."

A Marine sergeant watched one particularly inept recruit go nearly scoreless on the firing range. "Patterson," he said, pulling the baby-faced private aside, "care for a little advice?"

"You bet I do, Sarge," the eager trainee replied.

"Keep your bayonet sharp."

The lone survivor of a plane crash in a remote jungle region stumbled around for hours looking for help. Suddenly, he was surrounded by hundreds of spear-wielding savages. Oh, God, I'm fucked, he thought.

"No, you're not fucked," a voice thundered from above.

"Who's that?" the man said, looking wildly about him.

"I am God," the voice replied. "Listen to Me carefully. Grab a weapon from the one who is next to you and run it through the heart of the chief."

The man did as he was told. The chief fell dead in a pool of blood. "And now what?" the man asked.

"*Now* you're fucked!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Oh, hell! My wife has hacked into my personal data file."

2 0 Q U E S T I O N S

GIORGIO ARMANI

Ferrari. Maserati. Lamborghini. Armani. The last marque debuted in 1975, when Milan fashion designer Giorgio Armani introduced a new kind of men's jacket. Its hallmarks were relaxed tailoring and soft fabrics. Armani's wrinkle was to eliminate the canvas lining of the suit jacket so that it would drape the body more comfortably. The new jacket was designed for what Armani termed "less formal times." The traditional men's uniform—the three-button Ivy League suit—faced real competition.

During the Eighties, Armani's designs took men's fashion by storm. Men discovered that his clothes were comfortable and that they gave them a feeling of self-assurance. They spoke of hanging an Armani in their closet in much the same way they talked about parking a BMW in their garage. The Armani look has become synonymous with contemporary clothing and the ascendancy of Italian fashion. His designs for both sexes are elegant but not flashy. When his subdued colors were once described as muddy, Armani took it as a compliment.

Armani did not learn to sew at his mother's knee. After trying med school and photography, he took a job as a department-store window dresser and worked his way up to menswear buyer. He struck out on his own as a designer. Legend has it that he and a partner launched the Armani label with capital raised from the sale of a Volkswagen. That investment netted a good return. Forbes *magazine notes that in 1990 consumers spent $1.6 billion on Armani merchandise. And he owns his company outright.*

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met the designer at his palazzo in Milan. One of Armani's assistants served as his interpreter. But, Kalbacker reports, "Armani's expressive face and hands, and his laughter, propel his opinions beyond any language barrier. And the espresso at Via Borgonuovo 21 is terrific."

1.

PLAYBOY: Did you invent the sports jacket or does it just seem that way?

ARMANI: The jacket is my signature, the first thing I wanted to do. I invented a type of sports jacket that's relaxed, informal, less stiff. The suits I designed for Richard Gere to wear in *American Gigolo* marked the beginning of a new way of dressing in America and Italy. The body moved easier in a suit made of soft fabrics.

2.

PLAYBOY: What was wrong with clothing before you came on the scene?

ARMANI: Sports jackets in the Fifties were square, boxy and rigid. It didn't look like there was a body underneath. And the sensuality of men in the Fifties and Sixties was precise. The Latin look was considered sexy: the open shirt, the hairy chest and the gold chain. Factories sprung up in Italy that could produce a technically perfect jacket. Constructed. Formal. Rigid. Shaped. Perfect seams. They turned out the jackets like cars—they all looked the same. My jackets were a reaction to these. I wanted to make suits look like they'd been done by a tailor. The intelligent man doesn't like to go out and buy himself new clothes.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're a fan of Cary Grant and Humphrey Bogart and you've even acknowledged the influence of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. What is it with Giorgio Armani and the movies?

ARMANI: My inspiration has come largely from American films of the Forties. These films came to Italy after the war, when I was young. People in these films had a special kind of elegance. They wore jackets that had obviously been made by hand and were imperfect in some way. The jackets did not look mass-produced. My costume designs for *The Untouchables* were an attempt to bring back this look.

4.

PLAYBOY: Italian design is renowned. Does every Italian grow up wanting to create cars or clothes?

ARMANI: I didn't want to go into fashion. But design is in our history, dating from the fantastic Italian artisans of the Renaissance. Their workmanship was so sophisticated and beautiful. You're born with it and it's something you grow up with. You see that beauty inside any building in any town in Italy. Fashion wasn't something I ever considered. But I had precise ideas of what I wanted to wear and I could never find them. Certain basic types of clothes existed in America after the war that didn't exist in Italy. And I wanted a black turtleneck and a red-and-white checked shirt.

5.

PLAYBOY: You spent two years in medical school. If you hadn't coveted the black turtleneck and checked shirt, would you be Giorgio Armani, M.D.?

ARMANI: In typical middle-class Italian families at that time, one son became a lawyer, another went into medicine. I was genuinely interested in medicine, so it wasn't something I was forced into. But I was nineteen or twenty, and it was not a time when I was thinking about what I was going to do in life. I used to do life drawings and take photos. I was interested in the form of the human body, whether it was something to cure or something to dress.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've claimed that the sight of Lauren Hutton, Julia Roberts and Michelle Pfeiffer inspires you to dress them. Is it our lack of sartorial imagination when that trio inspires a different reaction in us?

ARMANI: [*Laughs*] It's my job to dress people.

7.

PLAYBOY: Why are your women's clothes much more subdued in color and much less revealing than the couture offered by other designers?

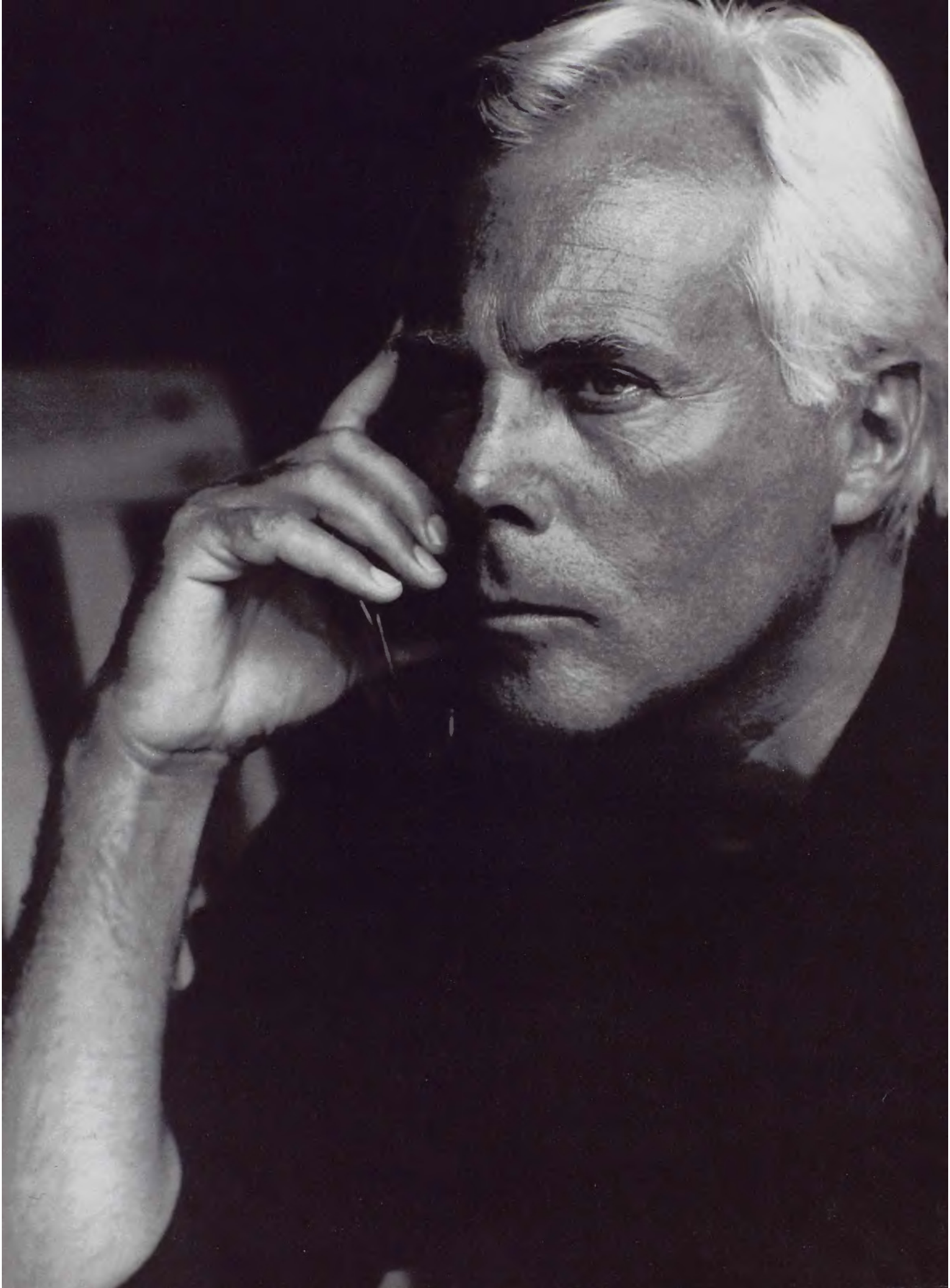
ARMANI: When I design, I'm trying to make a woman sexy. I see a woman as sexy when she's covered from head to toe. My contemporaries are designing clothes so that women parade around wearing nothing. I'd feel ridiculous doing that. A sensual woman is not a woman who is showing her breasts or her bottom. It's difficult for a woman with a big chest to be elegant. Sensuality in a woman is conveyed by the way that she looks at something, the way she looks at you, the way she moves her hand. A woman should make a man understand that what she wears is very much her own, not just something she's flung on. She has to be secure in what she wears.

the reigning doge of men's fashion explains why we shouldn't undress women with our eyes and asserts the tie is always optional

8.

PLAYBOY: Do men make a *(continued on page 167)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIAN BROAD



VINTAGE TIES

PEEKABOO ART THAT'S
WORTH A SECOND GLANCE

AMERICANS ARE a nostalgic lot. We build Fifties diners, restore classic cars and snap up vintage clothing. Just try to find one of these ties, for example. Designed in the Forties (above) and early Fifties (opposite page), they're called nudies and are among the hottest collectibles around. Tie procurer Ron Spark, who owns these and about 2000 other styles, co-wrote the book on the collectible-tie trend, *Fit to Be Tied* (Abbeville Press). "Ties are a way for men to express their state of mind," says Spark. "Optimism was in high gear when these models were designed and it is today, too." Beyond that, vintage neckties are fun—and often a profitable investment. A tie that cost $6 in 1940 sells for about $60 now, and rarer ones, such as those designed by Salvador Dali, are worth thousands.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Playboy's 1993 BASEBALL PREVIEW

sports by Kevin Cook

THE HORROR! Somebody call 911. Baseball is a goner. The stitches are coming loose. The old pastime, clearly past its time, may limp through one more year, but that's about it. After this year, when television pulls the plug on $1.2 billion worth of life support, the future fades to black. The next TV deal will be far smaller, not nearly enough to keep the game alive.

Some teams have already given up the ghost. The Padres performed last rites on themselves, trading an All-Star shortstop for two cheap Mets uniforms to save $2 million, and mothballed their office Christmas tree to save $40. The once-proud Yankees and Dodgers are downsizing their farm systems to save a few salaries that wouldn't buy Barry Bonds' lunch.

Attendance is down (if only slightly), expenses are up. Ticket prices are too high and games are too long, alienating fans who like NFL and NBA action better anyway. The game's hottest young celeb, Deion Sanders, is a moonlighting football player. And the national pastime's champion is a foreign team. We tried to prevent it, displayed the Canadian flag upside down at the World Series, but Toronto still beat America's team.

Mamas, sign up your babies for soccer. That's a game with a future. Baseball has a grand past, beloved by all, and no tomorrow.

But hold the phone. Maybe there's a light at the end of the clubhouse tunnel. Major-league owners say it's a locomotive—the engine of doom, fueled by zillion-dollar salaries—but they've been whining about that for 20 years. There is still another year of TV money, $401 million of it, enough to pay half the total major-league payroll without a single dime from ticket sales, local TV, souvenirs, hot dogs or beer.

Some clubs are hurting, but some former doormats—hello, Houston and Cleveland—have spent their money well and are now contenders. They can't print tickets fast enough. Neither can two new teams in rich new markets, the Colorado Rockies and the Florida Marlins, which paid $95 million each to join the party. That's $190 million more for the poor owners' cupboard. And salaries are bound to drop when the TV gold decreases (or else owners who overpay will lose money, like bad businessmen should).

Attendance dropped last year. It was down six tenths of a percent from the all-time high of 1991, a loss of 310,000 fans. But the Mets and Dodgers, who spent their money wrong and finished a combined 59 games out of first place, lost 1.1 million fans all by themselves. Elsewhere, attendance was steady; it will set a new record in 1993, unless there's another giant sucking sound from Flushing and Chavez Ravine.

And while it's true that the game needs more Deion-style neon, there's plenty already if you know where to look. Sanders shines brighter legging out a triple, grinning all the way, than hidden in a football helmet. No offense to Michael and Shaq, but Kirby's got back—210 pounds of pocket-popping pinstripes—and he hits, runs, fields and throws, while they just dribble and dunk. Roger Clemens, painting the corners of the plate, makes NFL quarterbacks look like scatter-armed shot-putters. No other jock runs like Marquis Grissom, vaults walls like Devon White, poses in midperfection like Bonds or Will Clark, or sees Madonna like Jose Canseco.

in the pastime's darkest days, we see light at the end of the clubhouse tunnel

The national game's champion is a Canadian club. On the other hand—and according to Boston's ambidextrous pitcher Greg Harris, there's always another hand—that is a temporary horror. This year the reign of Toronto falls on the grass of Atlanta, where the Braves will win the 1993 World Series.

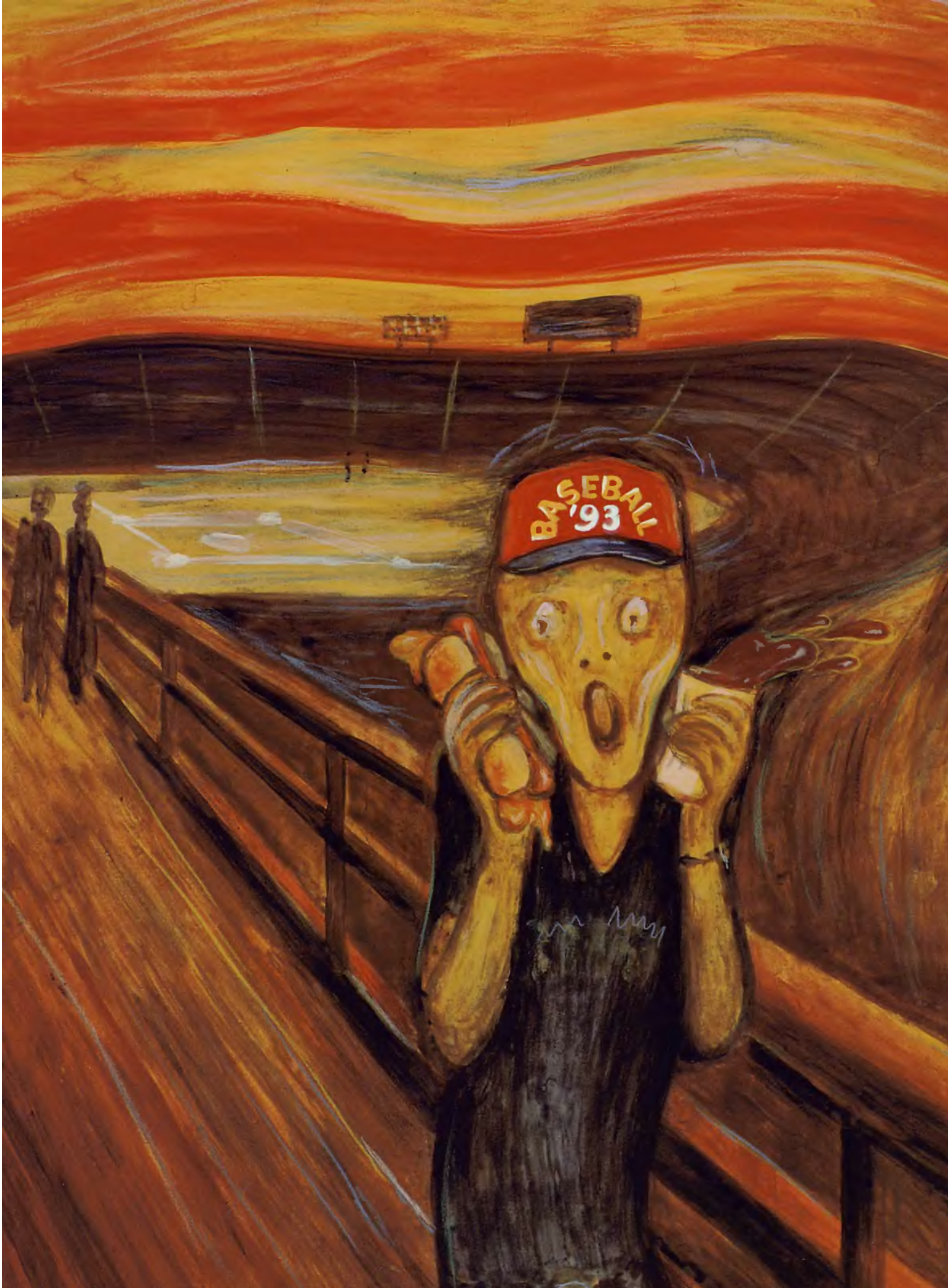
On the other other hand, perhaps foshballs will fly from my butt.

The foshball is a mutant change-up–forkball thrown by Colorado ace David Nied. I think Nied will lose 20 games, spraining his neck as he spins to watch the home runs he allows vanish into Denver's thin air. Of course, he could also fosh the Braves on October 3, the regular season's final day, and prevent their rematch with Toronto.

As I hazard these guesses, there is snow in Toronto. The suicidal Padres haven't yet traded Bruce Hurst for a batboy. The Braves haven't settled on a closer (Jay Howell?), the Blue Jays need a setup man (Paul Assenmacher?) and a third baseman (Ed Sprague?). Baseball's owners haven't yet named a Muppet to be the game's new commissioner. There's a chance they will lock out the players this spring. But since a lockout requires that the owners' foolishness outpaces their greed, let's suppose the season starts on time. Greg Maddux shuts out his old Cubs teammates on opening day for the Braves' first step toward revenge on Toronto, to be served cold in October.

Rich clubs such as Atlanta and Toronto now have far more options than their competitors. Last fall the

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT


BASEBALL
'93

Braves hired all-time saves leader Jeff Reardon to plug their leaky bullpen and the Jays acquired David Cone for their pennant drive. The trend continued in the off-season: Atlanta's signing of Maddux for a piece of Ted Turner's superstation fortune completed the best starting staff this side of Cooperstown. Thus do the rich get richer, while the Padres, Pirates and Brewers turn to dust.

The rehabbed Reds and Astros are healthy enough to stay close in the NL West, but when Murphy's Law comes calling, they'll have a lot more trouble patching holes than the Braves, who are as deep as the Mariana Trench.

The NL East ought to be a fairer fight. The Expos are young and strong with a flame-flinging bullpen and a graybeard ace, Dennis Martinez. Pittsburgh, dispersed like a puff from manager Jim Leyland's cigarette, is now passive smoke. The Mets, behind starter Bret Saberhagen—a lock for Comeback Player of the Year—are 15 games better than last season's 72–90, but I'll take St. Louis. The Cardinals have an MVP candidate in Ray Lankford, a rookie named Canseco (Jose's twin brother, Ozzie), a terrific no-name pitching staff and Lee Smith, hobbling to the mound to nail down 45 saves and pass Reardon as history's top savior.

In the American League, Oakland is the best in a slipping West. Two Western clubs are changing their uniforms: The Angels return to a Sixties look but won't approach their 84–77 record of the summer of love, while the A's will wear an angry, bat-chewing elephant. Choose anger over love. Even with Ruben Sierra's failing to fill Canseco's spikes, Oakland is 25 games better than the Angels—enough to edge the White Sox by a trunk.

In the East, only the Orioles can fly with the Jays, who replaced Series hero Dave Winfield with a better DH, Paul Molitor. Cleveland's Indians have been built from the ground up in four years, just like the fine new park they will occupy in 1994. Still, when the Jays need a pitcher in August to hold off the O's, they'll rent one for a million a month and rule the roost again.

The Jays' second baseman, Roberto Alomar, begins his third Toronto season as a prime MVP candidate. Ditto Chicago's Frank Thomas and Ranger J. Canseco, who will gain as much from hitting in Arlington Stadium as Sierra suffers in pitcher-friendly Oakland. The NL MVP will be a center fielder: Expo Grissom, St. Louis' Lankford or the Reds' Roberto Kelly.

Clemens should win the AL Cy Young award every year. Heave an NL Cy to any member of the Atlanta rotation, Montreal's Martinez, Cincinnati's Jose Rijo, Astro Doug Drabek or the Cardinals' sophomore sleeper Rheal Cormier. Rookies of the Year? Expos shortstop Wil Cordero and Angels outfielder Tim Salmon.

Two other rookies, the NL's Colorado Rockies and Florida Marlins, will endure a bloody birth. The carnage! The other owners surrendered little more than sore arms and spare parts in November's expansion draft, so the Pebbles and the Fish are sure to stink. They'll finish last in their divisions, though they may scare some sense into the sixth-place Padres and Phillies. Colorado looks better for this season. But Florida, having wisely decided to build for the long term, has a chance to party in the postseason by 1999. The Rockies, in a vain effort to win 75 games in 1993, risk an avalanche of losses that could last a decade.

Next year's shortage of TV riches is bound to send the owners into a panic. That means gimmicks. Before long the leagues will probably realign into three divisions each, bringing wild-card

(continued on page 140)

COOK'S PICKS

AL EAST	AL WEST
1. Blue Jays	1. Athletics
2. Orioles	2. White Sox
3. Yankees	3. Royals
4. Indians	4. Rangers
5. Red Sox	5. Twins
6. Brewers	6. Mariners
7. Tigers	7. Angels

NL EAST	NL WEST
1. Cardinals	1. Braves
2. Expos	2. Reds
3. Mets	3. Astros
4. Cubs	4. Giants
5. Pirates	5. Dodgers
6. Phillies	6. Padres
7. Marlins	7. Rockies

AL CHAMPS: Blue Jays

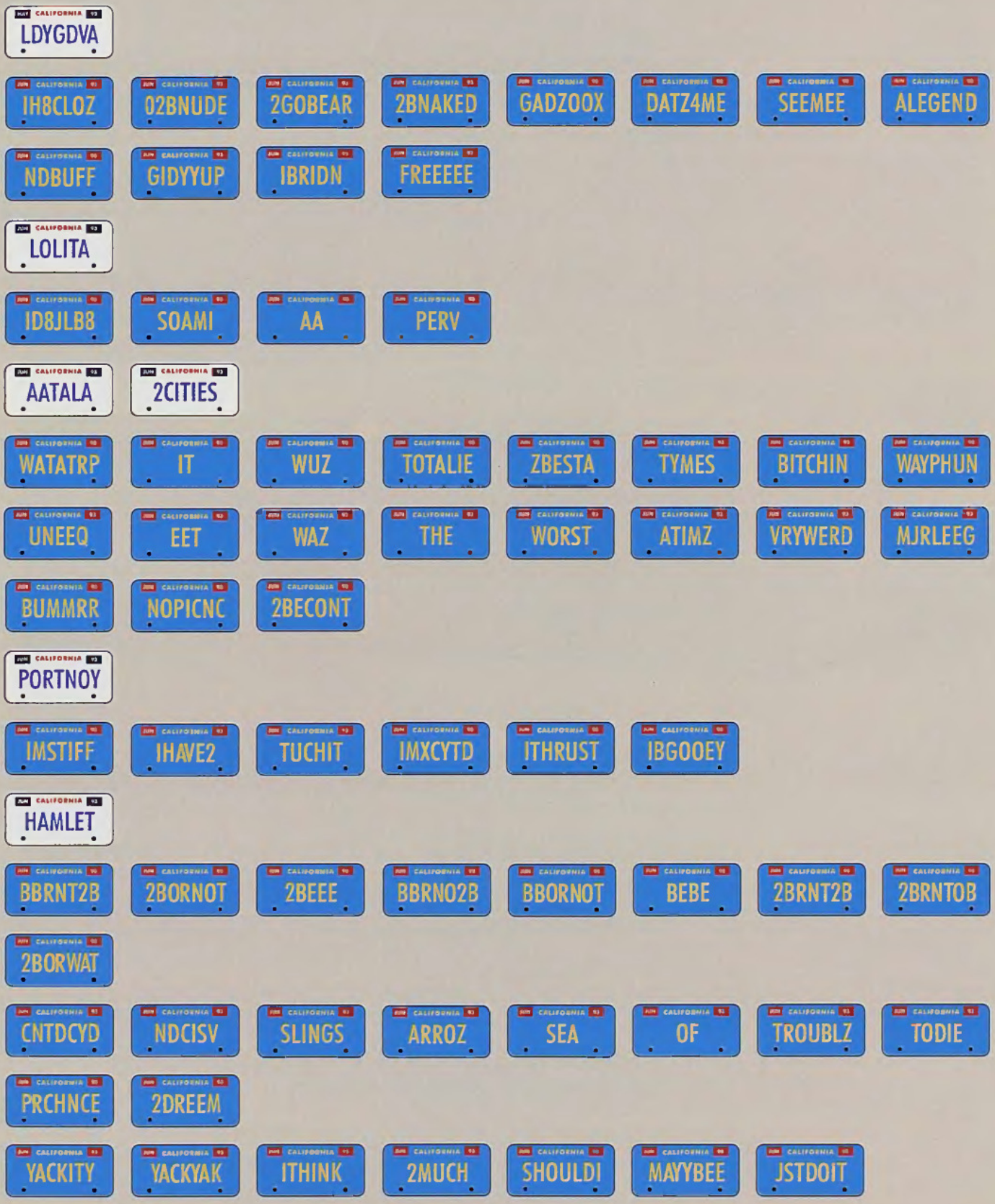
NL CHAMPS: Braves

WORLD CHAMPS: Braves

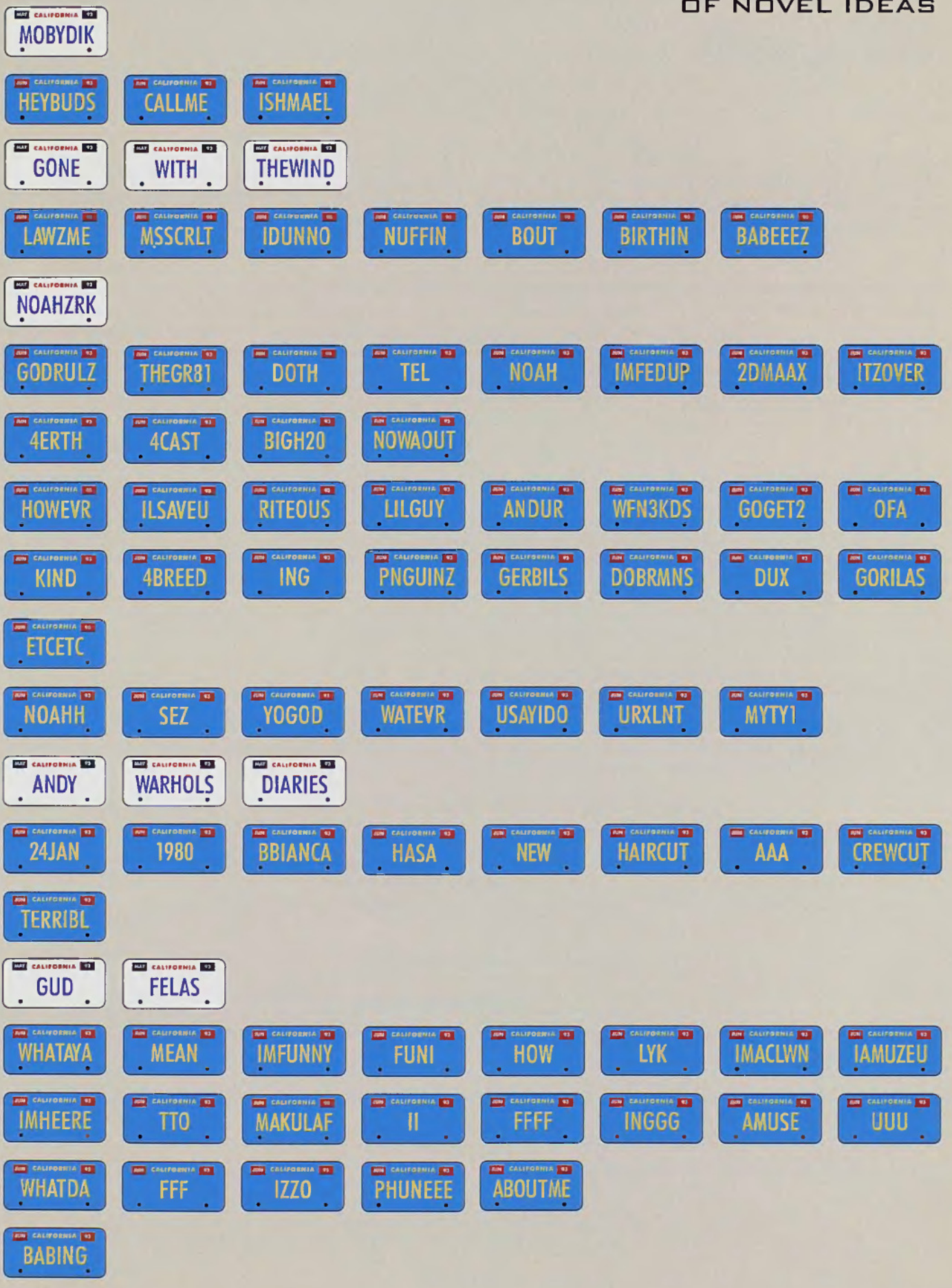
"Now that you've taught me how to enjoy my body, I think I'll start fooling around."

LITERARY LICENSE

CALIFORNIA HAS ALMOST 2 million vanity license plates registered with the state's motor-vehicles bureau. The explosion of words on wheels inspired Los Angeles commuter, writer and self-anointed platehead Daniel Nussbaum to fantasize about cars on the highways bearing readable tags forming sentences from famous stories. With California's mammoth three-volume directory of vanity tags as his thesaurus and using each plate only once, here's what Nussbaum imagines.



THE LEFT COAST HAS ITS PLATES FULL OF NOVEL IDEAS



PLAYBOY PROFILE

DIRECTOR STRANGELOVE

BY MICHAEL ANGELI

WE DINE AMONG the rustle of tailored jackets and the sculpted sheen of Cristophe-styled hair. Everyone within complimenting distance of the Paramount commissary is dressed to kill, everyone with the exception of Adrian Lyne, who dresses like a poet on a binge, in a pullover that looks as itchy as a coral reef. He is Lord Byron among the industry guerrillas, and he writes poetry this town loves: the highly profitable kind. *Flashdance* and *Fatal Attraction* were runaway hits. The director's eyes, cooked to the color of rhubarb by the nitrogen-dioxide-rich Los Angeles air and long days in the editing room, drift across the table to my plate.

"Yours is better than mine, you lucky stiff," he says. "You got the patty melt." The lines of his deep smile share the contours of a Möbius strip—it's hard to tell where the joy takes up and the agony ends. Food suddenly becomes the last thing on his mind as his current preoccupation intrudes again.

"I'm busy seven days a week. I have four editors—five, with a music editor. I'm quite up about it this week, actually. Last week I was about to shoot myself. This film, I have good people, really good actors. If something gets fucked up, it's totally my fault and there's no excuse."

The source of this angst is *Indecent Proposal*, Lyne's widely anticipated sixth film. Scheduled to be released in April, *Indecent Proposal* is the tale of a married couple (Demi Moore and Woody Harrelson) in Las Vegas. A wealthy stranger, played by Robert Redford, approaches them with an intriguing, though seemingly absurd, proposition: $1 million in exchange for one night with Demi. Husband and wife mull over the proposal. "It's not my soul, it's not my heart," Moore's character rationalizes, "it's only my body. We can make a big deal out of this and walk away and feel principled, or we can look at it as a business thing."

The price of poker, as the man said, just went up.

"I think it's an interesting idea, and I was always drawn to it—whether or not you'll sleep with someone for a million dollars," Lyne maintains. "It's the kind of idea that gets people talking when they come out of the theater and everybody disagrees. I got the impression that people would more willingly be given a contract to blow someone away anonymously—someone they didn't know—than they would to fuck somebody for a million dollars. That is kind of bizarre, you know?"

Also on the peculiar side is how far the 51-year-old Lyne has come to hold sway in L.A. "I'm from London, yeah, but I hate the English. I hate England and I hate being there. It's a depressing place full of depressing people. The people are always moaning and never fucking doing anything about it. Then they're all over anybody like myself who had the happy chance to get out."

There exists the possibility that Lyne's greatest incentive for leaving home had something to do with the company he kept: The first happy breed of men he worked with were accountants.

"I was a bean counter for about a year after school," he recalls. "I had passed my math and I was overjoyed." His parents helped him land a job at the company of a family friend, where his queasy nearness to balance sheets and comptrollers' memos was buffered by his fortunate proximity to the building across the street.

"It was a department store called Peter Jones," he says. "Kind of like the Broadway or Saks. The whole row of ladies' dressing rooms faced our windows and they had no curtains. For about a year, everybody from the senior partner on down would bring binoculars. Hysterical. And that's all anybody ever did. You'd get a phone call from somebody and he'd alert you: 'Terrific in number five.' Then one sad day, one of those fucking tragic days, they frosted over the glass." Lyne is known to find sex in strange places.

He moved on to shoot TV commercials, working with such future British movie directors as Tony and Ridley Scott and Alan Parker. Like his pals, Lyne moved to Los Angeles. In 1980, his first year in town, he would direct his first feature film, *Foxes*, starring Sally Kellerman and a

ADRIAN LYNE, THE DEVILISH CONJURER BEHIND *9 1/2 WEEKS* AND *FATAL ATTRACTION*, MAKES AN *INDECENT PROPOSAL*: HOW MUCH FOR ONE NIGHT WITH DEMI MOORE?

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

16-year-old Jodie Foster. He made the move to Hollywood with his wife, Samantha, to whom he's been married "forever," a unit of time that, for the rest of us, translates to 19 years.

"What does my wife do? Well, nothing, really. I think it's good." His wife's inactivity, that is. "Sometimes I complain a little about it, but I know if she did anything I'd be right there telling her to stop. I know I'd be depressed."

The women in an Adrian Lyne film, however, are very busy. His pictures are inhabited by a spectrum of females ranging from homicidal to heavensent. Women who might be devils (Elizabeth Pena in *Jacob's Ladder*), unkillable, bunny-boiling women leaping out of the tub like bloody Pop-Tarts (Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*), wet women who do mating dances with kitchen chairs (Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*), women on skateboards (Jodie Foster in *Foxes*), blindfolded women who are fed the contents of the fridge as if they were doing an R-rated commercial for cold medication (Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*). They are women who drive us to distraction.

"Well, my wife and I have a colorful relationship," Lyne admits. With the dark implications in *Fatal Attraction*, he has done more for marital fidelity than the Seventh Commandment and hundreds of years' worth of papal bulls, so he knows what he's talking about. "We argue and we fight, but it somehow seems necessary for our long-term betterment. It's funny. When I was preparing for *Indecent Proposal* and I was getting into the rewrite stage, I was approaching writers who wouldn't even contemplate doing subject matter such as this because they considered it immoral or objectionable."

Lyne actively seeks out such conflict. "I love the idea of people talking, arguing, disagreeing about *Proposal*," he says. In other words, they can obsess on an idea the way he does, view it from every realizable angle, play with it, bend it, pose it like an artist's mannequin. Each pose has its moment of truth and then is gone. Stringing together the poses gives Lyne two things: moving pictures and screen lives that are full of loose ends.

There are those who suffer sleeplessness, heartache, hives, depression and self-doubt because of their art. Among them, Lyne is the generalissimo, the commander-in-grief.

Crazy and compassionate, neurotically shackled by self-reproach, his is a life dominated by cross-examination in which he serves as both defendant and prosecutor.

"Adrian Lyne is a great guy, but he hates all his own movies," a film critic recently told me. Hearing the remark cracks up Lyne to the point where he's doing the backstroke in his chair.

"It's true, yes. I assume they're all going to go into the back-loader. I mean, that's the way I am. I'm lying, of course, but. . . ."

Then again, not entirely. If he looked for help to load all those prints of the disastrous *9½ Weeks* into the Dumpster, the line would stretch from Mickey Rourke's favorite Harley shop in West Los Angeles to that town Kim Basinger bought in Georgia. What was supposed to be an adagio of sex and food became instead a dissonant fugue of tabletop humping and hard-to-remove spots.

"Look, it was a wonderful novel," Lyne laments, referring to the Elizabeth McNeill book from which the film was adapted, "and I'd even like to try to do it again, to see if I could do it better. I think there was a better film in there than the one I found. We tried so many different drafts of that story—we were into version K, which gives you an idea how far we went.

"There was stuff in the novel that had more to do with what the story was really about, but to try to put it on film just wouldn't work." Clearly, he can't give this one up. "For example," he continues, "there was one funny, rather erotic passage in the book where the guy's watching a ball game and she's over by the wall in handcuffs. She's a bit bored because he's watching this ball game, until finally the cuffs start to hurt her a little bit. The way the author describes it is really quite beautiful. At least I know some women who found it quite erotic."

Even when his directorial powers are at their best—as in *Fatal Attraction*—Lyne makes room for agony. In that irresistibly wicked thriller, Glenn Close stalks fallen family man Michael Douglas to her death. At one point, the depth of Close's psychosis is illustrated by having her simply flick a light switch on and off, again and again.

"I liked the sequence very much, but there would always be one titter in every screening," says Lyne, gesturing with his fingers, pinching an imaginary varmint. "There was always at least one. You sit there, wincing and dying. The first showing with an audience is always a nightmare. I remember when I first showed *Flashdance*. I was sitting with my assistant near the front of the theater. When the film first started rolling, I turned to him and said, 'Is this as bad as I think it is?' There was this long pause, and then he said, 'Yes.' Then there was another long pause. And I said, 'Is there an exit near here?' But then after another five minutes the audience came around, started laughing at stuff and I got a sense that maybe they loved it."

When the waiter clears our plates, Lyne lets out a moan that could be mistaken for a golden retriever desperately trying to speak.

"I always get upset when people don't eat their fries," he apologizes. Bouncing back admirably from the sight of my plate being spirited away, he invites me to have a look at segments of *Indecent Proposal*.

•

Woody Harrelson and Demi Moore lie in bed together, considering Robert Redford's offer. The length of their marriage is unspecified, though sex and possession are intimated through body chemistry and sweet talk. Premarital dating exploits and jealousies are still recent enough to bring color to their cheeks.

When they get around to discussing the proposal, their dialog has a spare quality, the pauses rife with innuendo. Beneath Moore's devotion to her husband is an undercurrent of carnal adventurism. Her voice is low, vital and thrilling. Someone slipped slices of desire into her cereal for this role; she has the look of a woman whose touch could grow grass in Death Valley.

Lyne saw three other actresses for the role: Annabella Sciorra, Nicole Kidman and Isabelle Adjani. All were good, but he decided on Moore after she tested by doing the bedroom scene where husband and wife discuss the proposal.

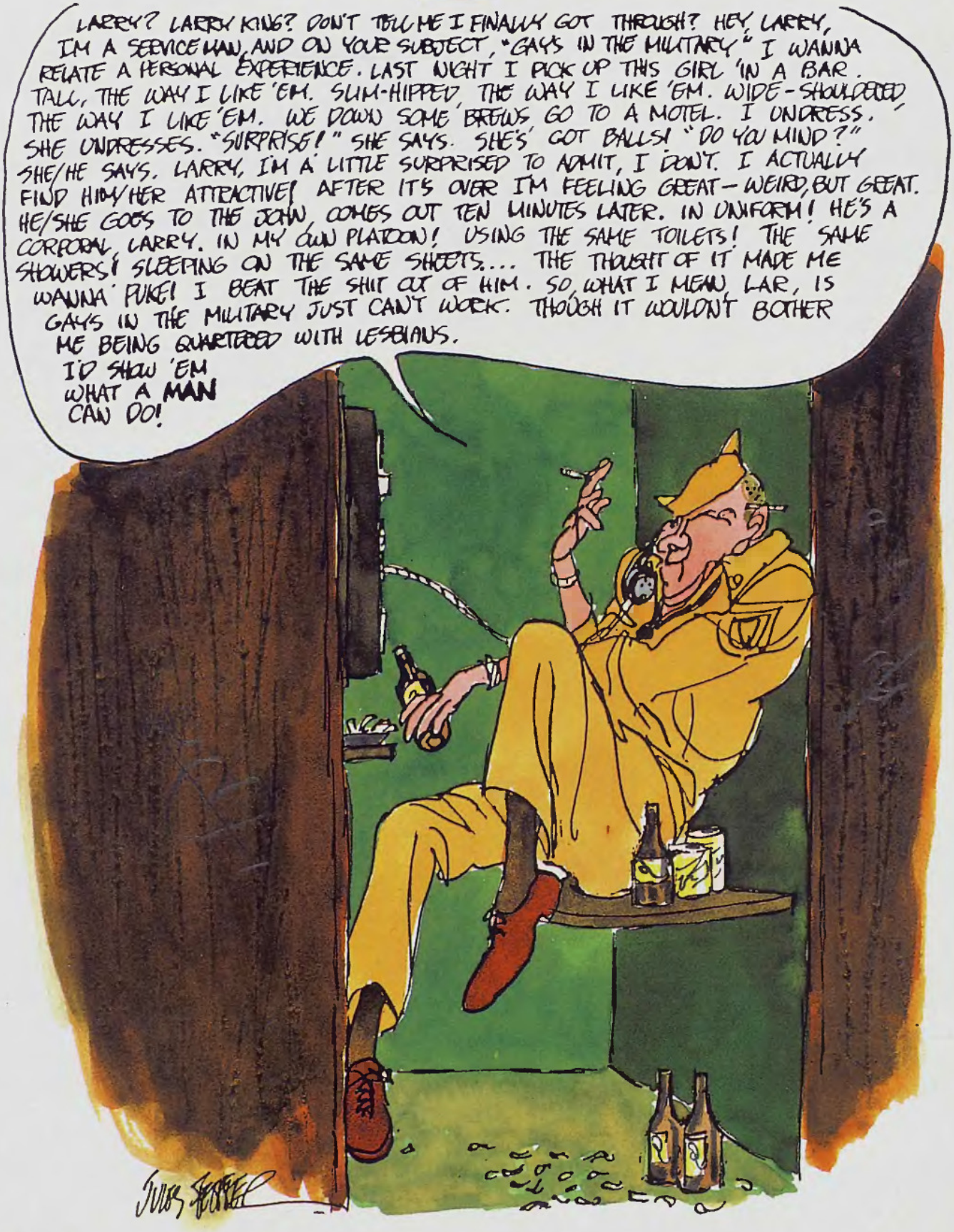
"When she did her test, she was natural. She was lying on the floor with a guy, you know the way it is, like maybe after sex, whatever. She was very unselfconscious. She gave it a womanly style, if there's such a beast, and she looked like a woman—kind of rounded. She had just had her kid and she looked great. I wanted to keep her like that. I told her I'd never really seen her like that. But she was, 'No, no, I gotta lose weight, gotta lose weight.' So that was the first fight."

Lyne spent six weeks on location shooting *Indecent Proposal* in Las Vegas, errant humankind's last outpost. Because the casinos are virtually always crowded, cast and crew worked from four A.M. to four P.M. That difficult working schedule was a spark that was added to the highly combustible mixture of Lyne and Moore.

"She's focused, ambitious, tough and brilliant," Lyne says of his female lead, his head nodding in grudging approbation with each adjective. "We fought tooth and nail. I'd be thinking, shit, if I want to sit down, she wants to stand up. If I want her hair up, she wants it

(continued on page 169)

The Army Game


LARRY? LARRY KING? DON'T TELL ME I FINALLY GOT THROUGH? HEY, LARRY, I'M A SERVICE MAN, AND ON YOUR SUBJECT, "GAYS IN THE MILITARY," I WANNA RELATE A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. LAST NIGHT I PICK UP THIS GIRL IN A BAR. TALL, THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. SLIM-HIPPED, THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. WIDE-SHOULDERED, THE WAY I LIKE 'EM. WE DOWN SOME BREWS, GO TO A MOTEL. I UNDRESS. SHE UNDRESSES. "SURPRISE!" SHE SAYS. SHE'S GOT BALLS! "DO YOU MIND?" SHE/HE SAYS. LARRY, I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED TO ADMIT, I DON'T. I ACTUALLY FIND HIM/HER ATTRACTIVE! AFTER IT'S OVER I'M FEELING GREAT—WEIRD, BUT GREAT. HE/SHE GOES TO THE JOHN, COMES OUT TEN MINUTES LATER. IN UNIFORM! HE'S A CORPORAL, LARRY. IN MY OWN PLATOON! USING THE SAME TOILETS! THE SAME SHOWERS! SLEEPING ON THE SAME SHEETS.... THE THOUGHT OF IT MADE ME WANNA PUKE! I BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. SO, WHAT I MEAN, LAR, IS GAYS IN THE MILITARY JUST CAN'T WORK. THOUGH IT WOULDN'T BOTHER ME BEING QUARTERED WITH LESBIANS.
I'D SHOW 'EM WHAT A MAN CAN DO!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Dian's Back!

miss parkinson, pride of *the price is right*, comes on down for a jackpot encore

text by JIM MC KAIRNES NAPKINS, NAPKINS, NAPKINS. Dian Parkinson is being smothered in paper napkins by an overly attentive and possibly love-stricken waiter who keeps inventing reasons to return to her table. "Is he trying to tell me something? Does he think I'm eating sloppy?" she asks, laughing. "That's so cute." Later, the meal over, the waiter begs to interrupt just once more. He'd like to talk tickets with Dian, please. "Tickets for what?" she politely asks, prompting him with a bright white smile. "Oh, the show." No problem, she tells him. "Sometimes," Dian confides when the satisfied server walks away, "I forget who I am and what I do. I don't think of myself as anything but a girl making a living." Well, OK—but what a living. Dian, one of "Barker's Beauties" on TV's *The Price Is Right* since 1975, is the most popular hostess on that ratings smash. Cheers of "Dian!" greet her at the twice-daily tapings. A modest post-show saunter across the stage, albeit one in a lethal swimsuit, leads to a noisy eruption from the laggards in the audience, who stayed behind hoping for such an appearance. The result of her first PLAYBOY cover and pictorial (December 1991) is a backlog of eight months' worth of mail. "I'm sorry," she pleads to her would-be correspondents. "I promise to answer it

Dian had offers to pursue acting soon after she moved to Los Angeles, but she turned them down. "I was frightened. I thought, With my sensitivity and my vulnerability, I'll be swallowed up by the business. I'd end up not being human anymore. I had a steady paycheck and a family with *The Price Is Right*. Who wants to give that up and take a gamble? I'm not that tough a woman. But today I'm much stronger. I truly believe I'm ready for things I wasn't ready for ten years ago."

all." Being onstage has always been therapeutic for Dian. Her military-brat background—Dad was a Marine—left the North Carolina–born, Virginia-raised Dian with a regimented attitude toward life. "I started out as Miss World USA," she says. "That was a way of escaping a pretty tough childhood being the daughter of a drill instructor. Running away to a pageant was a way of leaving that behind. Miss World USA opened the doors." Past the threshold was a Bob Hope Vietnam USO tour and a fashion career in New York. Then, when her East Coast–based marriage ended and forced a move, she headed for Los Angeles and stardom. "I packed two pairs of jeans, three T-shirts and left everything else. I bought a $499 Dodge Dart and started over." She enlisted in 1975 to be the "wholesome and sexy one" for *Price*, which has been right for Dian for nearly two decades. "We really work," she stresses the next day, rehearsing on CBS' tiny Stage 33. "It's not like a movie set, where you stay in your trailer until your scene." About her popular and steady gig here—which is an intense combination of a revival meeting, a Beatles concert and an Herbalife convention—Dian says, "I love the audience. There's an excitement here you can't believe. Am I crazy in love with *The Price Is Right*? Yes. I'm crazy about it." It shows. Dian wears it well. And when this morning glory crouches and waves goodbye to viewers at the end of each taping, blowing kisses to all the overanxious restaurant servers in her future, you just know they're crazy about her, too.

Between *The Price Is Right* and her commercial work (including an endorsement for the new EZ Krunch, a piece of at-home exercise equipment that reforms those flabby abs), there aren't many free hours for Dian. "I go to Montecito to unwind," she says. "It's a little piece of heaven." And speaking of heaven, Dian has done an exclusive poster for PLAYBOY (see the ad on page 11 for details).

BASEBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 122)

"The game crawled off its slab and into its golden age. Times of crisis bring out baseball's goofy charms."

teams into a lucrative new stage of playoffs for the networks to televise. Interleague play may also be coming to rob the World Series and baseball's All-Star Game—the only All-Star game anybody cares about—of their uniqueness.

It wouldn't be the first time baseball was ruined. The Black Sox scandal killed it in the early Twenties. The game crawled off its slab and into its first golden age, which may or may not be ending now. Times of crisis bring out baseball's goofy charms.

Remember the bottom of the ninth in game seven of the National League Championship Series? It featured a tired pitcher massaging a shutout, a double that nicked the foul line, an error by a Gold Glove infielder, a crucial pitch miscalled by an umpire who had replaced an ump who had been struck by vertigo and, finally, Atlanta's slowest runner beating a bullet to the plate.

It was one of those singular baseball moments. Go back to Atlanta and play that inning a million times. It never happens the same way again. Not even close. And while the future looks hazardous to the game's health, there will be more grand moments like Cabrera's in 1993.

And more horror. A year ago Seattle traded three good pitchers for home run king Kevin Mitchell. The Mariners expected 40 homers from Mitchell in the Kingdome. He hit nine, got nauseated and pulled a ribcage muscle vomiting. Now he's batting cleanup for the Reds as they chase the Braves.

Hold the phone: Call Riverfront Stadium and ask the Reds if they have any Pepto. If Mitchell hits 40 and heartburns Atlanta, all bets are off.

The hardest part was getting there. After their tenth straight winning season, the **Blue Jays** were still the game's best bet to go south in the fall. In 1987 they led the East by three and a half games with a week to go, finished 0–7 and were Tiger meat. In 1989 and 1991 they won the division but died in the playoffs, and last fall they had their collective beak on the exhaust pipe again. Game four of the American League Championship Series: Dennis Eckersley whiffed Ed Sprague to end the eighth inning. Oakland was about to even the series. Eck glared at the Toronto dugout and pumped his fist, saying, in effect, "We're the A's, you're the Jays, get used to it."

In the ninth Roberto Alomar took Eckersley upstairs. Strolling into his tater trot he raised his fists as if to say, "If we weren't on TV I'd have only four fingers clenched." The Jays pulled off the biggest comeback ever in the playoffs and marched through Atlanta to the top of the world. They're good enough and they're rich enough to stay there.

A year ago general manager Pat Gillick signed Jack Morris and Dave Winfield, combined age 76, to teach Toronto how to win. It worked. Now Winfield, starter Jimmy Key and stopper Tom Henke are gone, but Gillick has a bullpen ace—Duane Ward—up his sleeve. He signed Dave Stewart and Paul Molitor, combined age 72, to replace Key and Winfield. Molitor is the only active DH better than Winfield. Stewart, who has been mediocre the past two seasons, is a gamble. John Olerud and Derek Bell are fine young hitters, Joe Carter's a fine old one. Devon White strikes out too much for a leadoff hitter but compensates by being a 78 percent base-stealer and making other center fielders look like garden statuary. Second baseman Alomar, 25 years old, is already the league's top player. Gillick, sitting on his mountain of money (Toronto is the premiere ticket-seller in baseball history), may have some holes to fill by August. But when also-rans start hawking their highest-priced players in August, the Jays will be buying.

With the **Orioles** on the auction block, owner Eli Jacobs tightened his purse strings. The O's, whose modest payroll and soaring attendance put them in position to shoot for the stars last winter, settled for DH Harold Baines and second baseman Harold Reynolds, Harolding something less than a sudden charge to the top of the class. The offense looks fierce: Brady Anderson, Mike Devereaux, Cal Ripken, Baines, Glenn Davis and Chris Hoiles are each capable of 25 homers and 80 RBI. Baltimore's defense is as sharp as its bullpen, where Gregg Olson's cruel curveball has hooked 104 saves in three years. But the starting rotation has a rusty anchor. Rick Sutcliffe is an admirable fellow who won 16 games last year, but he also lost 15 and led the majors in runs allowed. His ERA was five-plus after the All-Star break. Behind him, kid starters Mike Mussina and Arthur Rhodes are kid stuff incarnate. Ben McDonald and rookie John O'Donoghue complete a promising but iffy rotation. Scattershot smoker Brad Pennington is manager Johnny Oates' wild card. With Ripken, Baines and Sutcliffe adding up to 102 birthdays, while Davis, Hoiles and third baseman Leo Gomez recover from injuries and the staff matures on the mound, this is an odd nest of gray whiskers, bandages and fledglings. The O's could be in full flight when they host the All-Star Game at the Yards. Down the stretch I like the Jays better, but not by much.

Calling the **Yankees** a sleeper in the East is like calling George Steinbrenner a human being. It's technically true, but you never know when either will try to prove the opposite. Three of the game's best pitchers made sure they avoided pinstripes this year, when Steinbrenner returns from a two-year exile. Still, Steinbrenner surrogate Joe Molloy saved 1993 by signing Jimmy Key and shipping two terrific prospects to the Angels for Jim Abbott. After crazily leaving third baseman Charlie Hayes unprotected in the expansion draft, Molloy reached into his bottomless pocket and pulled out $11 million for Wade Boggs, who compares to Hayes the way Hayes compares to Helen Hayes. The rotation is twice as strong as last year's and the bullpen is safe in the hands of Steve Farr and Steve Howe. The offense features Boggs, Don Mattingly, Danny Tartabull, Paul O'Neill (whose left-handed uppercut suits Yankee Stadium perfectly) and center-field phenom Bernie Williams. If Abbott, Key and Melido Perez win 15 games each and the cement-footed offense scores 700 runs, New York wakes up and wins.

The **Indians'** rotation of slidermeister Charles Nagy plus Bob Ojeda, Mike Bielecki, Dennis Cook and Jose Mesa isn't thin, it's transparent. After Nagy, they had better pray for rain. Cleveland can afford to be patient, though. With a microscopic payroll, a ripening farm system and a major-league lineup loaded with young talent—most of it inked long-term by GM John Hart—Cleveland is due for a renaissance. The Tribe is set at catcher, second base, DH, in the outfield and the bullpen for the next five years. If Hart attacks his pitching problems, this bunch could break even this year and could win a pennant next year, when Gateway Center opens downtown.

After finishing last with the East's highest payroll, the **Red Sox** ought to start from scratch. Instead, they are looking for big years from Andre Dawson and Ivan Calderon, two right-handed designated hitters with ancient

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bodies. Cursed with a sloppy defense and a 100-year-old catcher, the Sox let their best glove, Jody Reed, and their top catching prospect get away in the expansion draft while protecting the fragile Ellis Burks. Then they let Burks go. They spent the winter looking for a famous reliever to stand in the way of rookie Ken Ryan, the only diamond in a pitch-dark Boston system. Roger Clemens, the top pitcher of his generation, won the ERA title for the third straight year. But Rocket fizzled in September. He's 30 now and he has pitched more than 2000 major-league innings. If he's less than superhuman, the Sox will face an ugly truth. They need to be razed and rebuilt, Cleveland style.

Pat Listach deserved the Rookie of the Year award for helping lead the **Brewers'** stirring run at Toronto. (Cleveland's Kenny Lofton, a better base-stealer who doesn't strike out all the time, is a better player, though.) Cal Eldred is one of the league's superb young starters. Kevin Reimer's going to hit 25 homers and rookies John Jaha and Matt Mieske might do the same, but Milwaukee will need a designated driver—not three iron-gloved DHs—to get them home this time. The club spent the off-season selling luxury boxes in County Stadium, but it didn't raise enough cash to sign two guys who count, Chris Bosio, now a Mariner, and Paul Molitor, now a Blue Jay. Instead, they got Tom Brunansky and Bill Doran, old and broken-down. There had better be plenty of brews in those boxes to distract Milwaukee's swells from the crew on the field. The 92–70 record of a year ago is turning upside down.

Thirty minutes, guaranteed. In the next half hour the **Tigers** will hit a home run. Last season Detroit's lineup averaged 19 homers per player. Count on Cecil Fielder to earn his millions by hitting 40, while starters Bill Gullickson and Mike Moore serve up more dings than Fielder hits. Shortstop Travis Fryman eats fastballs for lunch, and second baseman Lou Whitaker never goes stale. But owner Mike Ilitch—the Little Caesar's Pizza emperor who bought the club from Domino's Pizza man Tom Monaghan—would be wise to stick the rest of his product in a box and bury it.

ROCKYBALL

The Colorado Rockies' logo is a baseball soaring past a mountaintop. *Caveat hurler:* Here comes a rocky summer.

In baseball, altitude is power. The relatively thin air of Atlanta helped make the Braves' home a launching pad. Until now, Atlanta–Fulton County Stadium (elevation 1050) was the big leagues' highest, but Denver is five times higher. Everyone expects the ball to jump over Mile High Stadium's inviting left-field fence. That's why the Rockies have loaded up on right-handed power hitters. But how often will the ball jump, and how far?

In his book *The Physics of Baseball*, Robert Adair wrote that a ball hit 400 feet at sea level would go 408 feet in Atlanta—a crucial difference if you are an outfielder with your back to the wall. In Denver, "consideration should be given to requiring a larger park or using a less lively ball," says Adair, because that same 400-footer "would go as much as 40 feet farther." Another ballpark's flyout is a Mile High bleacher-seeker.

Can Colorado match the 1961 Yankees' record-setting 240 home runs? No. Charlie Hayes, Andres Galarraga and Jerald Clark may go back-to-back-to-Boulder a couple of times, but this club won't hit 120 homers. The Rockies are not much better than Atlanta's Triple-A team. The altitude is sure to hurt their pitchers more than it helps their hitters. In fact, the best preseason bet is that Colorado will lead the league in home runs allowed.

Fastballs will be a tick faster, meaning more strikeouts but also more moon shots, since a quicker pitch flies farther. Breaking balls will lose a fraction of their bite. This may spell trouble for opposing hurlers as well, but Rockies pitchers will suffer more because most of them would be in the minors if not for expansion.

Marv Throneberry hit 42 homers for the Denver Bears in 1956. The Bears and Zephyrs, their Triple-A predecessors, spent 37 years in Denver without resorting to Nerf balls. In fact, last year's Zephyrs were only fifth in their league in home runs. Of course, there were no Fred McGriffs in the American Association. He might hit 50 homers in 1993. Keep an eye on Barry Bonds and Astro Eric Anthony. Keep another eye on right-handed visitors Gary Sheffield, Kevin Mitchell and Matt Williams. We probably won't see anything to equal Mickey Mantle's 565-foot shot, but we may see a few Mile High 500-footers.

Meanwhile, Colorado manager Don Baylor, who holds the major-league record for being hit by pitches, may urge his men to take a few plunks for the team. Bruises might suit the Rockies. Their official team colors are purple and black. —K.C.

Tony La Russa did a heroic balancing act in 1992, suiting the nimble elephant-on-a-baseball that was the **Athletics'** shoulder patch before the peeved pachyderm appeared this year. Running 22 players back and forth from the disabled list, using 19 who spent part of the year in the minors, he won 96 games. His everyday nine missed almost 50 starts per man, yet he still managed a consistent winner—the A's were 15 games over .500 before the All-Star break, 15 over after. Then Eckersley picked the wrong night to have the worst of his 72 outings. "The swagger is gone," said Eck after Toronto rocked him in October. Free agency rocked the Athletics soon thereafter; the herd that stampeded the West four times in five years was breaking up.

Then GM Sandy Alderson spent $77.5 million to sign the men he had to keep: Mark McGwire (who hit 42 homers and led the AL in slugging percentage),

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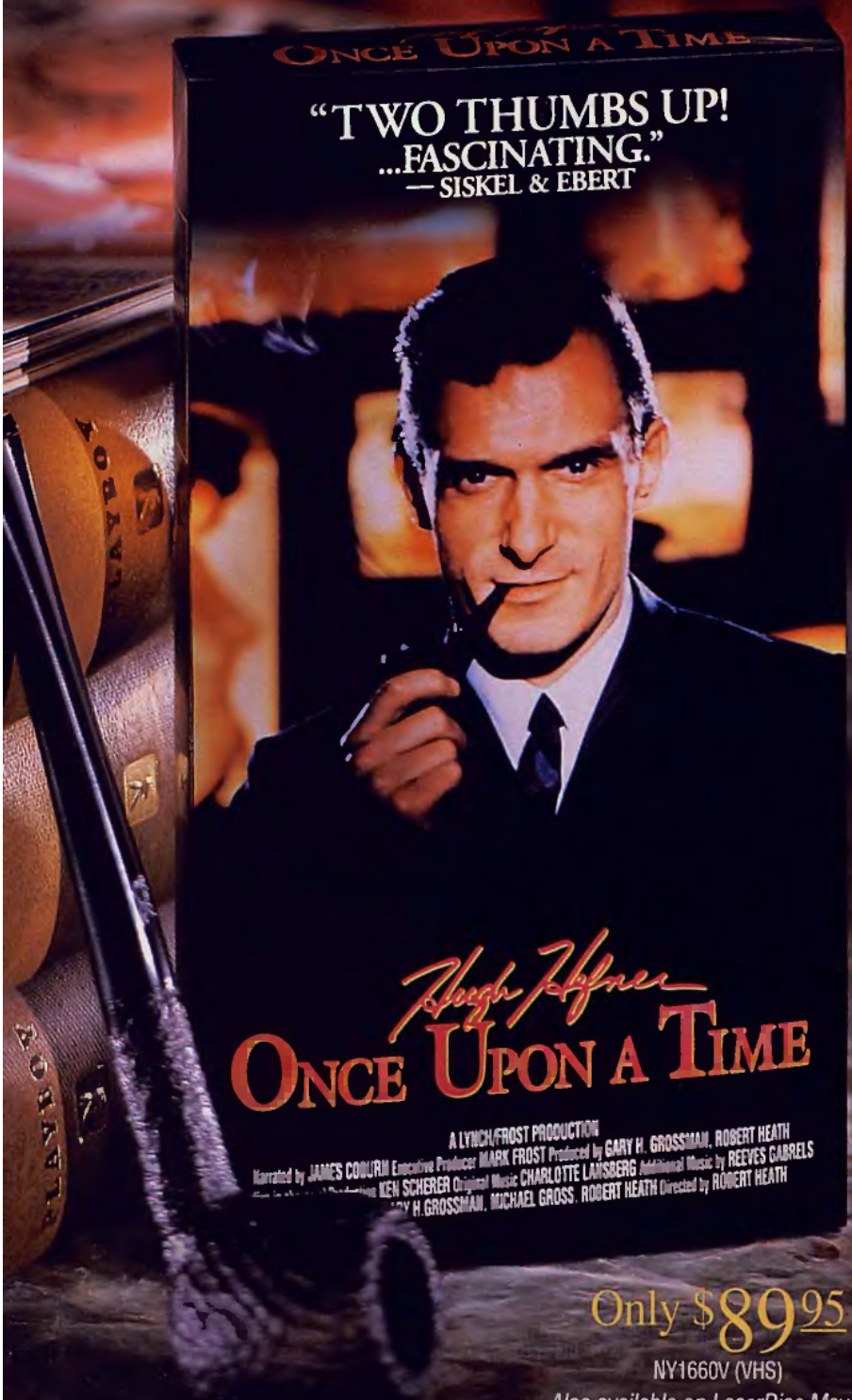
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Ruben Sierra (who came from Texas in the Jose Canseco deal), catcher Terry Steinbach and starter Ron Darling. Oakland still has some patching to do. Troy Neel, a DH who hit .351 at Tacoma, will help. Ditto infielders Mike Bordick and Kevin Seitzer, as well as Dave Henderson, who hobbles back from the DL to play center. A rotation of Bob Welch, Darling, Bobby Witt, Storm Davis and Kelly Downs won't help La Russa sleep at night, but the team shouldn't miss Dave Stewart or Mike Moore's indifferent 1992 innings. The pen belongs to Eckersley, who gives up historic

THE CASEY AWARDS

The Caseys are dedicated to Charles Dillon Stengel, the Hall of Famer who coined the phrase "Good pitching will always stop good hitting, and vice versa." Stengel also foresaw Jose Lind's epic error in last season's National League playoffs, saying, "When a fielder gets the pitcher into trouble, the pitcher has to pitch himself out of a slump he isn't in." This year's Caseys:

The Crying Game Award: Pittsburgh manager Jim Leyland wept when Sid Bream left the club in 1990, when the Pirates clinched their division last year and when Lind's boot undid them in October, thus disproving Tom Hanks' line in *A League of Their Own*: "There's no crying in baseball."

Snaky Breaky Elbow Award: Reds ace Jose Rijo was 1–4 with a 3.63 ERA when he tried Satchel Paige's old elbow remedy, fried snake oil. "It penetrates the skin," he said. "Feels good." Thereafter the well-oiled Rijo went 14–6 with a 2.21 ERA.

Coming Soon to a Lineup Near You Award: The minor-league All-Name team: Razor Shines, Gettys Glaze, Kekoa Dafun, Scott Bullett, Butter Jones, Motorboat Jones, Joe Mountain, Jason Imperial, Linty Ingram, Demetrish Jenkins, Kevin Mmahat, Querbin Reynoso, Arquimedez Pozo, Gary Sharko, Elgin Bobo, Ron Rico, Ron Rightnowar, Wander Pimentel, Marcus Ponder, Scott Pose, Jon Shave, Wes Shook, Will Love, Greg Legg, Jeff Cheek, Janseen Hand, Troy Penix, Darius Gash, Rickey Cradle and the team captain, Kinston Indians infielder Rouglas Odor.

Scrunchious When It Crunches Award: For 22 years Bert "Booger-pickin'" Blyleven reigned as baseball's gross-out king. Then Mike Maksudian took the crown by chewing cockroaches.

The Name's Clemens Award: Pitcher Mike Anderson was signed by the Marlins after insisting he was a 21-year-old junior college pitcher. He actually was the Mike Anderson who had flopped in the Mets farm chain. He would have gotten away with it, too, but he pushed his luck. Anderson fessed up after being arrested for allegedly attempting to pass a $5000 rubber check.

The Artful Dodgers Award: Catcher Mike Piazza went to the mound to talk to pitcher Orel Hershiser. He forgot to call time out. While Piazza chatted, San Diego's Jerald Clark scampered home with the winning run.

Looking for Mr. Hoffa Award: Ty Kovach, *Baseball Weekly*'s best discovery, rides a garbage truck in the off-season. He also holds a degree in mortuary science. If Ty never cracks the Cleveland rotation—a good bet, since he was 3–11 in the Carolina League—he wants to ditch trash collecting and open a funeral home.

Where's the Rest of Me? Award: The

Dodgers' $4 million man had the worst line in agate type—*Eric Davis underwent surgery to remove a bone chip from his left wrist, repair a ligament tear in his left hand and remove part of the bone in his left shoulder*. But Giants lefty Trevor Wilson had an uglier trip to sick bay. During an operation on one rib, his doctor inadvertently removed portions of two healthy ones. Wilson, grimacing, ended the year 8–14.

Ty Cobb Sportsmanship Award: North Carolina Little League coach Richard Blackwell, a mighty sore loser, pulled a knife on a rival coach and slit his throat. His victim lived. Blackwell got probation and a two-year suspension—same as George Steinbrenner.

Antigrav Award: Toronto's Devon White made a World Series play for the ages October 20 at the Skydome, a grab that would have been a triple play if ump Bob Davidson hadn't blown the call. But the catch of the year was by Atlanta's Otis Nixon. With one out in the ninth on July 25, he scaled the center-field fence at Fulton County Stadium to steal a two-run homer from Andy Van Slyke, saving a 1–0 win. Who sprinted from the dugout to hug Nixon? Deion Sanders, his rival for playing time in center.

Watch Out, I Think I'm Gonna Hurl Award: Scott Sanderson served up four homers in one inning. Mark Davis, who saved 44 games and won a Cy Young award in 1989, has had seven saves and 5.56 ERA since. Hard to believe they weren't 1992 Mariners. Seattle pitchers surrendered 38 runs in the season's first 36 innings and continued to stink the rest of 1992. The team's stopper, Randy Johnson, led the AL in strikeouts, hit batsmen and walks. He walked ten in one game and nine in another, in which he also hit two men and gave up a grand slam, thus edging into teammate Mike Schooler's turf. After matching a record by allowing four slams in a year, Schooler said, "I'm the epitome of grand slaminity."

Hand-Over-Hand Award: A Mets fan, claiming that David Cone masturbated in front of her, has reportedly slapped him with a $5 million lawsuit. Cone soon got a $9 million bonus for signing with Kansas City, where the outfield fountains may set a bad example.

Chunky, Yet Supernatural Award: How fab is the game's funnest player? Not only did his state announce itself at the Democratic National Convention as "Minnesota, the state of Walter Mondale, Hubert Humphrey and Kirby Puckett" and not only did he hit .329 with 110 RBI, but in the first inning of the All-Star Game, Puckett fouled a Tom Glavine fastball into the stands—directly to Glavine's father, who caught it. —K.C.

postseason home runs but nothing else. While saving 236 games in six years, he has walked just 55 men and struck out 491 in 475 innings.

After Sierra spices up the middle of the order to the tune of 90 RBI, the A's can pack their trunks for another October flight to Toronto.

The **White Sox** unraveled after shortstop Ozzie Guillen blew out his knee in April. They finished ten games over .500 but got crummy years from Steve Sax (a career low .236 average), Dan Pasqua (.211) and every starting pitcher except Jack McDowell, who was 20–10 while four other starters went 37–43. Relievers Scott Radinsky and Roberto Hernandez sparkled with 27 saves and a combined 2.15 ERA, but ex-ace Bobby Thigpen, who had 57 saves in 1990, saved 22 with a 4.75 ERA. Signees Dave Stieb and Ellis Burks can't bend without wincing, Guillen's knee is still sore, infielder Craig Grebek has a tender foot and we all know about Bo Jackson's hip. The Sox are sound only at first and third with Big Frank Thomas and Robin Ventura, in center field with Lance Johnson and at the top of the staff, where the 6'5" McDowell stares down the Twins on opening night. A farm chain stocked with strong right arms makes the late Nineties look promising. This year could go either way. Will the Sox, who have finished second, second and third this decade, hold up or pale in the stretch? Maybe Bo knows. In a wide-open West it won't take a miracle for Chicago to win. Four hundred at-bats on a bionic hip, a near miracle, ought to do it.

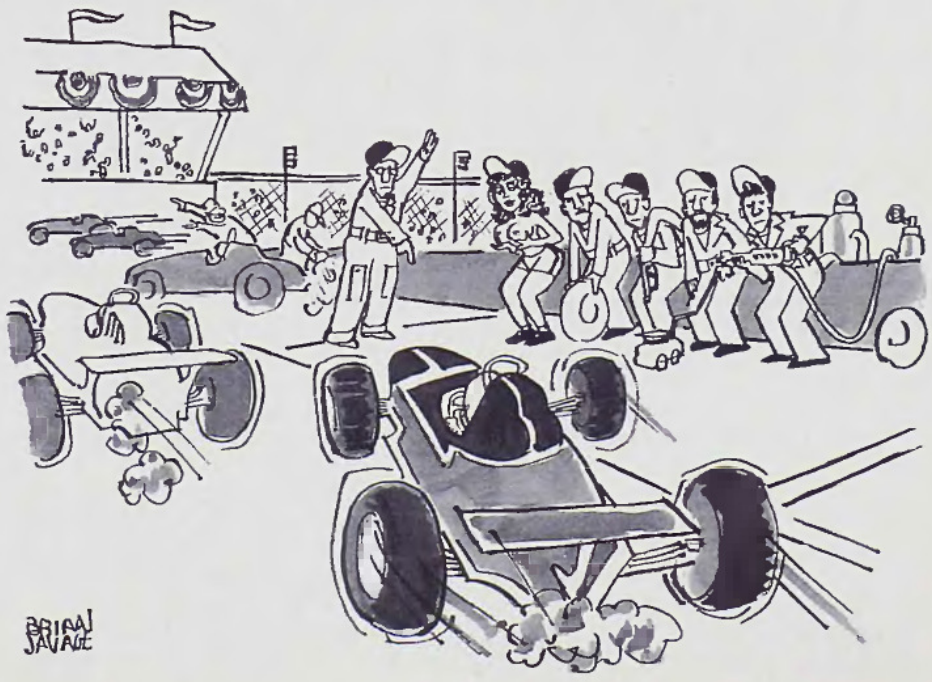
The 1992 **Royals** started 1–16, getting one hit in the one game they won. Mets rejects Kevin McReynolds and Gregg Jefferies flopped. Jefferies, the worst third baseman on earth, had 26 errors and just ten home runs. Outfielder Brian McRae played like the manager's son you hated in Little League, batting .223 with four homers but still playing almost every day to get his 533 at-bats. Kansas City trailed the league in homers. Other than Kevin Appier, who went 15–8, the starting pitchers lost 26 more games than they won. But now comes David Cone (whom the Royals gave up in 1987) to help Appier anchor the staff. Right fielder Felix Jose, acquired for Jefferies in an intra-Missouri trade, adds muscle to the middle of the order. Shortstop Greg Gagne and second baseman Jose Lind (the ex-Pirate whose NLCS error tarnished his 1992 Gold Glove) give K.C. what might be the finest double-play combo since Sixties Pirates Gene Alley and Bill Mazeroski. Junkballers Mark Gardner and Hipolito Pichardo fill out the rotation. Jeff Montgomery may challenge Eck for the AL lead in saves. Last year's Royals, emotionally crushed by their horrid first month, were 71–74 from May through October. With Cone, Gagne and Lind aboard, manager Hal McRae's boys are poised to gain 15 games in the standings.

In December, Jose Canseco was arrested for fighting in a bar. It was his first nonvehicular nonweapons arrest. By January **Rangers** manager Kevin Kennedy had made a pilgrimage to Miami to assure Jose that as long as he was a free man, he was their main man. If his Schwarzenegger frame holds up—40 homers and 120 RBI aren't too much to ask from Madonna's favorite baseball Adonis—this becomes the game's most intriguing team. Tom Henke plugs a hole in the bullpen while Manuel Lee, another Toronto refugee with a World Series ring to show his new teammates, takes over at short. Starters Charlie Leibrandt and Craig Lefferts toss Wiffleballs behind staff ace Kevin Brown and the everlasting heat of Nolan Ryan in the last year of his matchless career. Rehabbed Julio Franco hopes for a return to his silver-bat form of 1991. First baseman Rafael Palmeiro is bound to hit better than .268. Ivan Rodriguez, 21 years old, is becoming the AL's top catcher, and Juan "Igor" Gonzalez, baseball's home run king, can now rest his aching back with occasional help from tiny center fielder Doug Dascenzo. I would pick Texas in a minute if pitching didn't count and Jose had a license to scoff at the law. But it does and he doesn't. Not in a million years.

Manager Tom Kelly and GM Andy MacPhail keep the **Twins** in the race every summer. MacPhail saved the club's season-ticket sales by re-signing Kirby Puckett, who has now surpassed Prince as Minnesota's most popular person (he had a better year). But every winter the Twins pay the price of being a small-market franchise. Signing Puckett, a .321 career hitter—plus Methuselahs Dave Winfield and Bert Blyleven—won't make up for the losses of starter John Smiley and shortstop Gagne, whom MacPhail could no longer afford. Minnesota is reduced to hoping that a club that led the AL in hitting and magically finished third in pitching can duplicate those feats, and that Bernardo Brito can pop a pinch-hit homer or three. Brito, the real-life Crash Davis, has hit 229 minor-league home runs but none in the majors. Still, Kelly needs more arms. Last year Minnesota's non-Smiley starting pitchers had an ERA of 4.20.

Any of five teams could win the pitching-poor West, but not the **Mariners.** Just you wait, Lou Piniella. You're going to blow a fuse in May, when the Ms are 15–25, and start hammerlocking players on the clubhouse floor. There are bright spots in the Kingdome—Ken Griffey, Jr., in center, Edgar Martinez and Tino Martinez at the corners, Chris Bosio and Norm Charlton on the mound—but more black holes. And like a cosmic black hole, Seattle will suck.

The Anaheim **Angels** have enough money to contend. But cowboy owner Gene Autry and his wife, Jackie, who now runs the club, have snapped the saddlebags shut while perhaps preparing to sell the team. Circling his wagons, GM Whitey Herzog has assembled a hellish bunch of Angels who are either too old (Chili Davis), too young (Tim Salmon, J. T. Snow) or too splintered by bench time in the other league (Stan Javier, Jerome Walton). Rebuilding is fine, but chaos should be kept in the Bronx, where it belongs. At least the Angels have a sharp new uniform and a Most Telegenic Vamp in the stands. Tawny Kitaen, the designated writher in countless Whitesnake videos, is Angel Chuck Finley's new girlfriend. Look for



a lot of her in California's otherwise depressing highlight reel.

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Lee's knees. They are the keys in the East, a division that looks wide open until you look into the **Cardinals'** clubhouse. Proud St. Louis hasn't won a pennant since 1985. Ozzie Smith is the sole survivor of that campaign. He may have slipped to second behind Barry Larkin in the NL shortstop derby, he may not do handstands on opening day anymore, but at the age of 38, his wizardry is undiminished. Ozzie hit .295 and stole 43 bases in 52 attempts. He leads a quick attack that paced the league in batting average and steals. The Cards' starting pitchers are young and anonymous except for Bob Tewksbury, a pointillist whose corner-painting led to a 16–5 record and a 2.16 ERA. Meanwhile, Lee Smith notched 43 saves in 70 games, the most appearances he's made in ten years. Lee's 35-year-old knees crackle when he walks, but his arm is almost as rapid as ever. This spring he'll pass Reardon for the all-time saves lead. Supposing his knees last and manager Joe Torre keeps the tumblers of his deceptively young roster turning (key Cardinals not named Smith average just 26 years of age), the Cards trump Montreal and face Atlanta's full house in the playoffs.

With comebacks from third baseman Todd Zeile and rejuvenated problem child Gregg Jefferies, continuing brilliance from outfielder Ray Lankford, speed and defense from Ozzie and the emergence of multitalented second baseman Geronimo Pena, Torre's offense doesn't need much help. What it needs should come from first baseman–outfielder Ozzie Canseco, Jose's twin, and that football guy in the outfield. Not Deion Sanders, but Sanders' former teammate in the Falcons' defensive backfield, Brian Jordan. Rod Brewer, who batted cleanup in the Triple-A all-star game, will also lend a bat. Tom Pagnozzi, the game's best defensive catcher, commands a league-leading defense. And the no-name pitching staff is a powerhouse in the making. Tewksbury, Donovan Osborne, Omar Olivares and Rheal Cormier had a 3–1 strikeout-to-walk ratio in 1992, portending dominance in 1993 as the youngsters mature. Cuban defector Rene Arocha, another Triple-A all-star, completes the league's second-best rotation. So keep an eye and an ear on Lee's knees. If they can support 45 saves, it's St. Louis in a breeze.

The **Expos** are another young club on the rise. Nepotism helps—skipper Felipe Alou's son Moises joins Grissom and Larry Walker in a magnificent Montreal outfield. Felipe's nephew Mel Rojas, the NL's primo setup man, shares the bullpen with John Wetteland. Off-season shark-spearer Wetteland, a fireball closer the Dodgers crazily traded with Tim Belcher to get Eric Davis, fanned 99 men in 83 innings on his way to 37 saves in 1992. Nicaraguan national hero Dennis Martinez anchors a starting staff that won't blow anyone away but is nearly as young and promising as the Cardinals'. Ex-Card Ken Hill may have the best stuff of any number-two starter outside Atlanta. At catcher, first base, third base and shortstop, however, *les Expos* are not *tres jolie*. Alou may resort to platoons behind the plate (never helpful to a pitching staff), at first and at third. At short, steady Spike Owen will be replaced by Wil Cordero. Only 21, Cordero's a superb prospect who could either cruise to Rookie of the Year honors or flame out in a flurry of strikeouts and errors. He'll be Larkin's backup at the 1995 All-Star Game and probably start for the stars the rest of the decade, but like the Spos themselves, he may still be a year away.

The 1992 **Mets** had the game's highest payroll. They trailed the majors in batting average. In the NL they topped only the Dodgers, their partners in diminishing returns, in homers, and they underperformed the historically horrible 1962 Mets in a slew of departments. The 1992 Mets had 17 triples, while Deion Sanders had 14 in 5037 fewer at-bats. They traded two everyday players for Bret Saberhagen. He won three games. Howard Johnson melted from 38 homers and 117 RBI to seven and 43. Bobby Bonilla, a Slim-Fast candidate who earned five times his weight in gold, barely managed to hit his weight. Bonilla wore earplugs to drown out the boos at Shea Stadium. Upon his return to Pittsburgh, where he'd driven in 220 runs in two years, junk was thrown at him from the bleachers. Occasional bullpen ace Anthony Young had 15 saves—also two wins and 14 losses.

All of this suggests that New York looks pretty good in 1993. When you hit bottom at breakneck speed, you're bound to rebound. Saberhagen, his bum finger healed, will win between 15 and 20 games. Sid Fernandez, Doc Gooden and towering lefty Pete Schourek ought to combine for 40 wins, not 30, this time around. Johnson, Bonilla, Vince Coleman (assuming GM Al Harazin can't trade Coleman) and catcher Todd Hundley cannot play worse than they did in 1992. Mike Maddux, Cy Young's big brother, is the middle reliever the Mets have needed for years. He'll save Young and/or John Franco for short-inning duty. Tony Fernandez is the shortstop the Mets have needed since the dawn of time. For a team with this much talent, up is the only way to go from 72–90. New York's 1993 ceiling, something near 90–72, could give the younger Cards and Expos nightmares.

On opening day at Wrigley Field, Greg Maddux faces the **Cubs.** Dueling superstations WGN and TBS, with Harry Caray in the Cubs' booth and his son Skip in the Braves', beam the game to half the Western Hemisphere. Maddux beats Mike Morgan 4–2, Atlanta completes the first game of its championship season and Chicago starts waiting till next year. There's nothing terribly wrong with the Cubs. Morgan, whose sinker was made for the tall grass at Wrigley, was the ideal free agent acquisition of 1992; he may even match his 16–8 of a year ago. José Guzmán, whom the Rangers rehabbed and unwisely allowed to flee to Chicago, is another best-buy signee, but former South Sider Greg Hibbard is useless and new closer Randy Myers—whose 38 saves for the Padres were an optical illusion—is going to be Chicago's biggest fire-starter since Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Myers is finished. The skunk that ran from the San Diego bullpen last July was an omen. Unless the Cubs bury Myers in middle relief and save saves for Dan Plesac, bleacher bums will sport clothespins on their noses in the late innings by June.

On offense, Ryne Sandberg is a lonely Hall of Famer. Candy Maldonado is no Andre Dawson, and Sammy Sosa, if healthy, will lead the league in strikeouts. At Wrigley, you have to have base runners to succeed—otherwise your solo homers lose to the other guys' three-run jobs—yet the Cubs persistently and perversely refuse to get on base. Too often, their hitters trail the NL in walks. Brett Butler might score 120 runs for this club. No Cub will score 95. As long as they refuse to learn that on-base percentage is the most crucial Wrigley stat, these guys deserve to finish fourth.

"We woulda beat them if they hadn't commenced being wonderful." That was Casey Stengel's lament decades ago, but he coulda been talking about the 1992 **Pirates.** After three straight division titles, the poor Pirates are in freefall. Jim Leyland's club finally ran out of steam. And money. They have lost baseball's best player, Bonds, and one of its top pitchers, Drabek. In the bullpen and in left field, Atlanta irregulars Alejandro Peña and Lonnie Smith try to pick up the pieces of a franchise that was one out from the World Series last fall but may not return to the playoffs until the next

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century. Knuckleballer Tim Wakefield and tender-arm Zane Smith head a fastball-free rotation. An outfield that two years ago boasted Bonds, Bonilla and Andy Van Slyke is now Van Slyke between two question marks. Second baseman Carlos Garcia, third baseman Kevin Young and part-time left fielder Al Martin are the sort of rookies you build a future around, Houston style, but not the kind you rely on to defend three division crowns. Like Minnesota's Kelly—another five-star field general struggling with the realities of a small-market outpost—Leyland will squeeze as many wins out of this loser as any man can. Eighty-one wins should earn him another Manager of the Year award, but not another postseason heartbreak.

How bad is **Phillies'** pitching? Their best arm, Curt Schilling, started 1992 in middle relief, emerged to chalk up 226 innings with a sterling 2.35 ERA and the staff still finished last in the NL in pitching—by almost half a run per game. The difference between the Pirates' imposing 3.35 team ERA and the 11th-place Astros' 3.74 was the same as the difference between the Astros and the 12th-place Phils. If Philadelphia hurlers had added 15 straight shutouts to their season, they still would have finished last in ERA. So they signed starter Danny Jackson to make them even worse. Closer Mitch Williams, who is to control what Madonna is to modesty, allowed a stupefying 133 base runners in 81 innings. ("It used to bother me, facing him," says Bonds. "Then I figured out he doesn't try to throw at you, he just doesn't know where it's going. Nobody does.") Leadoff man Lenny Dykstra, who is to self-control what Williams is to pitching precision, happens to be my own baseball hero. He'll hit .300 and eat a lot of dirt stealing 50 bases, but the Phils won't win 75 games because they treat pitching the way the Cubs treat OBP—the way the Mighty Casey treated first-pitch fastballs.

You heard it here first. Florida's Marlins will finish the season's first week in first place. They open at home with six games against the Dodgers and Padres. Four wins out of six is not too much to ask of any team facing the Blue Crew and Porto–San Diego. In fact, the whole first month favors the Fish. They could be 13–12 on May 4, when the bubble bursts. Florida starters won't get many games to closer Bryan Harvey. (If his arm is sound, he is one of the NL's top three closers—late-season trade bait for a contender willing to give up two or three prospects.) But there's nothing wrong with a lineup that includes catcher Benito Santiago, first baseman Orestes Destrade, Dave Magadan at third and Bret Barberie, Walt Weiss and center fielder Chuck Carr up the middle. Fish GM Dave Dombrowski has assembled a time-release contender. Florida looks worse than Colorado this year, but far better down the line. By 1996, when Jose Canseco comes home to play right field and Gloria Estefan sings the anthem on opening day, Miami will have a sound machine ready to churn out a pennant.

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What's wrong with the **Braves?** They have an imperfect bullpen. They have no potential All-Stars at catcher, first base or second base. Their Triple-A club may not be better than the 1927 Yankees. The owner's wife tends to nod off during extra-inning games. And they're still the only team in 14 years to lose back-to-back World Series.

Otherwise they're perfect. In the offseason everyone expected GM John Schuerholz to throw Ted Turner's millions at Barry Bonds, improving an already superlative Atlanta outfield. Instead, Schuerholz landed Greg Maddux for $15 million less than Bonds' price, turning a stellar Atlanta rotation into one that might win 90 games all by itself. That move saved $15 million to pay the price of success—raises all around the horn—with enough left over to buy a star to be named later and a Tiffany alarm clock for Jane Fonda.

NATIONAL WEST LEAGUE

The Braves' bullpen isn't perfect, but then neither was last year's, when its two leading savers had four-plus ERAs. Alejandro Peña lost his fastball early in 1992. In May he was 0–4 with a 7.36 ERA and Atlanta was five games behind San Francisco. All Ted's team did was finish 26 games ahead of the Giants, at least eight ahead of everyone else. At catcher, first and second, they are starless but solid. How solid? Receivers Damon Berryhill and Greg Olson, who are adequate at worst, are backed by minor-league all-star Javier Lopez. The first-base platoon of Sid Bream and Brian Hunter totaled 102 RBI a year ago; behind them is Ryan Klesko, the fastest bat in the minors. Mark Lemke and Bill Pecota can hold the fort at second until shortstop Chipper Jones, the system's standout prospect, arrives to bump incumbent Jeff Blauser to second. Maddux brings his Cy Young trophy and Gold Glove to a staff that already led the majors in ERA while pitching half the time in Fulton County Stadium, a hitter's paradise. In the pen, lefty Mike Stanton, righty Mark Wohlers and salvage project Jay Howell should keep Ted and Jane from missing Peña (now a Pirate) in the late innings.

I haven't mentioned Atlanta's ten other All-Star candidates.

It's usually a mistake to pick pennant winners to win again; the thousand contingencies that add up to victory seldom add the same way twice. But if the 1993

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Braves—one of the strongest, deepest and richest teams in 20 years—don't win, I'll eat my foam-rubber tomahawk.

Eight games short of Atlanta last season, the **Reds** return as a short-term threat to the Braves. Cincinnati GM Jim Bowden found twin engines for his offense during the off-season. Roberto Kelly and Kevin Mitchell complete the NL's toughest batting order—if Kelly quickly adapts to NL pitching and Mitchell controls his queasy stomach. Bowden also signed John Smiley to rev up a rotation that features Jose Rijo, the league's premiere starter (when his shoulder isn't pinging), plus Tom Browning and the Tims—Belcher and Pugh. Those five can't match the Braves' fleet of Porsches, but they match up well with Houston's improved staff and leave the division's other rotations sucking fumes. From top to bottom, the Reds' everyday lineup is better than Atlanta's. But injuries to any of five key men, all of them injury-prone—Mitchell, Rijo, Barry Larkin, Chris Sabo and outfielder Reggie Sanders—could strip Cincinnati's gears. With Norm Charlton gone, the bullpen doesn't look as smart as it did. Jeff Reardon's slowballs will set up Rob Dibble's laser show. At least Reds fans will see more of Doggie (new manager Tony Perez) and less of the owner's Saint Bernard. Owner Marge Schott has been banished to a luxury penalty box upstairs. She should have been suspended for perpetuating the hiring practices of the paleface organization she inherited, not for speaking evil, which is the right of us all, bigots included. But condemning her actions rather than her words would have implicated other clubs' antebellum hiring records, so her fellow owners took the easy out. During Schott's suspension, the Dog's team, paddling to stay afloat, must keep everybody healthy to have a shot at the Braves.

It was a Bush thing to do. **Astros** owner John McMullen rented out the Astrodome for last summer's Republican Convention, forcing his team to take a road trip that lasted a month. But that was when the Stros came of age. They raced through the gantlet and finished the year 81–81. A heroic new owner, supermarket man Drayton McLane, took over a team that boasts Ken Caminiti and Jeff Bagwell at the corners, Craig Biggio at second, three protostars (Luis Gonzalez, Steve Finley and Eric Anthony) in the outfield and reborn reliever Doug Jones in the ninth inning. All McLane had to worry about was a starting staff led by Pete Harnisch. Harnisch is neither a true ace nor a handsome fellow (he once worked as a ringer in police lineups; one of his 1992 "dates," courtesy of his teammates, was inflatable), though he looked fine as a number-three starter: 21–19 with a 3.18 ERA over two years. McLane gave GM Bill Wood $36.5 million and—shazam!—Doug Drabek and Greg Swindell fly south to make Houston a power in the West.

Barry Bonds swears his new club, the **Giants**, can slug it out with Atlanta and Cincinnati. "Willie McGee, Robby Thompson, Will Clark, Matt Williams," he says, ticking the names on his fingers. "I'll be driving them in all year." When the subject is pitching, Bonds' visions aren't so pleasant. San Francisco's hurlers, he says, will "have a chance." The $44 million man worked on his reaction time last winter. He'll need it to track down rockets in the gaps at Candlestick. Rookie manager Dusty Baker's rotation is chancy at best. Rod Beck may be the NL's next great closer, but Jeff Brantley and ERA champ Bill Swift, converted relievers, are stopgaps as starters and there are too many gaps to stop.

The **Dodgers**, who paid better than five times more to finish last in 1992 than Cleveland paid to finish fourth, are the game's second-biggest mess (see below, 90 miles south of L.A., for the biggest). So desperate were they for relief that they signed Todd Worrell, who spent parts of 1990 and early 1991 screaming in pain every time he lifted a salt shaker, without a medical exam. Darryl Strawberry and Eric Davis may never play full seasons again. With Ramon Martinez aching, L.A.'s top starter may actually be Kevin Gross, whose 1992 no-hitter is the sole highlight of a totally gross career. "Bugsy" Butler is the league's inexterminable leadoff man, while Eric Karros is a new Steve Garvey and Jody Reed is the infield glue the Blue needed. Still, Hollywood's team is the NL's *Bonfire of the Vanities*—an incredibly expensive turkey that looked fair in preproduction, tested horribly and played out its run as a lame excuse to sell popcorn.

San Diego prohibits calls from employees to directory assistance, saving 50 cents per call. If only the **Padres** had made the move sooner they might have been able to sign the hitter they need. Bonds wanted to play in San Diego. It would have taken only 87.5 million calls to 411 to pay him. Instead he's a Giant and San Diego's a case study in how not to play postmodern baseball. Sign no significant free agents, trade moderately priced All-Star Tony Fernandez for thin air, gut the farm system to save a measly mil or two. Bide your time, finish sixth, sell the team. In the meantime, a generation of kids who could have been Padres fans falls in love with the Chargers.

Rockies! It's wall-to-wall at Mile High Stadium on April 9, when the homers start flying toward Wyoming. In June, with the home team 20–40, Mile High will still be rocking. David Nied and his foshball might be worth 12 wins, while Don Baylor's relief corps—ex-Brewer Darren Holmes, flamethrower Rudy Seanez, submariner Steve Reed—ain't bad. Beyond that it's all downhill to seventh place. You have to love the Rockies anyway. While everyone else in the game is calling 911, here's a whole new time zone where baseball is king of the hill.

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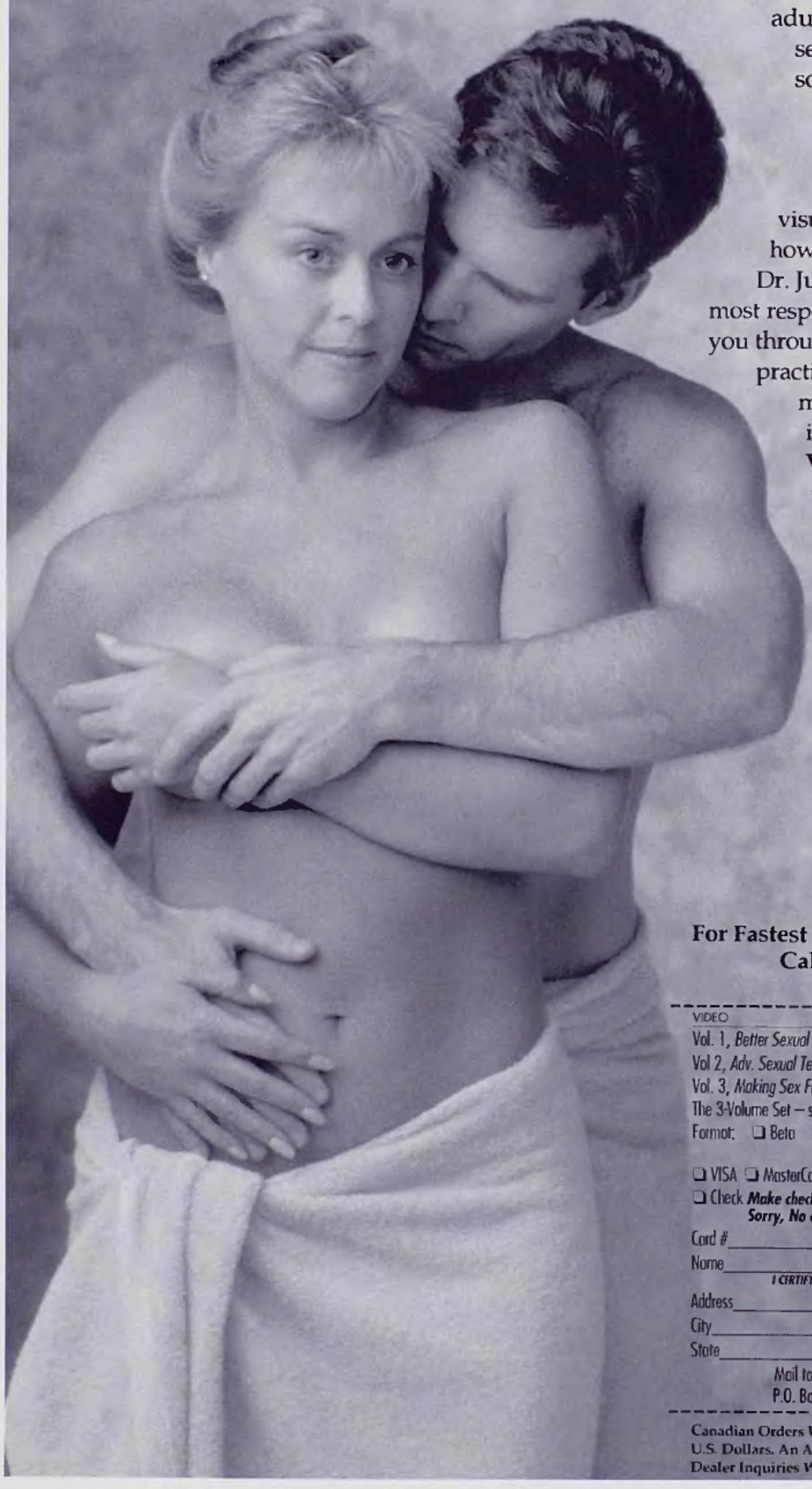

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KELLER'S THERAPY (continued from page 96)

"'Your life is filled with secrets,' Breen said. 'I'm afraid it is,' said Keller. 'My work demands it.'"

terms with her ex, but. . . .

"That's all right," Keller said. "I'll call him myself."

He'd called Breen, using Donna's ex-husband's name as a reference. "I doubt that he even knows me by name," Keller said. "We got to talking a while back at a party and I haven't seen him since. But something he said struck a chord with me and, well, I thought I ought to explore it."

"Intuition is always a powerful teacher," Breen said.

Keller made an appointment, giving his name as Peter Stone. In his first session he talked about his work for a large and unnamed conglomerate. "They're a little old-fashioned when it comes to psychotherapy," he told Breen. "So I'm not going to give you an address or telephone number, and I'll pay for each session in cash."

"Your life is filled with secrets," Breen said.

"I'm afraid it is. My work demands it."

"This is a place where you can be honest and open. The idea is to uncover the secrets you've been keeping from yourself. Here you are protected by the sanctity of the confessional, but it's not my task to grant you absolution. Ultimately, you absolve yourself."

"Well," Keller said.

"Meanwhile, you have secrets to keep. I respect that. I won't need your address or telephone number unless I'm forced to cancel an appointment. I suggest you call to confirm your sessions an hour or two ahead of time, or you can take the chance of an occasional wasted trip. If you have to cancel an appointment, be sure to give twenty-four hours' notice. Or I'll have to charge you for the missed session."

"That's fair," Keller said.

He went twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays at two in the afternoon. It was hard to tell what they were accomplishing. Sometimes Keller relaxed completely on the sofa, talking freely and honestly about his childhood. Other times he experienced the 50-minute session as a balancing act: He yearned to tell everything and was compelled to keep it all a secret.

No one knew he was doing this. Once, when he ran into Donna, she asked if he'd ever given the shrink a call, and he'd shrugged sheepishly and said he hadn't. "I thought about it," he said, "but then somebody told me about this masseuse—she does a combination of Swedish and shiatsu—and I have to tell you, I think it does me more good than somebody poking and probing at the inside of my head."

"Oh, Keller," she'd said, not without affection. "Don't ever change."

•

It was on a Monday that he recounted the dream about the mice. Wednesday morning his phone rang, and it was Dot. "He wants to see you," she said.

"Be right out," he said.

He put on a tie and jacket and caught a cab to Grand Central and a train to White Plains. There he caught another cab and told the driver to head out Washington Boulevard and to let him off at the corner of Norwalk. After the cab drove off, he walked up Norwalk to Taunton Place and turned left. The second house on the right was an old Victorian with a wraparound porch. He rang the bell and Dot let him in.

"The upstairs den, Keller," she said. "He's expecting you."

He went upstairs, and 40 minutes later he came down again. A young man named Louis drove him back to the station, and on the way they chatted about a recent boxing match they'd both seen on ESPN. "What I wish," Louis said, "is that they had, like, a mute button on the remote, except what it would do is mute the announcers but you'd still hear the crowd noise and the punches landing. What you wouldn't have is the constant yammer-yammer-yammer in your ear." Keller wondered if they could do that. "I don't see why not," Louis said. "They can do everything else. If you can put a man on the moon, you ought to be able to shut up Al Bernstein."

Keller took a train back to New York and walked to his apartment. He made a couple of phone calls and packed a bag. At 3:30 he went downstairs, walked half a block, hailed a cab to JFK and picked up his boarding pass for American's 5:55 flight to Tucson.

In the departure lounge he remembered his appointment with Breen. He called to cancel the Thursday session. Since it was less than 24 hours away, Breen said, he'd have to charge him for the missed session, unless he was able to book someone else into the slot.

"Don't worry about it," Keller told him. "I hope I'll be back in time for my Monday appointment, but it's always hard to know how long these things are going to take. If I can't make it, I should at least be able to give you the twenty-four hours' notice."

He changed planes in Dallas and got to Tucson shortly before midnight. He had no luggage aside from the piece he was carrying, but he went to the baggage-claim area anyway. A rail-thin man with a broad-brimmed straw hat held a hand-lettered sign that read NOSCAASI. Keller watched the man for a few minutes and observed that no one else was watching him. He went up to him and said, "You know, I was figuring it out the whole way to Dallas. What I came up with, it's Isaacson spelled backward."

"That's it," the man said. "That's exactly it." He seemed impressed, as if Keller had cracked the Japanese naval code. He said, "You didn't check a bag, did you? I didn't think so. The car's this way."

In the car the man showed Keller three photographs, all of the same man, heavyset, dark, with glossy black hair and a greedy pig face. Bushy mustache, bushy eyebrows and enlarged pores on his nose.

"That's Rollie Vasquez," the man said. "Son of a bitch wouldn't exactly win a beauty contest, would he?"

"I guess not."

"Let's go," the man said. "Show you where he lives, where he eats, where he gets his ashes hauled. Rollie Vasquez, this is your life."

Two hours later the man dropped Keller at a Ramada Inn and gave him a room key and a car key. "You're all checked in," he said. "Car's parked at the foot of the staircase closest to your room. She's a Mitsubishi Eclipse, pretty decent transportation. Color's supposed to be silver-blue, but she says gray on the papers. Registration's in the glove compartment."

"There was supposed to be something else."

"That's in the glove compartment, too. Locked, of course, but the one key fits the ignition and the glove compartment. And the doors and the trunk, too. And if you turn the key upside down, it'll still fit, because there's no up or down to it. You really got to hand it to those Japs."

"What'll they think of next?"

"Well, it may not seem like much," the man said, "but all the time you waste making sure you got the right key, then making sure you got it right side up——"

"It adds up."

"It does," the man said. "Now you have a full tank of gas. It takes regular, but what's in there's enough to take you upward of four hundred miles."

"How're the tires? Never mind. Just a joke."

"And a good one," the man said. "'How're the tires?' I like that."

•

The car was where it was supposed to be, and the glove compartment held the registration and a semiautomatic pistol,

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a .22-caliber Horstmann Sun Dog, loaded, with a spare clip lying alongside it. Keller slipped the gun and the spare clip into his carry-on, locked the car and went to his room without passing the front desk.

After a shower, he sat down and put his feet up on the coffee table. It was all arranged, and that made it simpler, but sometimes he liked it better the other way, when all he had was a name and address and no one to smooth the way for him. This was simple, all right, but who knew what traces were being left? Who knew what kind of history the gun had, or what the string bean with the NOSCAASI sign would say if the police picked him up and shook him?

All the more reason to do it quickly. He watched enough of an old movie on cable to ready him for sleep. When he woke up, he went out to the car and took his bag with him. He expected to return to the room, but if he didn't, he would be leaving nothing behind, not even a fingerprint.

He stopped at Denny's for breakfast. Around one he had lunch at a Mexican place on Figueroa. In the late afternoon he drove into the foothills north of the city, and he was still there when the sun went down. Then he drove back to the Ramada.

That was Thursday. Friday morning the phone rang while he was shaving. He let it ring. It rang again as he was showering. He let it ring. It rang again just as he was ready to leave. He didn't answer it this time, either, but went around wiping surfaces a second time with a hand towel. Then he went out to the car.

At two that afternoon he followed Rolando Vasquez into the men's room of the Saguaro Lanes bowling alley and shot him three times in the head. The little gun didn't make much noise, not even in the confines of the tiled lavatory. Earlier he had fashioned an improvised suppressor by wrapping the barrel of the gun with a space-age insulating material that muffled the gun's report without adding much weight or bulk. If you could do that, he thought, you ought to be able to shut up Al Bernstein.

He left Vasquez propped in a stall, left the gun in a storm drain half a mile away, left the car in the long-term lot at the airport. Flying home, he wondered why they had needed him in the first place. They'd supplied the car and the gun and the finger man. Why not do it themselves? Did they really need to bring him all the way from New York to step on the mouse?

•

"You said to think about my name," he told Breen. "The significance of it. But I don't see how it could have any significance. It's not as if I chose it."

"Let me suggest something," Breen said. "There is a metaphysical principle which holds that we choose everything about our lives, that we select the parents we are born to, that everything which happens in our lives is a manifestation of our wills. Thus, there are no accidents, no coincidences."

"I don't know if I believe that."

"You don't have to. We'll just take it as a postulate. So assuming that you chose the name Peter Stone, what does your choice tell us?"

Keller, stretched full length upon the couch, was not enjoying this. "Well, a peter's a penis," he said reluctantly. "A stone peter would be an erection, wouldn't it?"

"Would it?"

"So I suppose a guy who decides to call himself Peter Stone would have something to prove. Anxiety about his virility. Is that what you want me to say?"

"I want you to say whatever you wish," Breen said. "Are you anxious about your virility?"

"I never thought I was," Keller said. "Of course, it's hard to say how much anxiety I might have had back before I was born, around the time I was picking my parents and deciding what name they should choose for me. At that age I probably had a certain amount of difficulty maintaining an erection, so I guess I had a lot to be anxious about."

"And now?"

"I don't have a performance problem, if that's the question. I'm not the way I was in my teens, ready to go three or four times a night, but then, who in his right mind would want to? I can generally get the job done."

"You get the job done."

"Right."

"You perform."

"Is there something wrong with that?"

"What do you think?"

"Don't do that," Keller said. "Don't answer a question with a question. If I ask a question and you don't want to respond, just leave it alone. But don't turn it back on me. It's irritating."

Breen said, "You perform, you get the job done. But what do you feel, Mr. Peter Stone?"

"Feel?"

"It is unquestionably true that peter is a colloquialism for the penis, but it has an earlier meaning. Do you recall Christ's words to Peter? 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church.' Because Peter *means* rock. Our Lord was making a pun. So your first name means rock and your last name is Stone. What does that give us? Rock and stone. Hard, unyielding, obdurate. Insensitive. Unfeeling——"

"Stop," Keller said.

"In the dream, when you kill the mice, what do you feel?"

"Nothing. I just want to get the job done."

"Do you feel their pain? Do you feel pride in your accomplishment, satisfaction in a job well done? Do you feel a thrill, a sexual pleasure, in their deaths?"

"Nothing," Keller said. "I feel nothing. Could we stop for a moment?"

"What do you feel right now?"

"I'm just a little sick to my stomach, that's all."

"Do you want to use the bathroom? Shall I get you a glass of water?"

"No, I'm all right. It's better when I sit up. It'll pass. It's passing already."

•

Sitting at his window, watching not marathoners but cars streaming over the Queensboro Bridge, Keller thought about names. What was particularly annoying, he thought, was that he didn't need to be under the care of a board-certified metaphysician to acknowledge the implications of the name Peter Stone. He had chosen it, but not in the manner of a soul deciding what parents to be born to and planting names in their heads. He had picked the name when he called to make his initial appointment with Jerrold Breen. "Name?" Breen had demanded. "Stone," he had replied. "Peter Stone."

Thing is, he wasn't stupid. Cold, unyielding, insensitive, but not stupid. If you wanted to play the name game, you didn't have to limit yourself to the alias he had selected. You could have plenty of fun with the name he'd had all his life.

His full name was John Paul Keller, but no one called him anything but Keller, and few people even knew his first and middle names. His apartment lease and most of the cards in his wallet showed his name as J. P. Keller. Just Plain Keller was what people called him, men and women alike. ("The upstairs den, Keller. He's expecting you." "Oh, Keller, don't ever change." "I don't know how to say this, Keller, but I'm simply not getting my needs met in this relationship.")

Keller. In German it meant cellar, or tavern. But the hell with that. You didn't need to know what it meant in a foreign language. Change a vowel. Killer.

Clear enough, wasn't it?

•

On the couch, eyes closed, Keller said, "I guess the therapy's working."

"Why do you say that?"

"I met a girl last night, bought her a couple of drinks and went home with her. We went to bed and I couldn't do anything."

"You couldn't do anything?"

"Well, if you want to be technical, there were things I could have done. I could have typed a letter or sent out for a pizza. I could have sung *Melancholy Baby*. But I couldn't do what we'd both been hoping I would do, which was to have sex."

"You were impotent?"

"You know, you're very sharp. You never miss a trick."

"You blame me for your impotence," Breen said.

"Do I? I don't know about that. I'm not sure I even blame myself. To tell you the truth, I was more amused than devastated. And she wasn't upset, perhaps out of relief that I wasn't upset. But just so nothing like that happens again, I've decided to change my name to Dick Hardin."

"What was your father's name?"

"My father," Keller said. "Jesus, what a question. Where did that come from?"

Breen didn't say anything.

Neither, for several minutes, did Keller. Then, eyes closed, he said, "I never knew my father. He was a soldier. He was killed in action before I was born. Or he was shipped overseas before I was born and killed when I was a few months old. Or possibly he was home when I was born or came home on leave when I was small, and he held me on his knee and told me he was proud of me."

"You have such a memory?"

"No," Keller said. "The only memory I have is of my mother telling me about him, and that's the source of the confusion, because she told me different things at different times. Either he was killed before I was born or shortly after, and either he died without seeing me or he saw me one time and sat me on his knee. She was a good woman, but she was vague about a lot of things. The one thing she was completely clear on was that he was a soldier. And he was killed over there."

"And his name?"

Was Keller, he thought. "Same as mine," he said. "But forget the name, this is more important than the name. Listen to this. She had a picture of him, a head-and-shoulders shot, this good-looking young soldier in a uniform and wearing a cap, the kind that folds flat when you take it off. The picture was in a gold frame on her dresser when I was a little kid.

"And then one day the picture wasn't there anymore. 'It's gone,' she said. And that was all she would say on the subject. I was older then, I must have been seven or eight years old.

"Couple of years later I got a dog. I named him Soldier, after my father. Years after that, two things occurred to me. One, Soldier's a funny thing to call a dog. Two, whoever heard of naming a dog after his father? But at the time it didn't seem the least bit unusual to me."

"What happened to the dog?"

"He became impotent. Shut up, will you? What I'm getting to is a lot more important than the dog. When I was fourteen, fifteen years old, I used to work after school helping out this guy who did odd jobs in the neighborhood. Cleaning out basements and attics, hauling trash, that sort of thing. One time this notions store went out of business, the owner must have died, and we were cleaning out the basement for the new tenant. Boxes of junk all over the place, and we had to go through everything, because part of how this guy made his money was selling off the stuff he got paid to haul. But you couldn't go through all this crap too thoroughly or you were wasting time.

"I was checking out this one box, and what do I pull out but a framed picture of my father. The very same picture that sat on my mother's dresser, him in his uniform and his military cap, the picture that disappeared, it's even in the same frame, and what's it doing here?"

Not a word from Breen.

"I can still remember how I felt. Stunned, like *Twilight Zone* time. Then I reach back into the box and pull out the first thing I touch, and it's the same picture in the same frame.

"The box is full of framed pictures. About half of them are the soldier, and the others are a fresh-faced blonde with her hair in a pageboy and a big smile on her face. It was a box of frames. They used to package inexpensive frames that way, with photos in them for display. For all I know they still do. My mother must have bought a frame in a five-and-dime and told me it was my father. Then when I got a little older, she got rid of it.

"I took one of the framed photos home with me. I didn't say anything to her, I didn't show it to her, but I kept it around for a while. I found out the photo to dated from World War Two. In other words, it couldn't have been a picture of my father, because he would have been wearing a different uniform.

"By this time I think I already knew that the story she told me about my father was, well, a story. I don't believe she knew who my father was. I think she got drunk and went with somebody, or maybe there were several different men. What difference does it make? She moved to another town, she told people she was married, that her husband was in the service or that he was dead, whatever she told them."

"How do you feel about it?"

"How do I feel about it?" Keller shook his head. "If I slammed my hand in a cab door, you'd ask me how I felt about it."

"And you'd be stuck for an answer," Breen said. "Here's a question for you: Who was your father?"

"I just told you."

"But *someone* fathered you. Whether or not you knew him, whether or not your mother knew who he was, there was a particular man who planted the seed that grew into you. Unless you believe yourself to be the second coming of Christ."

"No," Keller said. "That's one delusion I've been spared."

"So tell me who he was, this man who

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spawned you. Not on the basis of what you were told or what you've managed to figure out. I'm not asking the part of you that thinks and reasons. I'm asking the part of you that simply knows. Who was your father? What was your father?"

"He was a soldier," Keller said.

•

Keller, walking uptown on Second Avenue, found himself standing in front of a pet shop, watching a couple of puppies cavorting in the window.

He went inside. One wall was given over to stacked cages of puppies and kittens. Keller felt his spirits sink as he looked into the cages. Waves of sadness rocked him.

He turned away and looked at the other pets. Birds in cages, gerbils and snakes in dry aquariums, tanks of tropical fish. He felt all right about them; it was the puppies that he couldn't bear to look at.

He left the store. The next day he went to an animal shelter and walked past cages of dogs waiting to be adopted. This time the sadness was overwhelming, and he felt its physical pressure against his chest. Something must have shown on his face, because the young woman in charge asked him if he was all right.

"Just a dizzy spell," he said.

In the office she told him that they could probably accommodate him if he was especially interested in a particular breed. They could keep his name on file, and when a specimen of that breed became available. . . .

"I don't think I can have a pet," he said. "I travel too much. I can't handle the responsibility." The woman didn't respond, and Keller's words echoed in her silence. "But I want to make a donation," he said. "I want to support the work you do."

He got out his wallet, pulled bills from it, handed them to her without counting them. "An anonymous donation," he said. "I don't want a receipt. I'm sorry for taking your time. I'm sorry I can't adopt a dog. Thank you. Thank you very much."

She was saying something, but he didn't listen. He hurried out of there.

•

"'I want to support the work you do.' That's what I told her, and then I rushed out of there because I didn't want her thanking me. Or asking questions."

"What would she ask?"

"I don't know," Keller said. He rolled over on the couch, facing away from Breen, facing the wall. "'I want to support the work you do.' But I don't know what their work is. They find homes for some animals, and what do they do with the others? Put them to sleep?"

"Perhaps."

"What do I want to support? The placement or the killing?"

"You tell me."

"I tell you too much as it is," Keller said.

"Or not enough."

Keller didn't say anything.

"Why did it sadden you to see the dogs in their cages?"

"I felt their sadness."

"One feels only one's own sadness. Why is it sad to you, a dog in a cage? Are you in a cage?"

"No."

"Your dog, Soldier. Tell me about him."

"All right," Keller said. "I guess I could do that."

•

A session or two later, Breen said, "You have never been married?"

"No."

"I was married."

"Oh?"

"For eight years. She was my receptionist. She booked my appointments, showed clients to the waiting room. Now I have no receptionist. A machine answers the phone. I check the machine between appointments and take and return calls at that time. If I had had a machine in the first place, I'd have been spared a lot of agony."

"It wasn't a good marriage?"

Breen didn't seem to have heard the question. "I wanted children. She had three abortions in eight years and never told me. Never said a word. Then one day she threw it in my face. I'd been to a doctor, I'd had tests and all indications were that I was fertile, with a high sperm count and extremely motile sperm. So I wanted her to see a doctor. 'You fool. I've killed three of your babies already, so why don't you leave me alone?' I told her I wanted a divorce. She said it would cost me."

"And?"

"We've been divorced for nine years. Every month I write an alimony check and put it in the mail. If it were up to me, I'd burn the money."

Breen fell silent. After a moment Keller said, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"No reason."

"Is it supposed to relate to something in my psyche? Am I supposed to make a connection, clap my hand to my forehead and say, 'Of course, of course! I've been so blind!'"

"You confide in me," Breen said. "It seems only fitting that I confide in you."

•

Dot called a couple of days later. Keller took a train to White Plains, where Louis met him at the station and drove him to the house on Taunton Place. Later, Louis drove him back to the train station and he returned to the city. He timed his call to Breen so that he got the man's machine. "This is Peter Stone," he said. "I'm flying to San Diego on business. I'll have to miss my next appointment and possibly the one after that. I'll try to let you know."

He hung up, packed a bag and rode the Amtrak to Philadelphia.

No one met his train. The man in White Plains had shown him a photograph and given him a slip of paper with a name and address on it. The man in question managed an adult bookstore a few blocks from Independence Hall. There was a tavern across the street, a perfect vantage point, but one look inside made it clear to Keller that he couldn't spend time there without calling attention to himself, not unless he first got rid of his tie and jacket and spent 20 minutes rolling around in the gutter.

Down the street Keller found a diner, and if he sat at the far end, he could keep an eye on the bookstore's mirrored front windows. He had a cup of coffee, then walked across the street to the bookstore, where two men were on duty. One was a sad-eyed youth from India or Pakistan, the other the jowly, slightly exophthalmic fellow in the photo Keller had seen in White Plains.

Keller walked past a wall of videocassettes and leafed through a display of magazines. He had been there for about 15 minutes when the kid said he was going for his dinner. The older man said, "Oh, it's that time already, huh? OK, but make sure you're back by seven for a change, will you?"

Keller looked at his watch. It was six o'clock. The only other customers were closeted in video booths in the back. Still, the kid had had a look at him, and what was the big hurry, anyway?

He grabbed a couple of magazines and paid for them. The jowly man bagged them and sealed the bag with a strip of tape. Keller stowed his purchase in his carry-on and went to find a hotel.

The next day he went to a museum and a movie and arrived at the bookstore at ten minutes after six. The young clerk was gone, presumably having a plate of curry somewhere. The jowly man was behind the counter and there were three customers in the store, two checking the video selections, one looking at the magazines.

Keller browsed, hoping they would clear out. At one point he was standing in front of a wall of videos and it turned into a wall of caged puppies. It was momentary, and he couldn't tell if it was a genuine hallucination or just some sort of flashback. Whatever it was, he didn't like it.

One customer left, but the other two lingered, and then someone new came in off the street. The Indian kid was due back in half an hour, and who knew if he would take his full hour, anyway?

Keller approached the counter, trying to look a little more nervous than he felt. Shifty eyes, furtive glances. Pitching his voice low, he said, "Talk to you in private?"

"About what?"

Eyes down, shoulders drawn in, he said, "Something special."

"If it's got to do with little kids," the man said, "no disrespect intended, but I don't know nothing about it, I don't want to know nothing about it and I wouldn't even know where to steer you."

"Nothing like that," Keller said.

They went into a room in back. The jowly man closed the door, and as he was turning around, Keller hit him with the edge of his hand at the juncture of his neck and shoulder. The man's knees buckled, and in an instant Keller had a loop of wire around his neck. In another minute he was out the door, and within the hour he was on the northbound Metroliner.

When he got home, he realized he still had the magazines in his bag. That was sloppy. He should have discarded them the previous night, but he'd simply forgotten them and never even unsealed the package.

Nor could he find a reason to unseal it now. He carried it down the hall and dropped it into the incinerator. Back in his apartment, he fixed himself a weak scotch and water and watched a documentary on the Discovery Channel. The vanishing rain forest, one more goddamned thing to worry about.

•

"Oedipus," Jerrold Breen said, holding his hands in front of his chest, his fingertips pressed together. "I presume you know the story. He killed his father and married his mother."

"Two pitfalls I've thus far managed to avoid."

"Indeed," Breen said. "But have you? When you fly off somewhere in your official capacity as corporate expediter, when you shoot trouble, as it were, what exactly are you doing? You fire people, you cashier divisions, close plants, rearrange lives. Is that a fair description?"

"I suppose so."

"There's an implied violence. Firing a man, terminating his career, is the symbolic equivalent of killing him. And he's a stranger, and I shouldn't doubt that the more important of these men are more often than not older than you, isn't that so?"

"What's the point?"

"When you do what you do, it's as if you are seeking out and killing your unknown father."

"I don't know," Keller said. "Isn't that a little farfetched?"

"And your relationships with women," Breen went on, "have a strong Oedipal component. Your mother was a vague and unfocused woman, incompletely present in your life, incapable of connecting with others. Your own relationships with women are likewise out of focus. Your problems with impotence——"

"Once!"

"Are a natural consequence of this confusion. Your mother is dead now, isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"And your father is not to be found and almost certainly deceased. What's called for, Peter, is an act specifically designed to reverse this pattern on a symbolic level."

"I don't follow you."

"It's a subtle point," Breen admitted. He crossed his legs, propped an elbow on a knee, extended his thumb and rested his bony chin on it. Keller thought, not for the first time, that Breen must have been a stork in a prior life. "If there were a male figure in your life," Breen went on, "preferably at least a few years your senior, someone playing a paternal role vis-à-vis yourself, someone to whom you turn for advice and direction."

Keller thought of the man in White Plains.

"Instead of killing this man," Breen said, "symbolically, I am speaking symbolically throughout, but instead of killing him as you have done with father

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figures in the past, you might do something to *nourish* this man."

Cook a meal for the man in White Plains? Buy him a hamburger? Toss him a salad?

"Perhaps you could think of a way to use your talents to this man's benefit instead of to his detriment," Breen went on. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his forehead. "Perhaps there is a woman in his life—your mother, symbolically—and perhaps she is a source of great pain to your father. So, instead of making love to her and slaying him, like Oedipus, you might reverse the usual course of things by, uh, showing love to him and slaying her."

"Oh," Keller said.

"Symbolically, that is to say."

"Symbolically," Keller said.

•

A week later Breen handed Keller a photograph. "This is called the thematic apperception test," Breen said. "You look at the photograph and make up a story about it."

"What kind of story?"

"Any kind at all," Breen said. "This is an exercise in imagination. You look at the subject of the photograph and imagine what sort of woman she is and what she is doing."

The photo was in color and showed a rather elegant brunette dressed in tailored clothing. She had a dog on a leash. The dog was medium-sized, with a chunky body and an alert expression. It was the color that dog people call blue and that everyone else calls gray.

"It's a woman and a dog," Keller said.

"Very good."

Keller took a breath. "The dog can talk," he said, "but he won't do it in front of other people. The woman made a fool of herself once when she tried to show him off. Now she knows better. When they're alone, he talks a blue streak, and the son of a bitch has an opinion on everything from the real cause of the Thirty Years' War to the best recipe for lasagna."

"He's quite a dog," Breen said.

"Yes, and now the woman doesn't want people to know he can talk, because she's afraid they might take him away from her. In this picture they're in a park. It looks like Central Park."

"Or perhaps Washington Square."

"It could be Washington Square," Keller agreed. "The woman is crazy about the dog. The dog's not so sure about the woman."

"And what do you think about the woman?"

"She's attractive," Keller said.

"On the surface," Breen said. "Underneath, it's another story, believe me. Where do you suppose she lives?"

Keller gave it some thought. "Cleveland," he said.

"Cleveland? Why Cleveland, for God's sake?"

"Everybody's got to be someplace."

"If I were taking this test," Breen said, "I'd probably imagine the woman living at the foot of Fifth Avenue, at Washington Square. I'd have her living at Number One Fifth Avenue, perhaps because I'm familiar with that building. You see, I once lived there."

"Oh?"

"In a spacious apartment on a high floor. And once a month," he continued, "I write an enormous check and mail it to that address, which used to be mine. So it's only natural that I would have this particular building in mind, especially when I look at this particular photo." His eyes met Keller's. "You have a question, don't you? Go ahead and ask it."

"What breed is the dog?"

"As it happens," Breen said, "it's an Australian cattle dog. Looks like a mongrel, doesn't it? Believe me, it doesn't talk. But why don't you hang on to that photograph?"

"All right."

"You're making really fine progress in therapy," Breen said. "I want to acknowledge you for the work you're doing. And I just know you'll do the right thing."

•

A few days later Keller was sitting on a park bench in Washington Square. He folded his newspaper and walked over to a dark-haired woman wearing a blazer and a beret. "Excuse me," he said, "but isn't that an Australian cattle dog?"

"That's right," she said.

"It's a handsome animal," he said. "You don't see many of them."

"Most people think he's a mutt. It's such an esoteric breed. Do you own one yourself?"

"I did. My ex-wife got custody."

"How sad for you."

"Sadder still for the dog. His name was Soldier. Is Soldier, unless she's changed it."

"This fellow's name is Nelson. That's his call name. Of course, the name on the papers is a real mouthful."

"Do you show him?"

"He's seen it all," she said. "You can't show him a thing."

•

"I went down to the Village last week," Keller said, "and the damnedest thing happened. I met a woman in the park."

"Is that the damnedest thing?"

"Well, it's unusual for me. I meet women at bars and parties, or someone introduces us. But we met and talked, and then I ran into her the following morning. I bought her a cappuccino."

"You just happened to run into her on

"He was nice enough, but he's looking for someone more like Cindy Crawford."

two successive days."

"Yes."

"In the Village?"

"It's where I live."

Breen frowned. "You shouldn't be seen with her, should you?"

"Why not?"

"Don't you think it's dangerous?"

"All it's cost me so far," Keller said, "is the price of a cappuccino."

"I thought we had an understanding."

"An understanding?"

"You don't live in the Village," Breen said. "I know where you live. Don't look surprised. The first time you left here I watched you from the window. You behaved as though you were trying to avoid being followed. So I took my time, and when you stopped taking precautions, I followed you. It wasn't that difficult."

"Why follow me?"

"To find out who you are. Your name is Keller, you live at Eight-six-five First Avenue. I already knew what you were. Anybody might have known just from listening to your dreams. And paying in cash, and the sudden business trips. I still don't know who employs you, crime bosses or the government, but what difference does it make? Have you been to bed with my wife?"

"Your ex-wife."

"Answer the question."

"Yes, I have."

"Jesus Christ. And were you able to perform?"

"Yes."

"Why the smile?"

"I was just thinking," Keller said, "that it was quite a performance."

Breen was silent for a long moment, his eyes fixed on a spot above and to the right of Keller's shoulder. Then he said, "This is profoundly disappointing. I hoped you would find the strength to transcend the Oedipal myth, not merely reenact it. You've had fun, haven't you? What a naughty boy you've been. What a triumph you've scored over your symbolic father. You've taken this woman to bed. No doubt you have visions of getting her pregnant, so that she can give you what she cruelly denied him. Eh?"

"Never occurred to me."

"It would, sooner or later." Breen leaned forward, concern showing on his face. "I hate to see you sabotaging your therapeutic progress this way," he said. "You were doing so *well*."

•

From the bedroom window you could look down at Washington Square Park. There were plenty of dogs there now, but none were Australian cattle dogs.

"Some view," Keller said. "Some apartment."

"Believe me," she said, "I earned it. You're getting dressed. Are you going somewhere?"

"Just feeling a little restless. OK if I take Nelson for a walk?"

"You're spoiling him," she said. "You're spoiling both of us."

•

On a Wednesday morning, Keller took a cab to La Guardia and a plane to St. Louis. He had a cup of coffee with an associate of the man in White Plains and caught an evening flight back to New York. He took another cab directly to the apartment building at the foot of Fifth Avenue.

"I'm Peter Stone," he said to the doorman. "Mrs. Breen is expecting me."

The doorman stared.

"Mrs. Breen," Keller said. "In Seventeen-J."

"Jesus."

"Is something the matter?"

"I guess you haven't heard," the doorman said. "I wish it wasn't me who had to tell you."

•

"You killed her," he said.

"That's ridiculous," Breen told Keller. "She killed herself. She threw herself out the window. If you want my professional opinion, she was suffering from depression."

"If you want *my* professional opinion," Keller said, "she had help."

"I wouldn't advance that argument if I were you," Breen said. "If the police were to look for a murderer, they might look long and hard at Mr. Stone-hyphen-Keller, the stone killer. And I might have to tell them how the usual process of transference went awry, how you became obsessed with me and my personal life, how I couldn't dissuade you from some insane plan to reverse the Oedipus complex. And then they might ask you why you employ an alias and just how you make your living. Do you see why it might be best to let sleeping dogs lie?"

As if on cue, Nelson stepped out from behind the desk. He caught sight of Keller and his tail began to wag.

"Sit," Breen said. "You see? He's well trained. You might take a seat yourself."

"I'll stand. You killed her and then you walked off with the dog."

Breen sighed. "The police found the dog in the apartment, whimpering in front of the open window. After I identified the body and told them about her previous suicide attempts, I volunteered to take the dog home with me. There was no one else to look after him."

"I would have taken him," Keller said.

"But that won't be necessary, will it? You won't be called upon to walk my dog or make love to my wife or bed down in my apartment. Your services are no longer required." Breen seemed to recoil at the harshness of his own words. His face softened. "You'll be able to get back to the far more important business

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of therapy. In fact," he indicated the couch, "why not stretch out right now?"

"That's not a bad idea. First, though, could you put the dog in the other room?"

"Not afraid he'll interrupt, are you? Just a little joke. He can wait in the outer office. There you go, Nelson. Good dog . . . oh, no. How *dare* you bring a gun. Put that down immediately."

"I don't think so."

"For God's sake, why kill me? I'm not your father, I'm your therapist. It makes no sense for you to kill me. You have nothing to gain and everything to lose. It's completely irrational. It's worse than that, it's neurotically self-destructive "

"I guess I'm not cured yet."

"What's that, gallows humor? It happens to be true. You're a long way from cured, my friend. As a matter of fact, I would say you're approaching a psychotherapeutic crisis. How will you get through it if you shoot me?"

Keller went to the window, flung it wide open. "I'm not going to shoot you," he said.

"I've never been the least bit suicidal," Breen said, pressing his back against a wall of bookshelves. "Never."

"You've grown despondent over the death of your ex-wife."

"That's sickening, just sickening. And who would believe it?"

"We'll see," Keller told him. "As far as the therapeutic crisis is concerned, well, we'll see about that, too. I'll think of something."

•

The woman at the animal shelter said, "Talk about coincidence. One day you come in and put your name down for an Australian cattle dog. You know, that's quite an uncommon breed in this country."

"You don't see many of them."

"And what came in this morning? A perfectly lovely Australian cattle dog. You could have knocked me over with a sledgehammer. Isn't he a beauty?"

"He certainly is."

"He's been whimpering ever since he got here. It's very sad. His owner died and there was nobody to keep him. My goodness, look how he went right to you. I think he likes you."

"I'd say we're made for each other."

"I believe it. His name is Nelson, but you can change it, of course."

"Nelson," he said. The dog's ears perked up. Keller reached to give him a scratch. "No, I don't think I'll have to change it. Who was Nelson, anyway? Some kind of English hero, wasn't he? A famous general or something?"

"I think an admiral."

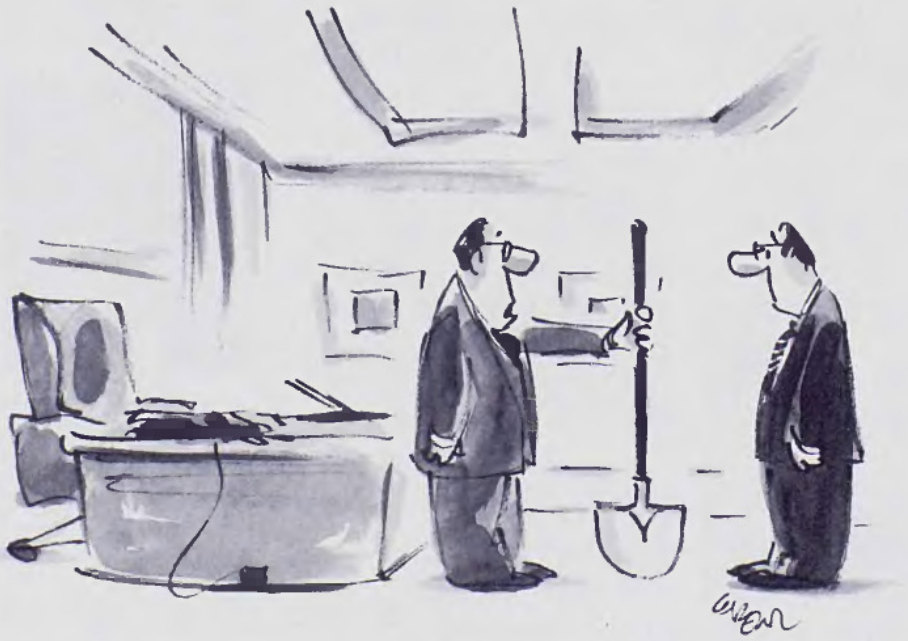
"It rings a muted bell," he said. "Not a soldier but a sailor. Well, that's close enough, wouldn't you say? Now, I suppose there's an adoption fee and some papers to fill out."

When they handled that part she said, "I still can't get over it. The coincidence and all."

"I knew a man once," Keller said, "who insisted there was no such thing as a coincidence or an accident."

"Well, I wonder how he would explain this."

"I'd like to hear him try," Keller said. "Let's go, Nelson. Good boy."



"And in addition to the severance pay and insurance, we're providing this executive retraining kit."

NO HELP WANTED

(continued from page 90)

and reliance on temporary help.

Workers will have to accept the inevitability of lowering their expectations in return for stability. Sheer necessity would force it in the end, anyway. This will often mean reduced wages, but they will, it is hoped, be accompanied by more reliable health and pension packages. (Europe is already responding to its stresses in a way that suggests our future. Scottish, Portuguese and Austrian workers have attempted to lure factories from France by offering costs as much as 25 percent lower. In one case, workers even renounced the right to strike.) The frightening period of joblessness we face will gradually condition workers to do whatever they must to get in step with market forces.

•

Unfortunately, the will on both sides to choose compromise over confrontation may take years to develop.

Perhaps to facilitate that process, President Clinton could convene another economic summit where he would assemble chief executives and labor leaders to entertain the following questions:

- How much of the joblessness is attributable to machines? Would more human input improve the quality of production?
- Can a smaller work force realistically handle a larger work load?
- What part of the reduction in permanent jobs derives from the use of temporary or contract workers? What are the drawbacks to using such workers?
- How much unemployment is entirely the result of the recession? How much rehiring can we expect after a pickup?
- Do most companies think their size will be shrinking for years to come?

The Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources could hold hearings at the same time and get expert testimony on these points. Heads of consumer groups might also be asked to testify on whether a world of more machine-made products and less personal service reduces the quality of life. For example, there are complaints about stores that have shelves filled with products and no employees to help customers locate them.

From all the insider comments, we could deduce the answer to the critical question: Are many employees really superfluous in today's America? If a better job can be done with far fewer people, we might have to accommodate extreme joblessness. Even so, government would have to fight unemployment with creative economic devices, just as it has supported farm prices for much of this century in order to keep farmers going. We would have to invent new laws to provide steadier incomes for more people,

despite employers' wishes to be rid of them. Here are some possibilities:

- Speed the inevitable wage decline that accompanies any big rise in new hiring. Allow companies to be exempt from the minimum-wage requirements for some young or unskilled workers. Chances are, we will soon see devices emerging that legalize the exemption of the minimum-wage law. The officially fixed level will not be rolled back soon. There will first be government programs with special names to glamourize the fact that some young workers are indeed being paid less for their time than the minimum wage. Private companies may then be allowed to adopt similar formulas for workers who get special training. Activists in the White House, Labor Department and Congress can engineer this once it is finally recognized that a low steady wage beats no wage at all.
- Make companies contribute to a modest benefit plan even for their temporary or contract workers. After earning some specified amount per year, such workers would begin to accumulate portable pensions, a reasonable level of health benefits and some unemployment pay during layoff periods. By providing minimal quasi-employee benefits to temporary workers, companies could retain some of their payroll savings without devastating the economy.
- Governments should offer cash incentives to companies to encourage and directly supervise on-the-job training. It has been repeatedly shown that training the lowest level of unskilled and unemployed workers accomplishes little. Even when these workers master new skills, the economy seldom has new jobs to offer them. Giving additional skills to the employed has a far better chance of expanding both production and job opportunities. Many employers conduct meaningful training programs, especially for younger workers. But companies should consider upgrading job skills for all workers, as employers can often deliver vocational instruction better and more cheaply than can schools.
- A new arrangement of capital gains taxes should greatly increase the tax advantage of holding stocks for substantial lengths of time—say, for more than five years. This could be a way to make shareholders understand the need for management to put long-range planning ahead of quarterly and annual results. And that, in turn, would permit managers to install employment and training programs meant for the future.
- As another, and distinctly offbeat, example, the U.S. government might set the pace for other nations by reversing an antilabor policy it carried for some 20 years. The Investment Tax Credit policy, which was introduced in the mid-Sixties and continued into the Eighties, encouraged companies through tax incentives to modernize equipment. In effect, the companies were paid a lot of money to buy machinery that would reduce the need for people. Nobody ever put it in those terms, of course. It was all hailed as a creative way to increase efficiency and boost productivity. But the ability to produce more with fewer workers must lead to layoffs.

Why not turn that principle around and give a human employment credit? In its simplest form, it could mandate a ten percent reduction in the normal corporate tax to any company that added five percent to its work force. Buy all the gadgetry you want, but your tax credit would come from hiring people doing productive work.

Not every company would stop high-tech additions and cuts in employment. Many would weigh the merits of the tax saving and pass up the chance. There would still be plenty of modernization. The scales in its favor would merely tip back a little. The fight against this on Capitol Hill would be rough. Many economists and other analysts would object. Moving toward an emphasis on human jobs would strike them as a backward step, lowering our national productivity. But greater productivity is a blessing only when there is a demand for more goods and services. Not so when the markets are already awash in world products. For example, when there is a surplus of farm goods, we do not try to help farmers by urging that they produce more. If foreigners kept using more robots, would they not take away markets from the plodding production and higher costs of poor American workers? Briefly, perhaps, but more of our workers would be on payrolls, more of theirs on welfare. As a thriving market of prosperous consumers, the U.S. could lean on its foreign partners to adopt a pro-people law similar to our own. They have a fear of unemployment, too. By aligning their laws with ours, we could all gain.

•

Realistically, we probably will not implement enough of these kinds of actions until we live through some truly agonizing times. Automated machinery is much like the nuclear bomb: Once let loose into the world, it is hard to put back into its box.

During the time that will pass while all the players learn the need to compromise, you may face the greatest challenge of your life. If you are old enough, you have been conditioned to rely on a traditional job and system that could guarantee your basic living, during your career and after it. But that's not so now.

Job security is less real now than it has been in your lifetime. Employers used to encourage worker loyalty. There are now many companies that warn employees not to take long-term employment for granted. Your planning has to be based on self-reliance, not on a paternalistic employer.

The old employer–employee relationship is dead. "It is becoming standard management practice in U.S. corporations to cut permanent staff to the absolute minimum number of persons required to continue profitable operations," Dan Lacey, the late editor of the newsletter *Workplace Trends*, told a congressional committee. "Nobody wants employees."

As much as 30 percent of the U.S. work force is now considered part-time or contingent, according to a National Planning Association expert. Instead of hiring their own people, companies turn to temporaries, consultants and contractors. These take over entire departments—mail room, public-information office, quality control, maintenance operations, real estate. In other words, companies try to save money by renting workers instead of owning them. The companies owe workers nothing beyond the few months of their contracts.

•

Stay alert to signs that your company is joining the march to replace employees with outside consultants. Survey competitive firms that might offer more stability. If need be, line up to become one of the consultants yourself.

Maintaining your standard of living after you stop work may be a precarious job. Billions of dollars' worth of unfunded pension plans have the federal Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation deeply worried. General Motors alone has $11 billion in pension liabilities that is not funded or insured. The figure is growing rapidly—more than 30 percent in the past year—while the regulator's ability to bail out pensions wanes.

If your company is building an annuity to provide you a monthly check upon retirement, remember that the annuity may be based on the performance of a shaky insurance company that holds the money. Check the insurer's annual report to assess whether or not you can rely on your retirement pay.

The certainty of Social Security is also lessening. Fewer young workers may pay new cash into the system, so the availability of rising sums needed to support retirees are questionable, especially after baby boomers start to retire in 2010.

With these formerly assured forms of income in doubt, your mastery of personal investment strategies becomes more important. No one should presume to pinpoint for you which assets you should buy and hold. There have been no precedents to help forecast the years ahead. The only thing we can be quite sure of is that we are approaching a drastic reshaping of our society.

Write Stuff (continued from page 98)

"Down the road, planners expect EO to include color LCD screens and speech recognition capabilities."

download information to your computer and receive and send faxes in the middle of nowhere through built-in wireless communications technology. All are extremely user-friendly.

Of course, the pen will never totally replace the keyboard, because it's impossible to write as quickly as you type. Still, the new devices are smart—they can learn the idiosyncrasies of your printing style, turn your words into type and even check your spelling. They also feature electronic erasers for easy editing, and many allow you to cross-reference correspondence with names and addresses programmed into the unit.

Industry insiders predict that the initial users of pen-based information processors will be businesspeople on the go—mobile professionals who want access to clients at all times yet don't want to lug around a lot of electronics gear. Here's what we can look forward to.

PC FOR THE NINETIES

EO (a new company that works with AT&T, Marubeni and Matsushita) has introduced the Personal Communicator 440, the notepad look-alike shown opposite our opening page. Designed for executives who travel, the 440 enables users to remain in touch—even while in a car. The 2.2-pound 440 can receive electronic mail and faxes by means of a bundled AT&T Easy Link service. You can review messages on its 6″x4″ screen, then, using the pen, mark up the fax, pull down a "fax to" menu, tap the screen and send the message back through the attached cellular phone. The 440 also lets you receive files from your home computer, annotate them with the pen and ship them back. About the only place EO can't be reached is on a plane—the FAA thinks there's too much electronic noise in the air.

Also packed into the EO is an AT&T microprocessor called Hobbit and Go's Penpoint operating system. Tapping or drawing preprogrammed gestures on the screen with the pen lets you move from file to file and make new entries. While EO cannot translate script into type, it's a whiz with printed words. It can also record a ten-second voice message and send that along with the fax, retrieve files from computers anywhere in the country and store "to do" lists, phone and address lists and spreadsheets (you write in the numbers).

The EO 440 starts at about $2000 and moves up to $2799 for the loaded edition with a cellular phone. The top-of-the-line 880 (heavier, with a bigger screen) ranges from about $3000 to $3300. An EO cellular phone is also available for an additional $799, and connections are being designed for the 10 million cellular phones already in use. Like most pen-based computers, EO has personal-computer memory-card interface association slots, which hold credit-card-like pieces of plastic containing either programs or additional memory. Since you're not stuck with a computer hard drive that is difficult to upgrade or change, this opens a world of adaptability and future use.

Down the road, planners expect EO to include color LCD screens, CD-ROM disk drives and speech recognition capabilities. Until then, check out these models or one from AT&T, which is similarly priced.

APPLE OF OUR EYE

Last year, Apple's chief, John Sculley, unveiled a product called Newton, which will be part of a family of products Apple likes to think of as "brain amplifiers." While not as sophisticated as the EO communicator, the Newton (which will be priced under $1000) performs similar tricks. It uses a pen for scheduling, note taking, drawing and annotating documents (such as faxes). It turns scribbles into straight lines or recognizable shapes such as triangles, circles and rectangles. Dubbed a personal digital assistant, Newton automatically updates appointments and data bases as you write in information. Want to send a fax? The Newton will pull the address from the list at the prompt of the pen, then prepare a cover sheet. Tap the screen again and it will dial the number in memory. Unlike the EO, which uses cellular-phone technology, Newton has to

"Funny that the German police can't seem to catch a few Nazis. They were so efficient when they were the Nazis."

be connected to a phone jack in order to send and receive faxes. But Apple officials say they're working on that. Meanwhile, Newton can also be hooked up to PCs or Macs and has personal-computer memory-card interface association slots for upgrade cards and special applications. (One of the first add-on cards will receive messages like a pager.)

A final Newton touch: Individual units can "talk" to each other through infrared signals. For example, if you're in a meeting, you can beam a note to another Newton user sitting across the table. Just make sure the Newton is aimed in the right direction. (General Magic, a new start-up company that's backed by Apple, AT&T, Motorola, Sony, Panasonic and Philips, recently introduced Telescript, a program that will enable all PDAs and personal communicators to talk to one another. It will be built into many of the new products.)

Sharp Electronics, Apple's partner in the Newton venture, will be offering its version of the personal digital assistant.

TAKE THE TOP DOWN

Bill Gates, head of Microsoft, calls pen-based computing "neat" (only a billionaire could get away with that) but feels that the $3500 GRiD Convertible offers diehards the "best of both worlds." Not exactly a personal digital assistant or personal communicator, the 5.5-pound GRiD Convertible is actually a bridge product that combines most of the features found in notebook computers (keyboard, screen, hard drive) with an ingenious pen-computer cover. Snap two buttons on the sides of the closed Convertible, open it up and it looks just like a notebook computer with a backlit screen. Close the Convertible and it becomes an electronic tablet that uses Microsoft's Windows for Pen as an operating system. In the folded position, use the special pen and screen to input your schedule or run the many pen software programs being developed.

According to Gates, close to 200 companies are currently working on applications for Windows for Pen. A good program already available is Pen Essentials from Slate ($349). This bundle comes with a Day-Timer scheduler, a note taker, a fax program and an extra pen.

POCKET PENS

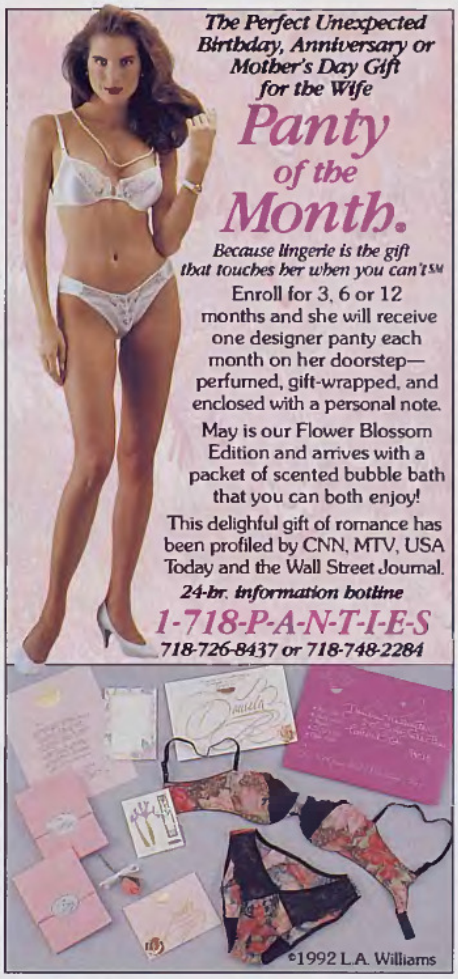
Just as the pen controls advanced devices such as the EO and the Newton, it is useful with simple electronic organizers. To that end, Sharp introduced a pen-based Wizard, the OZ-9600 ($650), earlier this year, and Casio and Tandy have joined forces to launch the Zoomer personal information processor (about $600). Weighing less than a pound, both are meant to be carried in a suit pocket or briefcase and serve as appointment diaries, notebooks and drawing pads.

An enhanced version of the original Wizards of the Eighties, Pen Wizard has a keyboard designed for adults rather than for ten-year-olds. The easy-to-use pen (or you can use your fingers) lets you move from file to file and enter brief notes and drawings into memory. It works well as an organizer and features a calculator with an "electronic paper" function that lets you easily check the numbers entered while you work. Like the Newton, the Pen Wizard can send messages by infrared to another unit several feet away. And under development is an infrared link with a PC, so you can easily download files.

Casio's Zoomer could also be categorized as an advanced electronic organizer. It performs many of the same functions as the Wizard, is about the same size and, at $600, is priced similarly. So what's the difference? Zoomers look more like EOs and Newtons in that they have notepad-type construction, operate primarily with a pen and recognize handprinting. Higher-priced, penless alternatives include Hewlett-Packard's 95LX Palmtop computer ($595), or pocket computers from Poqet ($995), Psion 3 ($549) or Zeos ($595). And for a less sophisticated option, there is Texas Instrument's Time Runner, a combination Day Runner paper organizer and calculator priced at about $200. If you lose the pen that comes with this one, you can use a pencil—which leads us to the obvious question: What happens if you lose the special computer pen? Unfortunately, you must buy a replacement. It costs about $100 from the manufacturer, but third-party suppliers offer pens priced at $40.

NOTES FOR THE FUTURE

Pen-based technology will move into more industries in the years ahead. Companies such as IBM (the Think Pad), GRiD, NEC, NCR and Toshiba (the Dynapad) are leading the way with special tablets made for pen computing. New systems are being announced almost daily. (As we went to press, we learned of another new pen computer, the Dauphin DTR-1, which has many of the same features as the EO and will hit the stores this month.) The beauty is that no typing or technical skills are required to use these computers. In fact, as you read this, pen-based software is being developed for police officers, doctors, meter readers, salespeople—practically everyone who fills out a lot of forms. Pen-based computing, in all its permutations, is now a reality. It's one of the most user-friendly breakthroughs to hit computers in years. Voice recognition will be next in computer electronics. But until that happens, the pen is a big step forward. Just be sure to keep a couple of spares around.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MANLY PURSUITS *(continued from page 89)*

"Remember that any rock-climber worth his chalk never ever says he climbs 'because it's there.'"

went to Reykjavík, Iceland, capital of the best salmon fishing in the world, a veritable Valhalla for reel-creel water-beaters. Your arsenal: a bamboo (slat) fly rod by Fisher, designed to come apart (pack) in four sections for easy traveling; two famous reels, one modern (the CFO from Orvis) and one ancient (the Hardy); and a collection of flies tied in the late Thirties by Rube Cross, the Arnold Schwarzenegger of fly-tying. You caught more fish (went to the top) than you could keep.

Credibility insurance: You know nothing of bait, whatever that is. Your fingers have never touched a worm.

ROCK-CLIMBING TALK

You say: For me, it's gotten so that anything under 5.11 is for bumblies or trads. I've sent some heinous routes lately, like Throwing the Houlihan. I even pulled through that sick mono doigt sequence without beta.

You mean: You climb walls for fun. In gauging the climbing difficulty of a rock pile, anything less than a 5.11 (on a 14-point scale from 5.1 to 5.14) is a waste of your talent, more suited to beginners or old men (bumblies or trads). Throwing the Houlihan is a 5.14 climb in Wyoming. Your preferred method of rock-climbing is to explore as you go (without beta)—no girlie maps or charts for you. On this climb, you hang on by jamming a single finger halfway to the first knuckle into a small pocket in the limestone (sick mono doigt).

Credibility insurance: Remember that any rock-climber worth his chalk regards rappelling with disdain, and he never ever says he climbs "because it's there."

OCEAN-RACING TALK

You say: Last year's Newport–Bermuda was uphill—no biggie until it started honking in the Stream. When the breeze clocked ten degrees, I had to go into foot mode to catch our eddy.

You mean: You have money like a lifer has time. When you skippered your sloop in the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht regatta last year, you were moving into the wind (uphill) when it really started blowing (honking) as you hit the Gulf Stream. When the wind shifted slightly clockwise (clocked ten degrees), you had to steer off the wind (go into foot mode) to catch one of the eddies that form along the edges of the Stream. Smart skippers like you spotted the eddies on the latest satellite picture.

Credibility insurance: The bow is not something you do in front of Queen Elizabeth.

KAYAKING TALK

You say: If you get a chance, run Sock 'em Dog on section four of the Chattooga. Definitely stay right at the launching pad. The last time I ran it, I got blown left and was maytagged in the hole. Maybe it was because I paddle a Crossfire with that low profile of the back deck, and the jaws of the Dog just dragged me in.

You mean: You have pissed more white water than most kayakers have run. Sock 'em Dog is one of the most notorious rapids—it merits a class five difficulty rating on a scale of six, and six means you won't live—on a particularly difficult stretch (section) of the Chattooga River, on the Alabama-Georgia border. The key is to stay to the right after leaving the point of entry (the launching pad) before the rapids. If you allow the current to pull you the other way (blown left), as you did last time, you get sucked into a section of the river where the water runs backward, which means you'll get tossed around like a load of laundry (maytagged in the hole). The other problem you had was that you were in a Crossfire, a high-priced, low-volume kayak, one likely to be dragged back into the hole where recirculating water (the jaws) could hold it, or even pull it under.

Credibility insurance: Do not use "maytagged in the hole" in polite, non-kayaking conversation.

CAVING TALK

You say: Years ago we were up in the Guads—it was late November—for the third trip into the Virgin. This was before they gated it. It was hairy. After the first drop out of the entrance, we headed past the Pseudo-Tolkien. Out there we started the surveying, which had us chimneying over 100-foot fissures with nothing but the tape as pro. We finished up at the sump after 16 hours nonstop station-to-station.

You mean: Caves R U. You go to hell and back before breakfast. For instance, you traveled to the Guadelupe Mountains (the Guads) in southern New Mexico to visit Virgin Cave, a magnificent hole in the ground—now padlocked (gated)—known only to caving cognoscenti and bats. Once you got to the first chamber (the entrance room), you swung like a blind monkey on a rappel (drop) down to a lower level. You then passed the Pseudo-Tolkien Room, an eerie chamber filled with mud-encrusted stalactites and stalagmites, before starting to survey. Forward progress involved traversing a vast crack in the earth by alternating hand and foot movements, your body forming a big X shape pushing against the walls (chimneying). As a fearless caver, you had no protective devices other than your survey tape, which is utterly useless for that purpose. Finally, after a long and exhausting day of scurrying from one line-of-sight point to another (nonstop station-to-station), you ended up in a tight little spot where the cave ceiling comes down to meet an underground body of water (the sump)—a dead end to everybody but Flipper.

Credibility insurance: Remember, Batman, stalactites pierce your noggin; stalagmites look like the award they give the Proctologist of the Year.

"I'm new to this income bracket. Could you show me around?"

"Lingerie is a great present. But no corsets. Get something that slips and slides down."

mistake by undressing women with their eyes?

ARMANI: Yes, men are naive in that way. They stop at basic sensations. There are men who do look beyond the obvious features when they look at women. And those are the kind of men I want to dress.

9.

PLAYBOY: But don't you concede that lingerie holds an intrinsic appeal for men? What specific advice can you offer for men who are compelled to give lingerie as a gift?

ARMANI: Yes, it's something for men. It hides but also lets you see. Men want to discover for themselves what's there. It's a man's task to discover. He wants to have the pleasure of discovering.

Lingerie is a great present. But no corsets. Get something that slips and slides down—like what Kim Basinger wore in *9½ Weeks*. There was great lingerie in that film. She wore a very simple slip with two little straps. Silk. Satin. Yes. Champagne color. Lingerie must be simply cut in rich, luxurious material. Nothing fussy, nothing wild, nothing lacy. No bows, no latching, no laces. Those corsets with the laces and bows call to mind prostitutes and brothels. That may be erotic, but it's not what you'll see on a woman wearing Armani.

10.

PLAYBOY: Men come in a variety of shapes and present a gaggle of fashion challenges. What's the toughest part of a man's body to clothe?

ARMANI: If the chest is too big, broad, muscular, it's difficult to dress. A thin man is more elegant than a big muscular man. No Schwarzeneggers. The waist is the easiest part of the man to dress. And men tend to have small waists. There's lots of room there to tuck shirts into trousers so it looks comfortable. Trousers should always seem bigger than the waist. They should never be perfect on the waist. Some men are even wearing trousers two sizes too big. And shirts should be slightly longer than an exact fit. The neck of the shirt should be minutely out of proportion: a little bit longer, a little bit higher.

11.

PLAYBOY: Men's bodies change as they age. Can a man who is no longer thin hope to achieve the Armani standard of elegance?

ARMANI: Conserve your body. Work out and stay fit. If you're twenty-five and you wear a tight white T-shirt, it's OK. You get older and it begins to be not OK. That doesn't mean you have to stop dressing in a sporty way. But compete with the young man on the aesthetic. Give over physical beauty to more of a mental thing. It's better that a man of a certain age not wear jeans. I wear American jeans here because they're practical to work in. But I wouldn't go out wearing jeans now.

12.

PLAYBOY: We understand you have more sympathy than some maître d's for the man who finds a necktie uncomfortable.

ARMANI: It's not necessary to wear a tie to be elegant. It's a decorative detail. Whether or not to wear a tie depends on the way you're feeling. But if you're going out to dinner with a girlfriend, a tie adds a lot to your appearance. Young men have learned over the years how to appeal to women. The jacket and shirt give them a sense of order, of cleanliness.

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It shows that they've made an effort. It's a sensual game.

13.

PLAYBOY: Are designers reluctant to display their wares on supermodels because they tend to upstage the merchandise?
ARMANI: Cindy Crawford is a beautiful woman. If Cindy walks down the runway, you don't look at the clothes anymore. You look at Cindy. The supermodels are not runway models. They are photographic models. I didn't use any for my latest collection. They create all kinds of problems. Also, they have become such stars they often don't want to be made up the way I want a model to be done for a fashion show. They may not even get into the clothes. For fashion shows we make smaller sizes, so that's a problem for some of these top models. They're too big, too tall, too wide.

14.

PLAYBOY: You wear jeans at work and you've offered baseball shirts in your collections. How much influence do you concede to America?
ARMANI: Americans have had a remarkable influence. If you wait outside a school here in Milan, you'll think you're outside an American school, the way all the children are dressed. It's the right way for young people to dress. It's comfortable and practical. What's negative is when these basic items are taken to be fashion. People can't dress that way for a walk on the Via Monte Napoleone [a chic Milan street]. That would be ridiculous. Rambos wouldn't fit in at all on Via Monte Napoleone.

15.

PLAYBOY: Is Italian culture our last, best hope?
ARMANI: I find that to be true. When I go abroad—apart from certain regions in France—it really comes home to me just how lucky the Italians are. There's a richness of life here that can be seen in the amount of time that people devote to the family, to the food they eat, to decorating their houses. There's this search for quality. People put a tremendous amount of research into finding the right table for their dining room. But this is a delicate moment, even for Italy. Television and the influence of America have changed a lot of things.

16.

PLAYBOY: So you don't agree that the current craze for motorcycle garb projects a "healthy, normal sensuality"?
ARMANI: Men and women have been abused in the past few years. They've been made into cartoon characters with all these exaggerated fashions. Stretchy spandex. Forcing men into black leather jackets and tight pants and dressing women like Jane Fonda in *Barbarella*. It's OK in film but not in real life. This is a terrible image. This way of dressing people shows a lack of respect. Thank God, jeans are back. A nice shirt and pair of jeans show a clean state of mind. I'm a sensual person who wants people to love one another, but my conception of sensuality is different.

17.

PLAYBOY: You once chided a model for walking provocatively while she rehearsed for one of your shows. Did you suspect she lacked a clean state of mind?
ARMANI: I remember the incident. The whole idea of a fashion show is to create harmony, to have the models look the same. When one of them personalizes too much, it breaks the rhythm. Recently, fashion shows have tended to be very vulgar. Degrading. Women with their hands on their crotches, with their breasts showing. I'm not a prude. I was the first designer to have a nude man stand on a runway. He came out at the end of the show, stood with his back to everybody and waved goodbye. There was a big scandal following the show. Everybody was saying, How could Armani do that? But I did it with elegance. A few years later I had a model come out on the runway wearing a pair of jeans, topless. It's not that I don't want to show particular parts of the body, but it's the context in which you do it and what you see as sensual. PLAYBOY was the first magazine to show women nude with a certain elegance. That's a fact, not a compliment. The same with the Crazy Horse nightclub in Paris, which had nude women onstage. But it was done with such elegance.

18.

PLAYBOY: Will the power suit be hanging in closets in the Nineties?
ARMANI: Old concept. Out of date. A man can go into an office and exude power without wearing the kind of suit that you relate to people who are powerful. I often meet with important lawyers and businessmen dressed like this [*Armani is wearing a black turtleneck and black trousers*] and I think I give the impression of being a handsome man without wearing a suit. I wasn't born successful. I became Armani. The world changes. At some point a different outfit will denote power. That's one side of my success I don't like, the whole thing about status symbols. People who worry about status symbols are volatile. Later, they'll move on to something else they consider important. Someone with that attitude does not appreciate a natural style of dressing.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is beauty only skin deep?
ARMANI: I'm sensitive to beauty. A beautiful woman is a woman who doesn't let you live. You're always terrified that this woman is going to leave you, that she's going to get bored and run off with someone else. That's a terrible condition to find yourself in. It would be difficult to live with that sort of love for somebody and then one day she's just not there anymore. Maybe it's much better to have a woman who's not so beautiful but who becomes somebody very beautiful to you in private. Maybe my designs are a defense against beauty, against somebody who's so beautiful. I go for personality over beauty or intelligence.

20.

PLAYBOY: Oscar nights have showcased quite a bit of Armani in recent years. Are you out to deprive us of Hollywood's tradition of stunning décolletage?
ARMANI: [*Laughs*] There's a lot left to do there still. There's a lot left.

"I did it . . . my way."

 (continued from page 128)

"'I wanted to murder her. But I'm always wary of movie sets where everyone was great to everyone else.'"

down. But in the end, she's very bright, so you can't really dismiss what she's saying. The thing is, with her, she questions everything, which at the time I thought was to the point of mania, I must say."

"We definitely had our moments," Moore says, laughing. "But it was healthy, and good rose out of it. The thing about it is, I would throw my hands up and say, 'Man, this is making me crazy. You're making me crazy.' And he would say, 'I know, I know, I'm an asshole.' What can you do when somebody's saying, 'Yeah, I know I'm an asshole'? Other times he'd defend his point of view, then later he'd come back around. It took him a while to find it."

The lion's share of their squabbling was over Moore's character, whom she perceived as being unfailingly strong, while Lyne kept pushing for vulnerability. As a result, every scene was a battleground. "I'm an obstinate person," Lyne concedes. "I wanted my way and she wanted hers. Now I'm looking at the rushes and she's fucking wonderful. I mean, I'm a terminal manic-depressive about everything I do, but she's really good in this. I didn't know she was that good, really. Now I've been ringing her up to tell her."

"He does," says Moore. "I speak to him frequently. He says he misses me as he watches me. We had conflict because we're too much the same, not because we were too far apart. We would always come back in the end and say we both wanted the same thing. My feeling about him is not like, ugh, I just cannot stand this guy. He did drive me crazy, and vice versa. And literally there were times when I would say black, he would say white. Almost simultaneously. Woody must've felt like the mediator, he was always laughing at us."

Contemplating all of this, Lyne swirls reheated coffee in a cup. It's early evening now, and he will be manning the editing machines long into the night. "When you're sitting in a room, removed from all the angst, all the arguing, all the fighting, when you're removed from the process and you see what you have, it's always a wonderful relief," the director says. "During the shoot, I wanted to murder her—and her, me. But I'm always wary of movie sets where it was a great time and everyone was great to everyone else."

•

Lyne stands in a hall, his tired, bleary eyes skimming through a copy of *Lolita*. He spends a good five minutes searching for a passage he wants me to hear. While one obsession remains dismembered on 18 reels, spread out over five editing rooms, another one begins to take hold. He hopes to try his hand at a second film adaptation of Nabokov's novel (the first being Stanley Kubrick's in 1962).

"My eyes are as red as fucking tomatoes," he laments, finally giving up on finding the passage. "I've worn contacts for years and now they're fighting me, giving me trouble." When he hears of similar problems among Angelenos who have been diagnosed as having a condition called dry eye and that some go as far as having their tear ducts adjusted, his mood brightens.

"You get more tears, then? Well, thank God," Lyne rejoices. "Here I've been going around thinking it's just me."

•

With a predatory stare, Robert Redford lines up a billiard shot, then strokes

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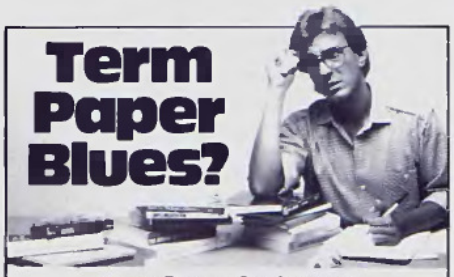

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the cue ball. Watching the balls smack into each other, he makes his million-dollar proposition to Harrelson and Moore. His manner is brusque, unfeigned and persuasive, as if there were an honor system to be employed while tampering with other people's lives. The foggy glimmer in his eyes tells you his heart is as pure as mud. Redford has played mean characters before, but his role as Lyne's Mephistophelian billionaire may be his biggest stretch.

"That's what induced me to get Robert Redford," Lyne contends. "I originally talked to Warren Beatty and that was an interesting thought. And he's a hell of an actor. But I think with Robert Redford, you don't expect it."

Lyne's biggest concern with Redford, who is known as one of the true gentlemen in front of the camera, had more to do with his own work habits. As a director who likes to do a lot of takes, regardless of how good each one is, Lyne fretted privately (and reportedly without justification) that his thoroughness might have been irksome to his star.

"Every once in a while, you'll get a bit of magic from one of those extra takes," he says. "With Bob, if he started to bore himself after he'd done two or three takes of something, if he got in a rut, he would do some enormous laugh or pratfall in the middle of a take, so that it was totally out of sync with the scene. Then after that, when everybody had laughed, or whatever, he'd suddenly be fresh for about a minute. It was rather clever. He would do it to sort of jack up the scene. I'd never really seen anybody do it quite like that."

To add another dimension to the Redford character, Lyne and Redford tinkered with the character's delivery and timing. The arc of Redford's character begins with the idea that he can break up the couple's relationship. Eventually, he becomes fascinated with Moore's character and falls in love with her.

"You know what people do when they don't answer when you expect them to, or they kind of don't look away? In other words, they sort of embarrass you, when you have a conversation and there's supposed to be the usual to-and-fro time. With Bob's character, we altered that time by having him not answer Demi's character when you expect him to. That's gonna throw her. So we fucked around with that quite a lot. You get this kind of eccentricity—he's not doing the expected thing. And it makes her kind of attracted to him, so it's not as simple as just a financial transaction. That upsets the balance."

•

"Oh, my God, I always find it tough talking about my work," Lyne says, blanching. "I see other people's work, I see something like *Malcolm X* or *The Crying Game* and they're so good I want to throw up. But there are things that set you apart. I used to do a lot of really tight shots about ten years ago. Now I tend to give stuff more air. I don't know why, but I do."

The essence of a Lyne film lies somewhere between seduction and self-consciousness. The centerpiece of his technique is the medium shot, which he uses as if it were a string tied to a dropped wallet. His camera doesn't grant the distance of a voyeur, but it is disinclined to invade our space. In maintaining this balance, he draws us in. Once he has dangled the lure, he pulls you along with intriguing questions and provocations. What happens when your one-night stand changes from bitchy to suicidal to pregnant to homicidal? "See what happens to you when you cheat on me, even in your mind?" Tim Robbins' wife scolds him in the hallucinatory *Jacob's Ladder.*

Watching Lyne's characters is like watching butterflies in a vacuum. You know that their environment has been shamelessly tampered with. Still, you can't keep your eyes off them. He cites the sequence from *Indecent Proposal* where Woody and Demi first discuss Redford's offer, both of them fascinated and appalled by wondering what the other is thinking.

"There's a shot where Woody is supposed to look up at Demi. Before their eyes met, he sneaked a look at her. We edited out just that initial little flick of his eyes and he went from being a furtive individual, somebody who was fascinated by the whole idea and wanted her to do it, to someone infinitely more innocent. A quarter of a second. Eight frames of film made the difference between this man being squalid and excited by the prospect to being more unassured.

"There's another moment, when Woody changes his mind and runs through the halls trying to find Demi to stop her. The obvious thing would be to play a kind of staccato drum track. Instead, we played the love-theme music. Suddenly the music is not telling what you're looking at, but telling you how he feels. Suddenly you care for this guy a little more, you indulge him, even though it's terrible what he's done. He has just pimped his wife."

No longer willing to endure this inquiry into his personal style, Lyne smudges the fingerprints with a disclaimer. "But it's hit and miss. You try to hit enough of these things to make a film right. But is it ever perfect? Well, you never quite get that far."

•

The scene begins just after Woody and Demi, having agreed to Redford's proposal, say goodbye. Pick up Woody, meandering through the kitschy gaming rooms, pounded by his conscience, as if

his free will were a lottery ball suspended in a jet of air.

Back alone in his hotel room, anything that moves seems tainted with sexual innuendo. A television set slowly rises out of the floor. Wandering through the channels, he lingers on a pornographic movie. The porno video is shot using a blue filter, giving the background a fashionable cobalt-and-gray aura, in contrast to the actors, who are clear and breathtakingly attractive, as if De Sica were shooting a rock video.

Intercut with the porno video are shots of Demi, sitting alone in Redford's bedroom on his yacht. As Woody watches the video, he begins to hallucinate that the woman in the video is his wife. The woman looks into the camera as her lover enters her from behind. Unable to bear the woman's sexual rapture, Woody breaks down.

"Up front, of course, there's that ego thing, that he's crazy with jealousy," Lyne remarks, watching Harrelson's character on the moviola, "and what's happened is thoroughly appalling. But somewhere in there, it's kind of exciting for him in a sexual way, it's kind of an aphrodisiac."

It's also the ultimate gamble. Harrelson's character is like a roulette player putting everything he has on red. Winning means having his wife back without any lingering doubts over her million-dollar tryst. More specifically, winning means being reassured that he's a better lover than Redford, that the brief, accommodating smile he catches crossing his wife's face the next time they make love is caused by an intrusive bedspring and not by the abiding memory of Redford's sexual horsemanship.

"That's just my head, I'll have you know," Demi Moore insists, referring to the woman in the porno video sequence. "Adrian just did a very good job."

While there might be some satisfaction in knowing that he has seamlessly attached Moore's head to a more willing body double, Lyne has his sights set on a more cerebral illusion. As a sower of fixations, he's hoping that under the cover of a darkened movie theater, we men will see the faces of our wives or lovers staring back at us, instead of Demi's.

"Well, yes, that would be nice," Lyne wishes, looking for something wooden to knock for good luck. "But you never, ever know about these things. You can't have a clue until you're with an audience." Frustrated in his search for something wooden, he slams the nearest wall hard enough to rattle the ceiling tiles. "I was aiming for the wooden studs underneath. By the way, did I ever show you my surefire system for winning at roulette?"

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment that are shown on pages 30, 32, 93, 98, 164–165 and 173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

This issue of PLAYBOY marks the debut of "Wired," a new page in which the latest developments in electronic technology—including home theater, computers, video games, car stereos, cellular phones and more—will be reported on regularly.

Page 30: **Digital compact cassette player** by *Philips*, for store locations, 800-221-5649. **Mini disc player** by *Sony*, for information, 201-930-SONY. **On-line entertainment service** by *The Sierra Network*, for a free trial membership kit, 800-SIERRA-1. **View Cam** by *Sharp*, for store locations, 800-321-8877. **Sports glasses** by *Virtual Vision*, for information, 206-882-7878. **CD changer** by *Carver*, for store locations, 206-775-1202. **Remote control extender** by *Terk Technologies*, for store locations, 800-942-TERK. **Car security system voice module** by *Directed Electronics*, for store locations, 800-234-6200.

STYLE

Page 32: "Square's Back": **Bathing suits:** By *Gazelle*, at International Male, 9000 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, 310-275-0285. By *Michael Kors*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. By *Y.M.L.A.*, at International Male, 9000 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, 310-275-0285. Metro Man, 401 Broadway East, Seattle, 206-328-1417. By *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace Boutiques nationwide. By *Speedo*, at All American Boy, 131 Christopher St., N.Y.C., 212-242-0078. "Sole Searching": **Sandals:** By *Birkenstock*, for store locations, 800-597-3338. By *Buffalino*, for information, 800-221-6627. By *Kenneth Cole*, at Kenneth Cole, 353 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-873-2061 and 865 Market St., San Francisco, 415-227-4536. By *J. Fenestrier*, at Robert Clergerie, 41 E. 60th St., N.Y.C., 212-207-8600. By *Nike*, for store locations, 800-344-NIKE. By *Teva*, at Sharper Image stores nationwide or to order by catalog, 800-344-4444. "Hot Shopping: Buying by the Book": Short Sizes Inc., 5385 Warrensville Center Rd., Cleveland; The King Size Company, P.O. Box 9115, Hingham, MA; Seventh Generation, 49 Hercules Dr., Colchester, VT; Ebbets Field Flannels, P.O. Box 19865, Seattle; Used Rubber, USA, 597 Haight St., San Francisco; The Condom Catalogue, Self Service Co., P.O. Box 407, Allamuchy, NJ; "Clothes Line": **Clothes:** By *Andrew Fezza Sportswear*, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. By *Dolce & Gabbana*, at fine specialty stores nationwide. By *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace Boutiques nationwide. "Star Stores": Spike's Joint, 1 S. Elliot Pl., Brooklyn, NY, 718-802-1000. X-Large, 1766 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, 213-666-3483. Flavor Flav Barbershop, 195 N. Main St., Freeport, NY, 516-867-5675.

TOP HAT

Page 93: **Hat** by *Worth & Worth*, at Worth & Worth, 331 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., to order, 800-HAT-SHOP.

THE WRITE STUFF

Pages 98, 164–165: **Computers:** By *EO*, to order, 800-458-0880. By *Apple Newton*, for information, 408-996-1010. By *AT&T*, for information, 800-225-5627. By *GRiD*, for information, 800-222-4743. By *Sharp*, for store locations, 800-321-8877. By *Casio*, for store locations, 800-YO-CASIO. By *Hewlett-Packard*, for store locations, 800-443-1254. By *Fujitsu Personal Systems*, for information, 800-831-3183. By *Psion*, for store locations, 800-628-7949. By *Zeos*, to order, 800-423-5891. By *Texas Instruments*, for store locations, 800-TI-CARES. By *IBM*, for store locations, 800-772-2227. By *Toshiba*, for a dealer near you, 800-457-7777. By *Dauphin Technologies*, for information, 708-971-3400. **Software** by *General Magic*, for information, 415-965-0400.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Camera** by *Canon*, for a dealer near you, 800-828-4040.

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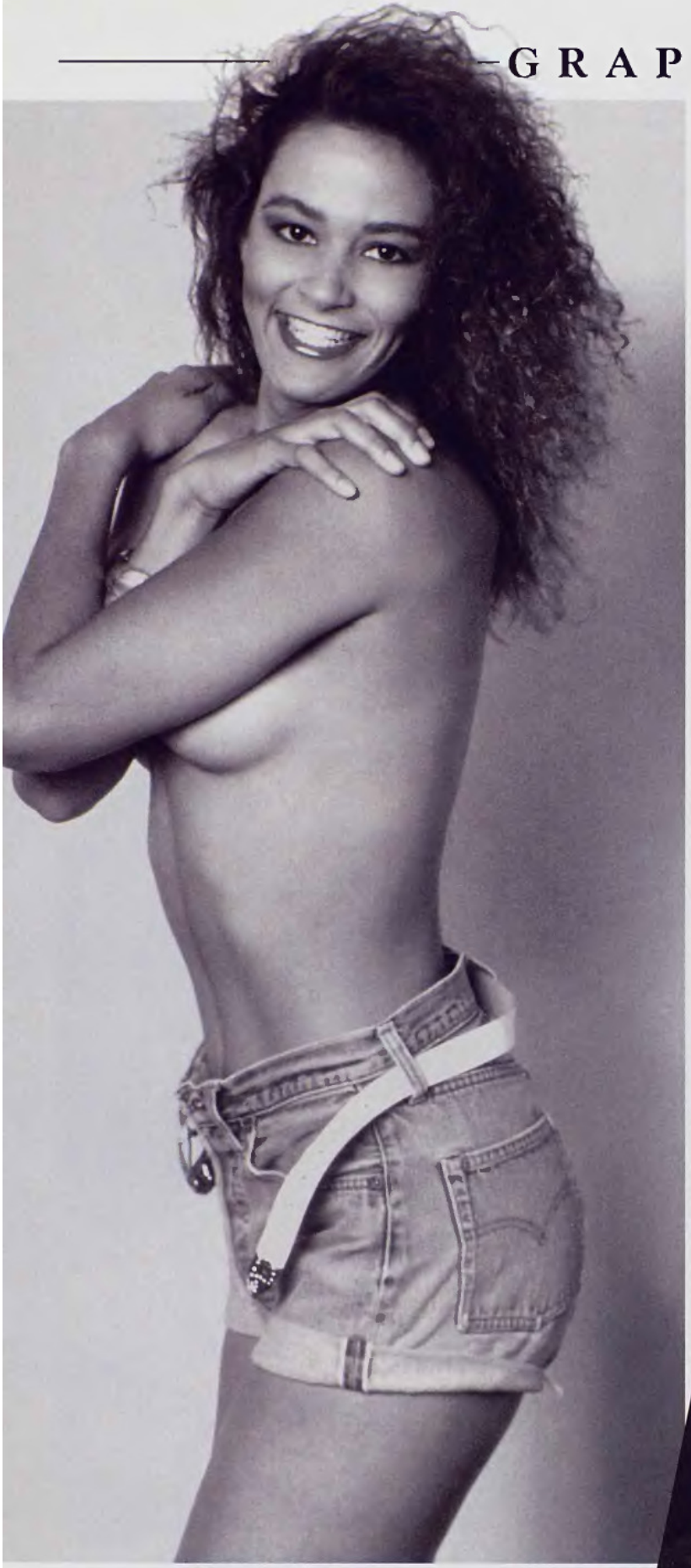
EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

With Canon's new 35mm single-lens reflex, the EOS A2E, what you see is what you get—literally. No ordinary autofocus model, the supersmart A2E features a new optical system, called Eye Controlled Focus, that uses twin infrared beams aimed at your eye to determine the specific object you're looking at through the viewfinder. That means if there's a topless sunbather two towels down from a group of sun-worshiping dowagers, we know who you'll be focusing on—and the camera will, too. Sound super high-tech? Definitely, but the A2E is surprisingly easy to use. In fact, all you do is program your eye characteristics (i.e., if you wear contact lenses or you sometimes shoot with your glasses on or off) and you're ready to go.

Below: The Canon EOS A2E's unique Eye Controlled Focus system can be programmed for up to five users. Other features include a multifunction autozoom flash with red-eye reduction, a Whisper Drive film transport system for quiet operation, a detection switch that moves to automatic focus when the camera is held vertically, plus automatic exposure-bracketing, a mirror lock (ideal when you're shooting at slow shutter speeds) and a depth-of-field preview. The EOS A2E, about $1150, is compatible with Canon's E- and EZ-series Speedlites as well as its EF lenses.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 171.



Drummond Summoned

Model MITCHEL DRUMMOND is a swimwear pageant finalist, a poster girl and the subject of an upcoming calendar. We're confident you'll agree, Mitchel knows when to hold 'em.

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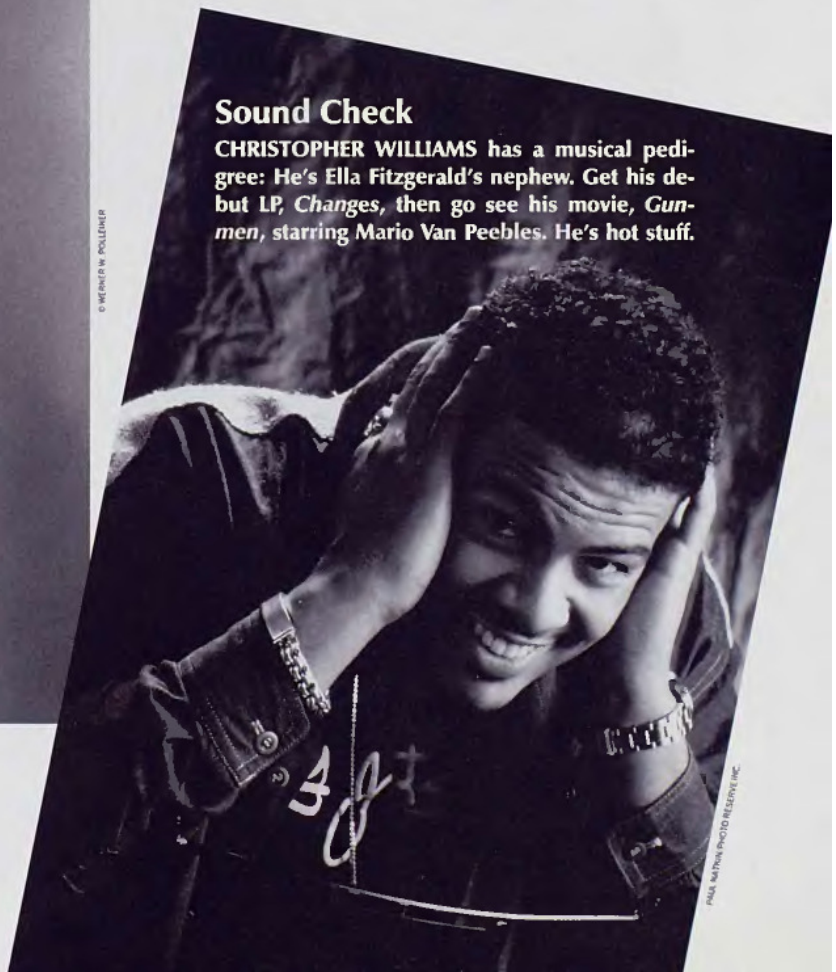
Help Me, Rhonda

Dancer and L.A. Raiderette RHONDA KOCH toured with Gerardo, appeared in his music video *Rico Suave* and visited the *Tonight Show* and Arsenio with him. You'll find her on posters and calendars and on the radio in L.A. We find her irresistible.



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Sound Check

CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS has a musical pedigree: He's Ella Fitzgerald's nephew. Get his debut LP, *Changes*, then go see his movie, *Gunmen*, starring Mario Van Peebles. He's hot stuff.

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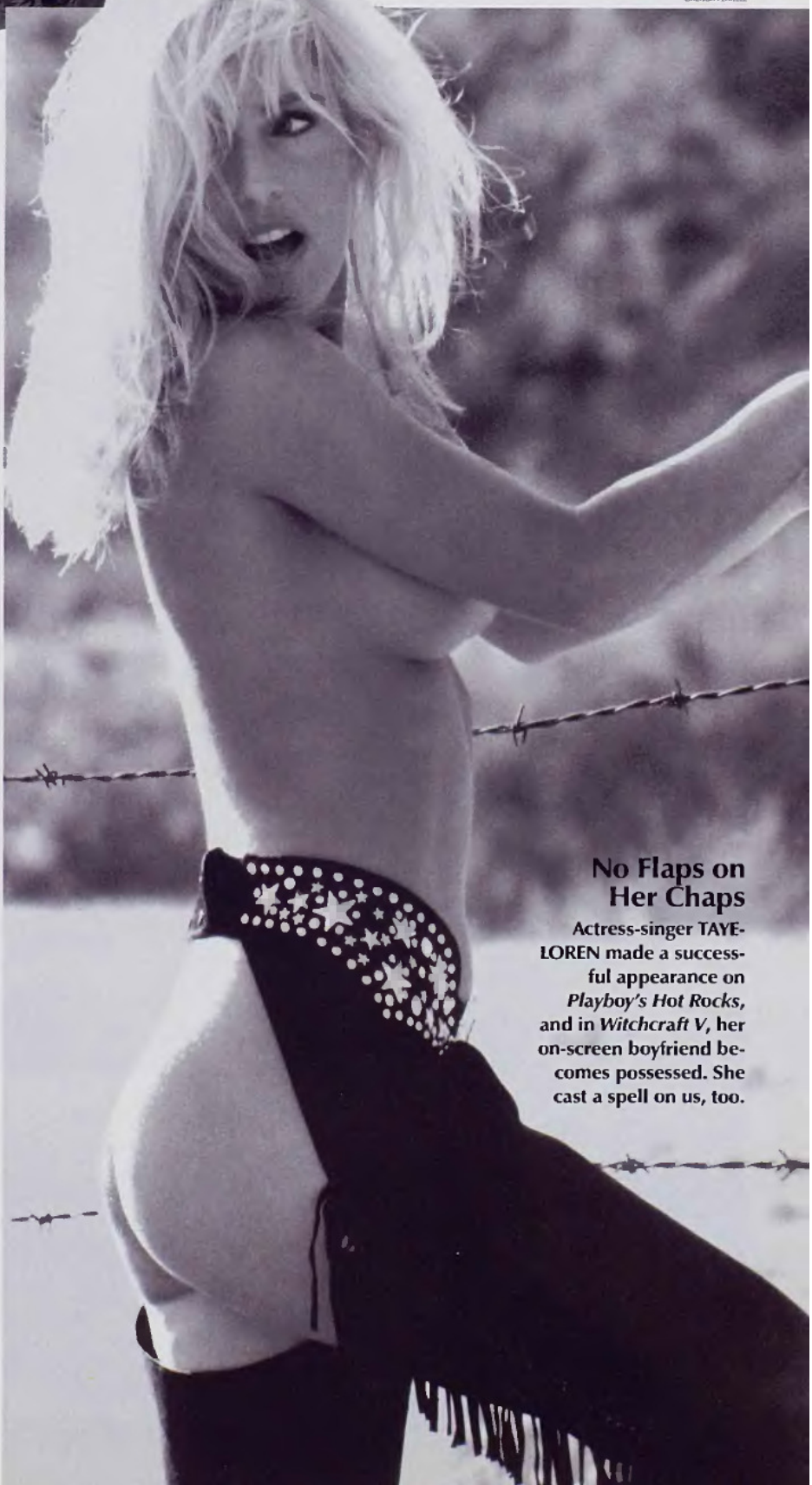
Hitting All His Notes

The great TONY BENNETT just keeps getting better. Winning a Grammy for traditional pop vocal performance for *Perfectly Frank*—Bennett's gutsy ode to the Frank Sinatra classics—he reminds us how great it is to hum along with a melody.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Bunch of Animals

North Carolina's ANIMAL BAG is getting radio play with *Everybody*. They completed a club tour and performed in a Showtime movie, *Lake Consequence*. This is Southern-style hard rock for the Nineties.



BRENDA FERRELL

No Flaps on Her Chaps

Actress-singer TAYE-LOREN made a successful appearance on *Playboy's Hot Rocks*, and in *Witchcraft V*, her on-screen boyfriend becomes possessed. She cast a spell on us, too.

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Cracker Says Cheese

Guitarist and vocalist David Lowery says of CRACKER, "We were calling our demo Cracker Soul as a joke—cracker means white boy—and the name stuck." For hardy, no-frills rock, check out their self-titled debut LP and lace up your dancing shoes.

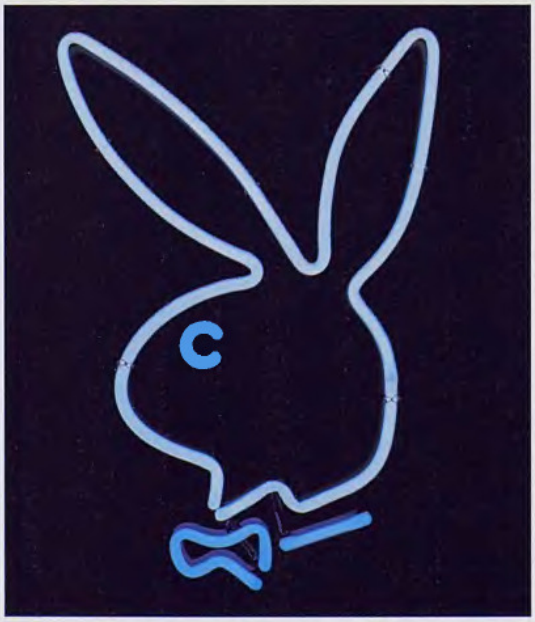
NEW SPY IN TOWN

London's famous Counter Spy Shop has opened a branch at 444 Madison Avenue (between 49th and 50th streets) in Manhattan, and if you're in the market for a wristwatch camera ($225) or a lie-detector telephone ($1500), this is the place to shop. A 30-minute VHS videotape displaying the store's sexiest spy equipment is available for $79.95, postpaid. To order, call 800-722-4490. Other wares have been featured on *L.A. Law* and *Miami Vice*.

ROY VILLANI

THE RABBIT LIGHTENS UP

The Playboy Rabbit Head, one of the world's most recognizable symbols of sophistication and fun, is looking jauntier than ever in its new incarnation: It's just become available from the Playboy Catalog (item number AP4051) in white neon with a light-blue eye and bow tie. The dimensions of this work of art are about 21″ x 15″ and it includes a black frame. The price is nifty, too—just $205, postpaid, ordered from our 800-423-9494 number.



MAIDING SEASON

A French maid costume can certainly fuel your fantasies. Or maybe you'd like to spice up your domestic life with a little creative dusting. The Townsend Institute (P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27515) sells a provocative outfit in small, medium or large sizes that includes a white satin apron attached to a black vinyl bodice with underwire cups that create an uplifted bosom. Shoulder straps and detachable garters adjust to fit, and a pair of lacy fingerless gloves are included, too. The price: $55, postpaid. (One-size-fits-all black fishnet stockings are an additional $10.) To place a credit-card order, call 800-888-1900. A catalog of other sexy goodies—such as a massage mitt, strip poker cards, a four-ounce jar of Body Butter and plenty of delightfully provocative videos—costs $3. Operators are standing by.

JOHN SCHAEFER

BRINGING OUT THE ANIMAL IN YOU

You may not qualify for an entry in *Who's Who*, but that doesn't mean your pet doesn't. Yes, there now is a *Who's Who of Animals* on the market that contains biographies of more than 1200 noteworthy animal companions from all 50 states, plus Belgium, England, Canada, Panama and Tbilisi in the former Soviet Union. Dogs, cats, rabbits, ferrets, horses, lizards and even a ladybug are in the current edition. Volume two is in the works. To get your pet's bio included free, contact John Breen at P.O. Box 2820, Durham, North Carolina 27715. Of course, to own the next volume with a write-up of your beloved pet included you'll have to pony up $35. The copy deadline for volume two is May 31, 1993.

THE DANGER ZONE

From the turn of the century to the early Fifties, pulp magazines such as *Spicy Mystery* and *Weird Tales* dominated the newsstands, often featuring the early works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Louis L'Amour and Dashiell Hammett. Now, Chronicle Books in San Francisco has published *Danger Is My Business*, an illustrated history of such publications. The price: $27.50 in hardcover, $17.95 for the paperback.

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BUCK BROWN

HOTSA PLENTY

To celebrate the 125th anniversary of Tabasco, the McIlhenny Co. is offering a series of six 30"x24" lithographs titled the *Art of Seasoning*. Each features a bottle of Tabasco as represented by the world's major art movements—surrealism (pictured here), impressionism, fauvism, cubism, neo-objectivism and actionism. The lithos sell for $6 each or $30 a set (plus postage) and can be ordered by calling 800-634-9599. Tabasco's latest catalog also includes other hot stuff such as Tabasco-inspired seasonings, playing cards, popcorn, T-shirts, key chains, toys and much more.

GLENN ARVIDSON

SET SAIL WITH THE ARMCHAIR SAILOR

If you have sailed the seven seas or just like to read about them, visit the Armchair Sailor, a bookstore at 543 Thames Street, Newport, Rhode Island 02840 that claims to be "the most comprehensive marine resource in the world." Books, charts, videos—you name it and the Armchair Sailor probably stocks it or lists it in its $2 catalog. *The Superyachts V*, for example, is a handsome $98 tome that pays tribute to the world's sexiest private vessels. For more info, call 800-29-CHART.

T-SHIRTS MARC THE SPOT

Back in June 1992, *Potpourri* featured the colorful hand-painted ties of Marc Hauser, a Chicago photographer with a national reputation for exceptional portraits. Hauser's newest venture is Hauser Ware—a line of wild and crazy T-shirts that includes the one titled Boobala pictured here. The price is $28, postpaid, sent to Hauser Ware, 2140 Grand Avenue, Chicago 60612 (or call 312-226-7777). A list of other designs is $2. The shirts come in one size—extra large. A line of equally unusual Hauser Ware sweatshirts and shorts will be available soon, too. Ask about them.

NEXT MONTH

WINNING PLAYMATE

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EDEN'S DELIGHT

DEADLY BANGKOK

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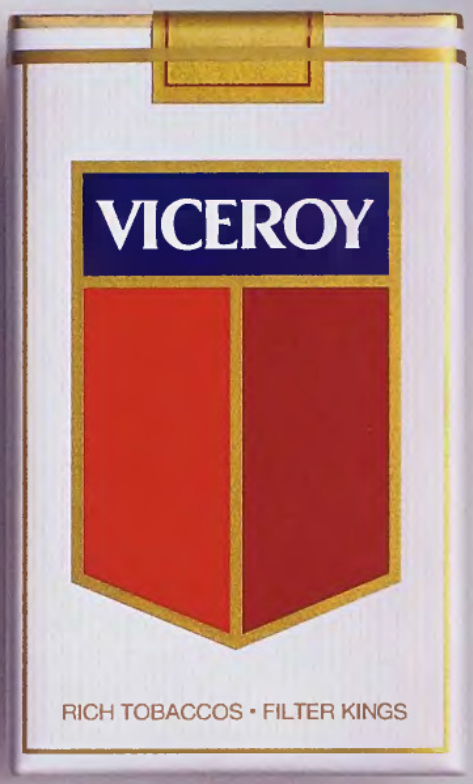

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A MEMORY

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